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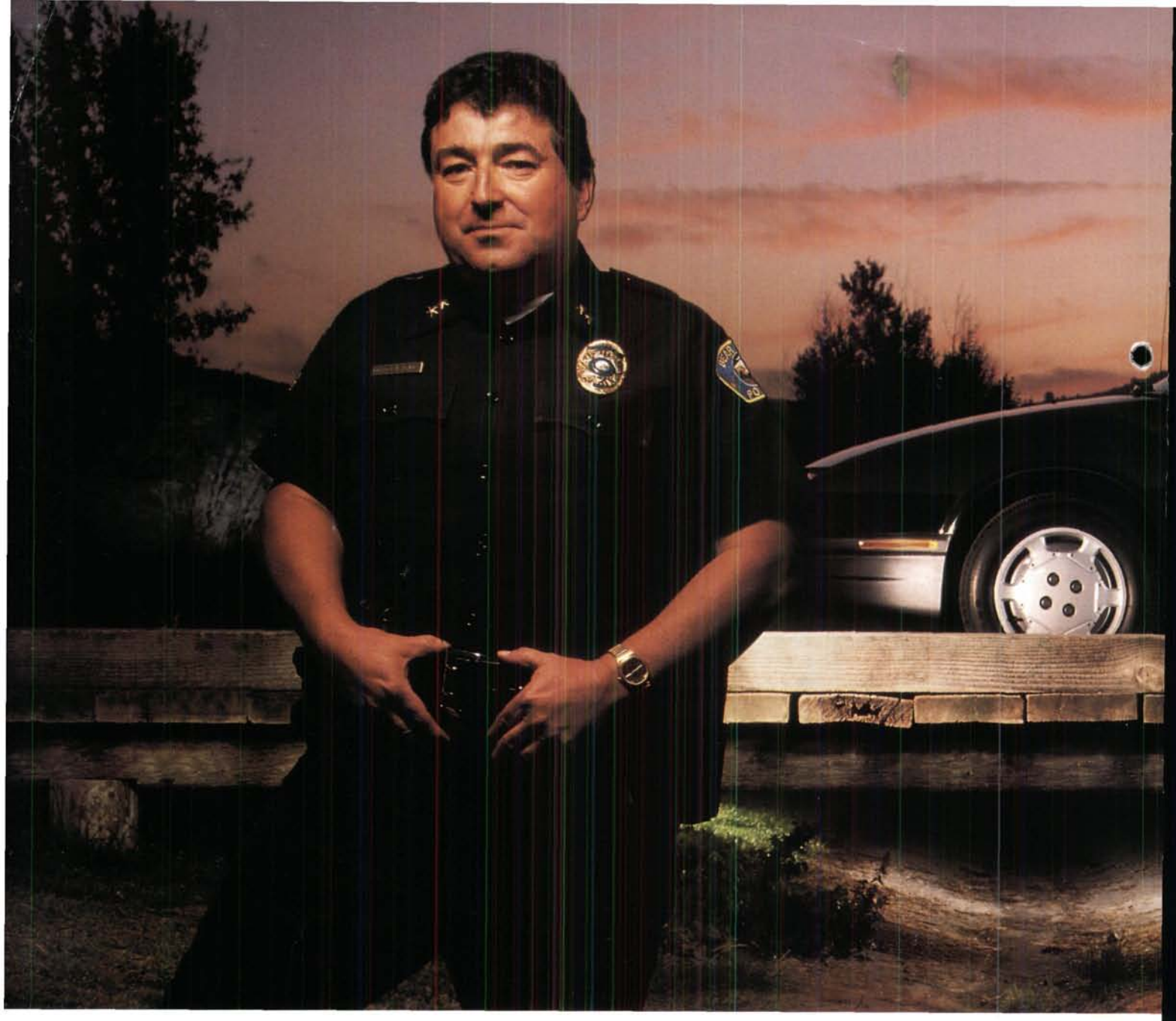

MARCEL JOJOLA liked the Saturn SL1 so much, he had his customized for work.

Like a lot of California towns, Bear Valley has budget concerns. And like a lot of Californians, Chief Jojola is a fan of imported cars. He has two Subarus at home, two at the Bear Valley police station, and when they needed a new squad car this year, he just planned on getting another one.

Then someone suggested that perhaps Bear Valley should buy American. Tax dollars, and all. So Marcel, whose most recent experience was all import, wasn't quite sure what to do.

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Until the day he ran across a Saturn ad touting the SL1 and its $9195* price tag. Taking along his special police-issue driving gloves, Marcel went for a "law enforcement-style" test drive. (We were pretty relieved to get back to the showroom.)

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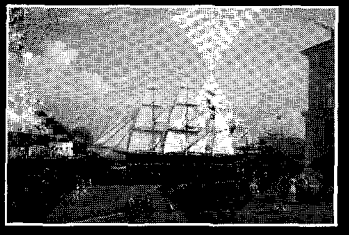

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

WITH the possible exception of "Lesbians Who Kill," which has just moved to the One Dream, "The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me," which is settling in for a summer run at the Perry Street, has the catchiest title this side of a "Forbidden Broadway" parody. For the record, Mr. Kramer, the screenwriter, novelist, and all-around troublemaker, had no hand in the venture. He has his hands full with "The Destiny of Me," which Circle Rep will stage this fall with Ron Rifkin ("The Substance of Fire"). It was, however, a friendly peck that Mr. Kramer planted on the cheek of David Drake, the writer and solo performer of the Perry Street evening, that got things going.

Al Pacino and Suzanne Bertish in "Salomé"

As Mr. Drake tells us in the first of the seven vignettes that make up the show, the kiss took place on June 27, 1985, a day that was already doubly significant. It was not only his twenty-second birthday but also the sixteenth anniversary of the Stonewall riots, a landmark in the development of gay political consciousness. Such interweaving of the personal and the political characterizes the entire seventy-five-minute evening, and if that mixture sounds dull, or if the vignettes' titles—"Why I Go to the Gym" and "12" *Single*" among them—sound unpromising, let us assure you that the performance is anything but stale. Mr. Drake is a skilled actor, and his vision of gay life is neither blurry (à la "Falsettos") nor charged with special pleading. It's an all-encompassing vision, reflective enough to give us "A Thousand Points of Light" (a touching AIDS remembrance) and forward-looking enough to offer "... and *The Way We Were*" (an eve-of-the-millennium riff in which AIDS and gay-bashing are distant memories). It doesn't matter that the level of Mr. Drake's writing is not always as high as that of his performing. What matters is that "The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me" is genuinely, clear-headedly affirming.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

THE INNOCENTS' CRUSADE—A play by Keith Reddin. Opens June 23 at 7:30. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

THE LAST LAUGH—The Jewish Repertory Theatre wraps up its season with this comedy by Michael Hardstark. Preview on June 23. Opens June 24 at 8. (344 E. 14th St. 505-2667.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting COLUMBUS, THE MUSICAL, by Janet Villella and Earl Wilson, Jr. Previews begin June 24. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

MURDER IN DISGUISE—A gay mystery comedy by John Glines. Previews begin June 24. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 564-8038.)

THE NIGHT LARRY KRAMER KISSED ME—A play by the actor David Drake. Opens June 22 at 7. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

SALOMÉ and **CHINESE COFFEE**—Al Pacino stars in two shows that are running in repertory. The first is a production of the Oscar Wilde work and the second is a play by Ira Lewis. There is no official opening; however, the last preview for "Salomé" is June 24 at 8 and for "Chinese Coffee" June 27 at 8. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ANNA, THE GYPSY SWEDE—Viveca Lindfors wrote and stars in this one-woman play. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Closes June 28.)

BALANCING ACT—A new musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

BEAU JEST—A comedy by James Sherman. With Tom Hewitt and Laura Patinkin. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

THE BEST OF FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—This tenth-anniversary edition of Gerard Alessandrini's long-running, ever-fluctuating musical revue is, as one might expect, a treat. There is some new material, but our favorite sequences are still the spoof of "M. Butterfly" and the "Speed-the-Plow" number, "Madonna's Brain," in which David Mamet and Ron Silver try to teach Madonna to act and she ends up tearing off most of her clothes. David Benoit, Susanne Blakeslee, Gina Kreiezmar, and Jeff Lyons make up the cast. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/92.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

BOBBY SANDS, M.P.—A play by Judy Ge Bauer, with Jimmy Smallhorne in the title role. Nye Heron directed. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. Marilyn Michaels, the fourth member of the company, does imitations of imitations. (12/23/91) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

CONVERSATIONS WITH MY FATHER—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bittersweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. As staged by Daniel Sullivan, with an ace cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch, the play does what "Jake's Women" and "Dancing at Lughnasa" would probably do if their authors were, respectively, more sophisticated and less sentimental. Grab this one. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

CRAZY FOR YOU—Loosely based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. Ken Ludwig wrote the lively book. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson are the lead actor/dancers. The scenery is by Robin Wagner; the costumes are by William Ivey Long; and the masterly direction is by Mike Ockrent. Bless 'em all. (3/2/92) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

DANCING AT LUGHNASA—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

DEATH AND THE MAIDEN—Mike Nichols' Americanized version of Ariel Dorfman's play (in which Juliet Stevenson took London by storm last year) is a sad disappointment. The play, which is set in "a country that is probably Chile" and concerns a woman's attempt to punish the man she holds responsible for torturing her in captivity fifteen years before, is anything but subtle, and Glenn Close, Richard Dreyfuss, and Gene Hackman are all grossly miscast. (3/30/92) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

ETHEL MERMAN'S BROADWAY—Rita McKenzie portrays Miss Merman in this show written by Miss McKenzie and Christopher Powich. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

FALSETTOS—This back-to-back revival of "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland," two of William Finn's three one-act musicals about a childish, self-absorbed man who leaves his wife and son for his not very nice male lover, is strictly for those who care. We've never understood the appeal of William Finn's "Marvin" trilogy. It has a chronology as complicated as the Oedipus cycle and a dramatic sensibility akin to that of the Oresteia. To us, though, it has always seemed like banality set to music: shallow, unlikable people expressing themselves in shallow, unlikable songs. (5/11/92) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

FIRES IN THE MIRROR: CROWN HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN AND OTHER IDENTITIES—Anna Deavere Smith is a wily mimic and verbal caricaturist, with a sharp, discerning ear and a tongue to match. The program, which she wrote as well as performs, takes as its point of departure the aftermath of the accident last summer, in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, in which a car carrying members of a Hasidic sect went out of control and killed a black child, Gavin Cato. Miss Smith impersonates more than twenty-five people who were either directly or indirectly concerned. Her net is far-flung, and, not surprisingly, she is often strongest when funniest. Those here gathered include Angela Davis, in California; Professor Leonard Jeffries, of City College; and the omnipresent Reverend Al Sharpton. There are also a couple of rabbis; a couple of rapping street kids; a local Jewish housewife; and, most notably, Norman Rosenbaum, an Australian whose brother Yankel was stabbed to death in retribution on the night of the accident. All the material in the show was based on actual interviews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. The show takes a brief hiatus June 28-July 6; performances resume July 7.)

FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE—The guys are black dancers and singers of ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

FLAUBERT'S LATEST—A comedy by Peter Parnell. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

GUYS AND DOLLS—A lively production of Frank Loesser's perfect musical, under the direction of Jerry Zaks. Nathan Lane and Faith Prince are the leading guy and doll, and Tony Walton designed the stunning scenery. (4/27/92) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

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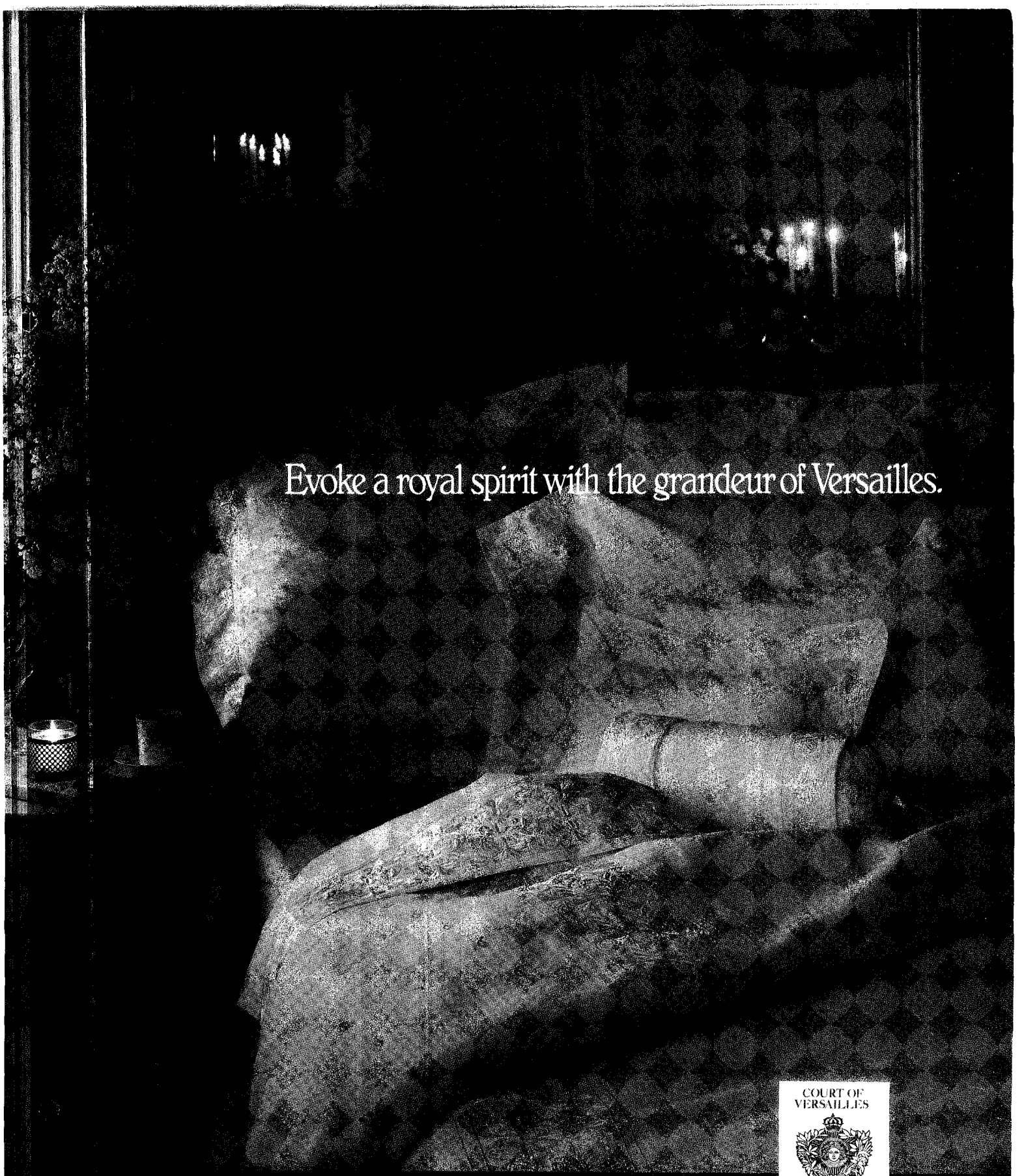

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

JAKE'S WOMEN—Alan Alda is at his genial best in the new Neil Simon. The play, about an aging writer trying to come to terms with the women in his life, past and present, is pretty much what you'd expect: some funny lines and a lot of phony dialogue. It's predictable, banal, and contrived, but at least it showcases a fine cast of actresses that includes Kate Burton and Joyce Van Patten. (4/6/92) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

JELLY'S LAST JAM—The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. The show, an original if ever there was one, was written and directed by George C. Wolfe. In the starring role, Gregory Hines combines his astonishing talents as tap dancer and actor; Savion Glover, who plays the character as a young man, is worthy of him, which is saying a lot. Also present are Keith David, Tonya Pinkins, Wayne Mathis, and Mary Bond Davis. Luther Henderson has adapted Morton's music and offered some music of his own; the lyrics were written by Susan Birkenhead; and Hope Clark was the choreographer. (5/11/92) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

KANASHIBETSU—A play written and directed by Soh Kuramota and performed by the Furano Group, from Japan. In Japanese; with projected English translation. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes June 28.)

LOTTO (EXPERIENCE THE DREAM)—A comedy by Cliff Roquemore, which has recently moved downtown from the Heckscher Theatre. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-9021.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—The granddaddy of all junk musicals. This road-show revival, starring Sheena Easton and Raul Julia, is in every respect adequate to the occasion. Miss Easton is not the most expressive actress in the world, but then Mr. Julia is not the most accomplished singer. Tony Martinez, who plays Sancho, recently celebrated his two-thousandth performance in the role—and it shows. Joan Diener substitutes for Miss Easton on the evening performance of June 23 and the matinée performance of June 24; starting June 30 she steps in full-time for Miss Easton, who is leaving the cast. Also, Laurence Guittard replaces Mr. Julia starting June 30. (5/11/92) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

MARVIN'S ROOM—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering adolescent. Also with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA—This is one musical we think the world could be without and feel no sorrow. The story of a girl forced to content herself with some old duffer because some other old duffer wanted to teach everyone a lesson about making do with what life has to offer, it's pseudo opera superimposed on pseudo Americana. As for Gerald Gutierrez's Goodspeed Opera production, it's your basic slightly-better-than-average dinner-theatre revival. What's the rumpus? (2/24/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE PRICE—Eli Wallach's performance as an old Jewish furniture dealer is as much fun as anything in town. The rest of Arthur Miller's play—which is about two estranged brothers who must share their late father's estate—is no fun at all. The acting by all hands is good, though. Hector Elizondo and Joe Spano are the brothers and Debra Mooney is Elizondo's wife. John Tillinger directed. (6/22/92) (Roundabout Theatre, at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

PUNCH ME IN THE STOMACH—A one-woman show starring Deb Filler. Written by Ms. Filler and Alison Summers, who directed. Presented by New York Theatre Workshop. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 302-6989. Closes June 27.)

RED DIAPER BABY—Josh Kornbluth's one-man show, recently seen at Second Stage. Directed by Josh Mostel. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

RUTHLESS!—This camp musical about a monster child star is harmless and amusing enough—assuming you can stomach the little girl. She gave us the pip. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076.)

SHADES

At first glance, you might think that the billboard picturing an empty bed with two white pillows and mussed-up white linens is an advertisement for sheets. But if you look closer, you'll notice that the pillows are pushed up too intimately against each other, with prominent impressions where heads have lain. And then you'll realize that the rumpled bed doesn't radiate the glossy sexiness of advertising photography but instead reflects a quiet humanness. You'll notice that the picture is drained of color, that it's composed of tones of gray and white. You'll notice everything—assuming you notice the silent picture at all in the jangling urban landscape—as an absence: no brand name, no face, no message.

There are twenty-four of these enigmatic billboards—all of them identical—throughout New York City, mounted on the sides of funeral parlors, porn-video stores, and apartment buildings, crowning doughnut shops and auto-repair garages. They are the work of the artist Félix González-Torres and are part of the Museum of Modern Art's "Projects" series. (The exhibit, which includes a billboard-size image inside the museum, can be seen through June 30.) Mr. González-Torres, who used his own double bed for the photograph, thinks of the image as an oblique commentary on a host of current social problems—homelessness, for example. But he was also inspired by an excerpt from a Wallace Stevens poem: "We make a dwelling in the evening air, In which being there together is enough."

SIGHT UNSEEN—Donald Margulies' engrossing new play, which is about an Eric Fischl-type painter who decides to look up an old girlfriend he once treated badly, takes the contemporary art scene to task. Technically, it also plays around with time a good deal, though never sloppily or gratuitously. You end up being affected by a curious kind of resonance—it's earned, not something you've brought with you into the theatre. (2/3/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

SPIKE HEELS—"Private Lives" à la mode. The combatants are a sexy, volatile young woman (Saundra Santiago) and three Back Bay types—a writer (Tony Goldwyn), a lawyer (Kevin Bacon), and a fiancée in sensible shoes (Julie White). The setting is Boston, the ending is happy, and laughter abounds. Theresa Rebeck wrote the play, and Michael Greif directed it. (6/22/92) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Closes July 4.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE—Gregory Mosher's revival, with Jessica Lange in the role of Blanche DuBois, plays like a parody. It features a cuddly, avuncular Stanley (Alec Baldwin), a Stella (Amy Madigan) straight out of a Carol Burnett skit, and a lot of embarrassing staging. Miss Lange's acting is all "for the camera." One feels that she is trying to rescue the role of Blanche from decades' worth of assumptions about it but hasn't had much help or guidance from her director. (4/27/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

THE SUBSTANCE OF FIRE—Jon Robin Baitz's play about an intransigent publisher at odds with his grown children, having moved from Playwrights Horizons, seems stronger than ever in this more formal theatre. The remarkable Ron Rifkin continues in the leading role, and he is ably supported by the members of the company—Patrick Breen, John Benjamin Hickey, Cordelia Richards, and Maria Tucci. (3/9/92) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

TUBES—A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

TWO TRAINS RUNNING—August Wilson's latest, set in a Pittsburgh luncheonette in 1969, is one of those plays in which all the performances seem to be groping hotly after award nominations and everything is freighted with Meaning. (4/27/92) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

WEIRD ROMANCE—Ellen Greene and Jonathan Hadary lead the cast of a science-fiction musical by Alan Brennert (book), Alan Menken (score), and David Spencer (lyrics). Barry Harman directed. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes July 5.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirty-second birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART:** Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Christine Baranski, Frances Conroy, Michael Countryman, and Ethan Phillips. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200. Closes June 27.). . . **LOST IN YONKERS:** This family melodrama by Neil Simon, set in Yonkers during the Second World War, is about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.). . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **MISS SAIGON:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.). . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.). . . **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.). . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **THE SECRET GARDEN:** This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **SONG OF SINGAPORE:** A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John [illegible] Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.). . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** The never-ending nuptials of Anthony Angelo Nunzio (played by Rick Pasqualone) and Valentina Lynne Vitale (played by Sharon Angela). With audience participation, as you probably know. The cast also includes Tom Karlya, Victoria Constan, and Gary Schneider. (St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.). . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. With Mac Davis. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

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DANCE

SOME forty years ago, when Joe Marshall was fourteen years old, he was watching television with his father when a 1946 melodrama called "Suspense" came on. Most of the names on the list of credits would ring bells with film enthusiasts today. But, owing to the vagaries of fame, the star's name very likely wouldn't. She was Belita Jepson-Turner, who performed in public as Belita—a figure skater, a ballet dancer, an underwater dancer, and an actress.

When "Suspense" was made, Belita was twenty-three years old. She had studied ballet with Anton Dolin and Olga Spessivtseva. She had danced for the Prince of Wales, with Noël Coward as her accompanist. (Of the twelve-year-old's performance, Coward quipped, "Had I known I was playing for a great ballerina, I would have practiced more.") And she had been accepted by the emerging Ballet Theatre, though she then took a more solid offer to become the star of the Ice Capades. On "Suspense," she worked out the choreography for her own solos (under the direction of choreographer Nick Castle), had the final say about the conducting of the music to which she skated, and controlled the editing of the filmed sequences of her skating.

Joe Marshall knew nothing about any of this. All he knew was that in Belita's first solo—a classical number in a Grecian tunic—she was overwhelming. Looking back, he attributes this to her pulled-up line and sensual presence. She could maintain true turnout on ice—from the hip and with correct alignment (a combination still rare among skaters). She could execute a hundred-and-eighty-degree arabesque penchée while travelling backward. Thanks to the unusual strength of her foot and to her ballet training, she could force the point of her toes while wearing a skating boot. (Belita used boots that even professional skaters would consider uncustomarily soft.) What's more, she presented the figure of Botticelli's Venus, and she made skating seem as grand and expressive as ballet itself. On the strength of a single viewing of "Suspense," he decided to take up skating, and four years later he became a pro, enjoying a twenty-year performing career. Currently, he is the assistant manager of the Ballet Shop, near Lincoln Center. Belita remains his inspiration.

We ran into Mr. Marshall recently at a screening of "Suspense" sponsored by the Ice Theatre of New York. Belita on film turned out to be everything that Mr. Marshall said she was. Belita herself was present at the gathering, and she is still mesmerizing. Any advice for young skaters? "Read music," she said. "And learn to dance."

IN TOWN

New York City Ballet—Final performances of the season. June 23 at 8: "Mercury," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Seasons."... ¶ June 24 at 8: "Monumentum Pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Three Preludes" (with guest artist Mikhail Baryshnikov), "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ June 25 at 8: "Delight of the Muses," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ June 26 at 8: "Apollo," "Barber Violin Concerto," "I Have My Own Room," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ June 27 at 2: "Square Dance," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Delight of the Muses."... ¶ June 27 at 8: "Monumentum Pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Three Preludes" (with Mr. Baryshnikov), "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ June 28 at 1: "Apollo," "Episodes," and "In G Major."... ¶ June 28 at 7: "Ancient Airs & Dances," "Jeu de Cartes," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Kirov Ballet—A two-week engagement, which runs through July 3. June 22 at 7, June 23 at 8, and June 24 at 2 and 8: "Swan Lake."... ¶ June 25-26 at 8 and June 27 at 2: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ June 27 at 8: "Swan Lake."... ¶ June 29-30 at 8: "La Bayadère."... ¶ July 1 at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Manhattan Tap—The four-member tap-dance company performs works by Buster Brown, Steve Condos, Fred Strickler, and Heather Cornell. With musical accompaniment by New Jazz Order. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. June 25-26 at 8 and June 27-28 at 3 and 8. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

Molissa Fenley—Performing two solo works. Also on the bill are Cyndi Lee and company. (Central Park SummerStage, mid-Park at 72nd St. June 26 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

Jacob's Pillow—Ballet Concierto de Puerto Rico, June 23-27.... ¶ Philadanco and the José Limón Dance Company, June 30-July 4. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

WE'VE interviewed a few songwriters in our day, and we've found that, by and large, there's nothing they like talking about less than songwriting. Some say they find the process too ordinary—or too mystical—for words. Others say they don't want to shatter anyone's interpretation of a song by discussing the circumstances under which it was written. But does it make you like "Yesterday" any less to know that Paul McCartney wrote the melody first and that, for days, he went around singing something along the lines of "Scrambled eggs/Oh, babe, you've got such lovely legs"? Does it make you like "Martha, My Dear" any less to know that McCartney wrote it for his dog?

We've always adored this sort of trivia. Vin Scelsa, who hosts the ongoing Bottom Line series known as "In Their Own Words: A Bunch of Songwriters Sittin' Around Singing," clearly does, too. The series has been running for two years, and it has featured an extraordinarily eclectic group of musicians, including Michelle Shocked, Barrett Strong, Joey Ramone, Diane Warren, Graham Parker, Donald Fagen, Townes Van Zandt, and Allen Toussaint. The format is simple: a handful of songwriters sit onstage, usually with acoustic guitars, while Scelsa interviews each of them in turn and asks them to play a few numbers. Some of the songwriters are timid. Some are vain. Some are hilarious. Some seem to be wondering why they agreed to do this.

We took in an "In Their Own

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Words'' show recently, and, even though we weren't great devotees of any of the songwriters' work, we found something thrilling about seeing such diverse talents share a stage. Ric Ocasek was wonderfully droll and played thoughtful versions of old Cars tunes, amid a more or less constant stream of one-liners. Nicky Holland, who recently released a lush and jazzy début album, talked about living in the same apartment building as Cyndi Lauper, then sat at the grand piano and played an exceedingly lovely number they had written together, called "Hat Full of Stars." But it was the veteran rhythm-and-blues singer Lloyd Price, of "Lawdy Miss Clawdy" fame, who strutted away with the show, spinning out vivid, free-form anecdotes about the South, the fifties, Elvis Presley, Little Richard, the Army, and anything else that crossed his mind. We can't tell you how Scelsa made all this work—how he made it clear that such disparate songwriters had so much in common—only that he did, and that he will do it again on June 29.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The **wiseguys** can currently be found in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Their program features such composers as Jerome Kern, Harold Arlen, and Maltby and Shire. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings and mounted O'Keeffian animal skulls. Look closer and you'll find that the skulls are wearing earrings. After the show, be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the indoor food market of your dreams, and features a mural filled with people resembling Bob, Carol, Ted, and Alice. **Ilan Chester,** who makes his New York début with an engagement that begins on June 23, is a Venezuelan pop star who likes to put on a show with a capital "S." In his publicity photo, Chester is seen rocking ecstatically on his piano stool as his grand piano explodes with smoke and light. Chester's songs run from lovelorn ballads to ecological-minded anthems, and his concerts have been known to feature extravagant dance routines. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Mondays.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Many musicians who visit this jazz house are honored—if that's the word—by having their portraits done, "in concert," by the house artist. These impressionistic renderings round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. The **Hilton Ruiz** sextet is here June 24-25; the **Bud Shank** quartet appears June 26-27; **Lenore von Stein** comes in on June 28; **Penelope Tobin** performs on June 29; and **Karen Lopes** turns up on June 30. Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? The husband-and-wife, singer-and-percussionist team of **Flora Purim** and **Airto Moreira** appears June 23-28, with Fourth World; Ray Barretto's sextet shares the bill. **Dave Valentin** and **Wayne Henderson's Next Crusade** appear starting on June 30. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This big, airy folk-and-rock club tends to be the site of a lot of music-industry bashes. If you have trouble getting tickets to the early show, it's usually because some record company has bought the place out. Irish-born singer **Maura O'Connell,** who'll perform here on June 23, does folk and country and hybrids thereof. She's got a lovely voice, and she doesn't clutter her music with the pop-music conventions that one finds in a lot of crossover-minded folk these days. **Buster Poindexter** does his thing here June 26-27; Vin Scelsa leads a songwriters' chat on June 29; and the **Lounge Lizards,** a group led by saxophonist/composer John Lurie, come in on June 30. The group's foremost strength is ensemble playing: they like to go deep into a funk groove and stay there. Lurie's compositions emphasize complex rhythms, Arabic melodies, and a good deal of groping, minimalistic exposition. The group maintains a nice balance between order and chaos: a melody is established, torn apart, and then sewn back together. And Lurie, who keeps up a deadpan patter between numbers, is too much of an entertainer to ever let the band get ponderous. Shows are usually at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit market. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. **Donald Brown, Steve Wilson,** and **Charnett Moffett** hold forth through June 27. Music from ten. Dining.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—A small, peach-walled storefront. Sin-é is usually given over to a young, earthy crowd that drinks Rolling Rock or café au lait and waits for some Irish musician or other to blow in and play a set. The café doesn't have a schedule per se, so it's often after the fact that one hears that some great Irish rocker has made a stop here. A frustrating state of affairs, perhaps, but one can have fun just hoping, waiting, and watching the door. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**Bobby Short** finishes up an engagement in the Café Carlyle on June 27, after which the house goes dark for the summer. Shows Tuesday through Saturday at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five.... ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **Barbara Carroll** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesday through Saturday. She'll also be winding up on June 27. Kurt Wieting accedes to the bench beginning on June 29.

Club 53, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (261-5853)—A new cabaret in the New York Hilton. It's a pleasantly lulling spot, where you can sink into deep sofas and eat off of big plates. **Lesley Gore,** who was a teen wonder in the sixties ("It's My Party," etc.), begins a run on June 23. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A softly lit, low-ceilinged jazz preserve. June 23-27 are given over to "Jazz Futures II," a program dedicated to up-and-coming jazzmen, including saxophonist Herb Harris, trumpeter Nicholas Payton, and trombonist Ronald Westray. The **Benny Golson** quartet, which features Kevin Hayes, Rufus Reid, and Tony Reedus, is here as of June 30. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **Les Paul,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld cartoons. Up front, at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. **Steve Kuhn** and **David Finck** work out together June 24-27; **Nat Jones** begins a stint on July 1. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Spiffed-up theatre patrons walk by this club's façade—a Silver Eagle bus, with tires you can kick—and scratch their heads. Inside, big bearded guys with cowboy hats rub elbows at the bar while newcomers study the Texas memorabilia and, upstairs, the display of vintage Gibson guitars. The dining room, where bands hold sway, features a Wright Brothers-era airplane suspended from the ceiling, a dance floor where you can kick up some dust, and a balcony for quiet types. Zydeco man **C. J. Chenier** is in action on June 23. The Bob and Ray of rockabilly, **Robert Gordon** and **Chris Spedding,** appear on June 27. Gordon, who looks every inch the fifties rocker, from his pompadour to his pointy shoes, has a resonant baritone that's just right for songs like "Black Slacks" and Elvis's "Love Me." But Spedding's guitar playing transcends the genre, making the duo's act much more than just a fifties retread. Show times vary. Dining.

Ann Hampton Callaway at the Supper Club

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. The veteran bluesman **Clarence (Gatemouth) Brown,** who's here on June 25, puts on shows that are an unusual assemblage of swing, boogie-woogie, pop, soul, and R. & B.—and, of course, blues. A recent set included a Duke Ellington tune and the Righteous Brothers hit "Unchained Melody." Brown, who is in his seventies, is tall and lanky, and is given to wearing Stetson hats and rodeo apparel. His stage persona is good-natured yet imposing, and he gets a savage sound from his guitar. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. June 24 belongs to **Steve Wynn,** the former lead singer of Dream Syndicate, who recently released a new solo album, "Dazzling Display." Other events: **Babes in Toyland** (June 25), **Velvet Crush** (June 26), and the **Fleshtones** (June 27). Shows are usually at ten on Thursdays, at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine other nights.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Up in this sky-high cabaret, which has a nifty view of the city, you sometimes feel as if you're in a plane that can't find the runway. The entertainment usually lifts you a little bit higher, although sometimes it just causes motion sickness. **Susan Anton,** the actress and singer, who was lately seen in the cast of "The Will Rogers Follies," is in the middle of a run here. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steak house, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Jazz Society, Tuesdays and Fridays to **Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks,** Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Show times vary.

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RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This space was once a theatre, as the cherubim friezes and Louis the Something ceiling attest. Then it was Studio 54, and, if you try real hard, you can still hear the grunts, moans, and snorts of seventies disco ghosts. Now it's a massive rock club, where the orchestra has been gutted for maximum standing capacity, where you have to wear a hospital-style wristband if you want to drink, and where, if you're bored with the band, you can watch the goons guarding the stage pass along rowdies like buckets of water at a fire. The Paris-based outfit **KASSAV,** which is one of the leading exponents of the uplifting, horn-laden Caribbean style known as zouk, will be here June 26-27 at nine (with **TABOU COMBO** and Zin the first night, and Lakol and System Band the second). Show times vary on other nights.

SONG OF SINGAPORE THEATRE, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—The new home of the New York Swing Dance Society, a group of Lindy Hop enthusiasts who've been putting on Sunday-night dance parties for several years now (the Cat Club was their former home base). Swing music at a mock forties Singapore night club—the musical "Song of Singapore" is put on here—may sound like an odd juxtaposition, but who cares? Strike up the band. The **LOREN SCHOENBERG** big band has the stage on June 28. Sets begin at eight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest, this venerable club has many selling points: tropical drinks, Brazilian food, faux palm trees, a thatch-roofed bar. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. **MARION MEADOWS** is here on June 23; **VINX** appears June 24-25; **SAMBA NOVO** performs on June 26; **BRAZILIAN ENERGY SOUNDS** show up on June 27; and **ED MOTTA** is in charge of things July 1-2. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUB, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Upstairs at this gilt-railinged, lamé-curtained club is a plush little nook called the Blue Room, which boasts celestial-motif wallpaper and a profusion of deep-sea blue. The racket of midtown can't find you here. The current attraction (Tuesdays through Thursdays, at nine) is **ANN HAMPTON CALLAWAY,** a fine singer-pianist who can imitate Billie Holiday and Marlene Dietrich, sing an E-flat above high C, and say, without sounding immodest, "People often come up to me and ask why I'm not famous." Apart from a few requisite supper-club numbers—at an engagement a few years back, the audience requested "Memory" three times a night—Ms. Callaway's catalogue includes her own compositions, songs by lesser-known New York composers, and numbers improvised around suggestions made by musically inclined patrons.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—If you arrive late for a show at this celebrated shrine of jazz, you run the risk of being seated in the glass-enclosed terrace, which means you'll need a periscope to see the show. Otherwise, Sweet Basil is just the right environment for patrons—chiefly because it has a silence-or-else policy during shows. June 23-28 belongs to the **CHRISTOPHER HOLLYDAY** quartet. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Thanks to new lighting, muralled pillars, ironwork, and a beautifully restored old tin ceiling, this loft space manages to feel homey. Zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main order of business here. **LEON RUSSELL** brings in his nine-piece band on June 24; the bill also includes **WAYNE TOUPS AND ZYDECAJUN.** The Charmaine Neville band performs on June 26, and **ROCKIN' DOPSIE** claims June 27. Show times vary. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, slice-of-pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The **IRA SULLIVAN** quartet is here through June 28, and the **HORACE TAPSCOTT** trio begins work on June 30. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music after nine-thirty.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. Shows here can be sweaty and tight—the club seems to have a hard time turning people away—and it can be hard to get a view of the stage. This week: the Minneapolis "foxcore" outfit **BABES IN TOYLAND** shares a bill with **BIKINI KILL** and Wench on June 24; the **HUDSON RIVER SLOOP SINGERS** and the **SKADANKS** are here on June 26; **GOD STREET WINE** and **KINDRED SPIRIT** appear on June 27; and **ANTIETAM** comes in on June 28. Show times vary.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

"COKE WHORE," half the audience screams at the actress onstage as she collapses under a cascade of unbleached flour in the playlet of the same name at Jackie 60 (running on Tuesdays; 432 West 14th Street). The others in the audience reach for drinks, push their way downstairs, trade hugs of recognition. There could be go-go dancing onstage, for all they know. Patronizing the arts is not obligatory here.

Neither is dressing up, dressing down, knowing the doorman, loving to dance, chugging jello shots, preferring a particular sex, or preferring sex at all. Which is why Jackie 60 feels more like a grand old-time loft party than like a club, and probably why some legendary nighthawks show up here on Tuesdays who haven't gone out since the reign of the Mudd Club. What's so unusual about the place is that, even though it has managed to garner a lot of gossipy press in the last few months, the uptown types and other troops who usually bring up the rear haven't yet spoiled the joint. Could it be because it's ugly, badly lit, constantly gridlocked, overheated, and in danger of going up like an oil slick at any moment? Nah. Even stragglers are used to these conditions. Jackie 60's success comes from other things. You have to be able to understand why a Brown Party—there was one here recently—is such a fresh idea, or to get the joke behind the club's name. And you have to be able to handle self-indulgence almost as well as you can exhibit it. If any of this strikes a chord with you, start getting dressed as soon as "Roseanne" is over. The good old days are back. On Tuesdays, anyway.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"LIFE DURING WARTIME"—A play by Wesley Brown, based in part on the Michael Stewart story. (Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 E. 3rd St. 465-3167. June 24-26 at 7:30 and June 28 at 4. Through July 19.)

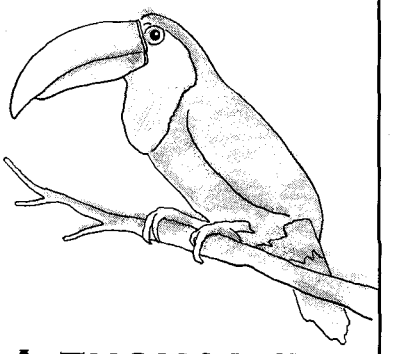
"SHE WHO ONCE WAS THE HELMET-MAKER'S BEAUTIFUL WIFE"—A play about an old Hungarian woman by Peter Halasz and Seth Tillett. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. June 24-28 at 8.)

"LESBIANS WHO KILL"—A reprise of Deb Margolin's play, recently seen at La Mama. (One Dream, 232 West Broadway. 274-1450. June 24-27 and July 1 at 8. Through July 25.)

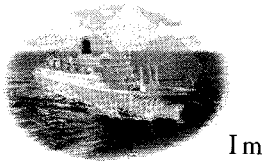
SARA CYTRON—A lesbian feminist comic. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. June 25-27 at 10.)

DIXON PLACE—June 24 at 8: Heather Woodbury. . . . ¶ June 27 at 8: Stephanie and Suzanne Jones. . . . ¶ June 27 at 10:30: Frank Maya. (258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088.)

SAGAFJORD'S AMAZON



A THOUSAND MILES OF RAINFOREST ON A SILVER PLATTER.



Imagine exploring miles of untouched Amazon jungle, being pampered every inch of the way. The Five Plus Star Sagafjord sets sail on November 8 from Ft. Lauderdale to Manaus, Brazil, and November 22 from Manaus to Ft. Lauderdale on two 14-day Amazon cruises. Each with distinctly exotic itineraries including ports in St.Thomas, St. Lucia, Devil's Island, Alter do Chao and Tortola. Cruise fares range from $3,650 to $7,940 and include free air transportation. For more details, contact your travel agent. For a free brochure or our $8.95 Sagafjord video, call 1-800-221-8200.

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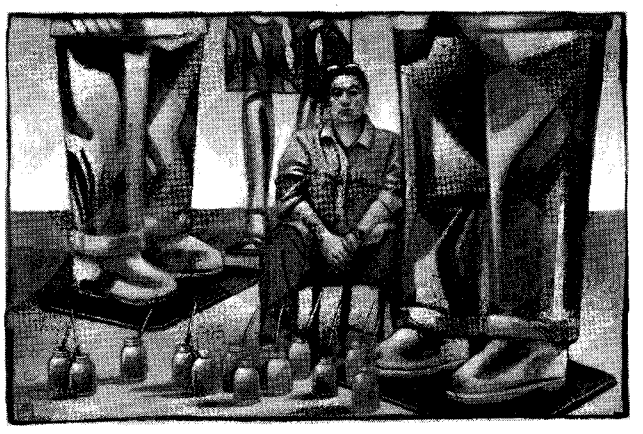
ART

DOCUMENTA has been presented twice a decade since its inauguration, in 1955, in the bombed and rebuilt city of Kassel, Germany, and it is arguably the most prestigious art exhibition in the world. Documenta IX, which opened last week and will run for a hundred days (through September 20), is the most ambitiously planned, most expensive, and most international show to date. The man responsible for this display of nearly two hundred artists' work is Jan Hoet, the director of an adventurous little museum in Ghent. Though Hoet more or less settled on "the body" as his overall theme, the show is basically a potpourri.

While works by the Belgian Thierry de Cordier and the Austrian Franz West are high points, it is the Americans who give Documenta IX its special character. Ellsworth Kelly, Louise Bourgeois, David Hammons, Martin Puryear, and the video artist Gary Hill are represented by outstanding pieces. But special prizes for inspired chutzpah must be given to Zoe Leonard, Charles Ray, Cady Noland, and Matthew Barney. Leonard's photographic work in progress—black-and-white "portraits" of individual vaginas—is, to say the least, a feat. Ray's piece, eight mannequins in the artist's own image involved in an all-male orgy, is probably unshowable in America in the present climate. Cady Noland's friezelike installation, in a subterranean parking lot, is a meditation on highway-culture glamour and violent death; it contains collaborative elements by several colleagues, making it a mini-exhibition in itself. And Matthew Barney's two garage-utility-room installations (videotapes, sculptural props) evoke subjects ranging from Highlanders to football players. This work is yet another triumph of sheer effort for a young artist whose work can also be seen in a group show at SteinGladstone (99 Wooster Street; through July 31).



Viola Frey

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Korean Ceramics from the Ataka Collection" includes more than a hundred examples of celadon ware and other glazed ceramics from the tenth century through the nineteenth. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A large gathering of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Paduan Renaissance master Andrea Mantegna. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A retrospective of black-and-white and color photographs by Helen Levitt. Through June 28. . . . ¶ "Modern Design: 1890-1990" shows off the museum's holdings in twentieth-century furniture, architectural and design drawings, glass, ceramics, and other objects. . . . ¶ The recent donation of the Perls collection—a hundred and sixty-three objects from the kingdom of Benin—has substantially redefined the museum's African holdings. This exhibition of the collection is a welcome relief from the rigid theatre of many of the museum's blockbusters: it enables viewers to make their own discoveries. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ "The Lotus Transcendent." The Eilenberg collection, from which this show has been selected, is not particularly comprehensive and does not contain many grand masterpieces, but it sparkles in many unexpected ways. For instance, it includes a group of bronze sculptures from Indonesia that many consider to be the finest privately assembled collection of such material in the world. Through June 28. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden, planted with eight sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"In the Realm of Architecture." This retrospective of the work of Louis Kahn (1901-74) includes about three hundred drawings, sketches, models, and photographs. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ "Antoni Tàpies in Print" presents more than a hundred lithographs, intaglio prints, and illustrated books, from the forties to the present, by the Catalan artist. Through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Félix González-Torres has created a piece for the "Projects" series that consists of an enlarged black-and-white image of a slept-in, empty double bed; the same image appears on billboards throughout the city. Through June 30. . . . ¶ Photographs by Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934), including genre scenes, allegorical compositions, and portraits of New Yorkers, Native Americans, and fellow-photographers. Through July 14. . . . ¶ "More than One Photography" features sixty post-1980 works that incorporate photography in one way or another, drawn from each of the museum's six curatorial departments. Through July 19. . . . ¶ Twenty-three videotapes, mostly from the seventies, by Joan Jonas, Nam June Paik, and William Wegman. Through July 16. . . . ¶ A display of glass and ceramic tableware by Finnish designer Kaj Franck. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum's reopening is scheduled for June 28.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibition of landscapes, seascapes, portraits, and boxing scenes by painter and lithographer George Bellows (1882-1925). Through Aug. 30. (A show of prints by Bellows is at Sheehan, 41 E. 57th St.; open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through June 26.). . . ¶ Eighty-five works by Richard Prince, including his "re-photography," drawings, collages, silk-screen paintings, and wall reliefs. Through July 12. . . . ¶ The first part of a show of recent additions to the museum's collection is currently on view; more than seventy paintings and sculptures are included. Through July 5. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition devoted to the work of the turn-of-the-century painters known as the Eight: Arthur B. Davies, William Glackens, Robert Henri, Ernest Lawson, George Luks, Maurice Prendergast, Everett Shinn, and John Sloan. Starts June 26. . . . ¶ "Tacit Transit," a new installation, by Korean-born artist Jin Soo Kim, that consists of wire-mesh modules and found objects. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ A display of first-edition etchings from Giovanni Battista Piranesi's "Carceri d'Invenzioni" group. Through July 26. . . . ¶ "Biomorphicism and Organic Abstraction in Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The Streets of Dai Fau," a show of photographs by Arnold Genthe (1869-1946) which depict San Francisco's Chinatown before 1906. Through June 30. . . . ¶ "Global Warming—Understanding the Forecast," a large exhibition developed by the museum and the Environmental Defense Fund. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show that documents several stages in the design of Frank Gehry's new bentwood furniture (several models of which were seen a few months ago at MOMA). Included are original drawings, prototypes, production models, photo-murals, and a history of bentwood furniture. Through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ "A Decade of Craft" highlights works in glass and wood that the museum has recently acquired. Through July 26. . . . ¶ Three site-specific installations: Sam Gilliam's "Windows Go Orange (e.e. cummings)," Robert Kushner's "Butterflies," and Dale Chihuly's "Niijima Floats." (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—Fifty works by the colorful and prolific painter Chang Dai-chien (1899-1983). Through July 19. . . . ¶ "The Cosmic Dancer." The tenth-century Hindu bronze of Shiva Nataraja, Lord of the Dance, is the centerpiece of this exhibition of fifty bronze, stone, and wood sculptures from India and Southeast Asia. Through June 28. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS, 1040 Grand Concourse—Eight paintings from the "North American Trophy Room" series, by Honduran artist Francisco Alvarado-Juárez. Through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ The museum's twelfth "Artist in the Marketplace" exhibition includes thirty-six emerging painters, sculptors, photographers, and installation artists. Through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ "Contemporary Painting and Calligraphy from Japan." Through Aug. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Since its founding, in 1897, by the three Hewitt sisters, whose goal was to elevate taste in America, the Cooper-Hewitt has accumulated a marvellous albeit rarely displayed library of the decorative arts. On view since last summer, "A Design Resource" is a rotating sampler of nearly a thousand objects drawn from the collection. "Animals in Design" and "Designs for Seating" are among the new sections. Through Aug. 30. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—"An Album of Interiors" consists of more than sixty nineteenth-century watercolors, from two private family collections—one American and one European. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Bridges and Boundaries: African-Americans and American Jews." This show—comprising three hundred and fifty art works, photographs, and documents—explores the complex relationship of coöperation and tension between the two groups. Through July 19. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Sketching at Home and Abroad" presents more than a hundred British landscape drawings and watercolors—from the literal to the lyrical—by Turner, Constable, Wilson, Gainsborough, and others. Through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Puss in Boots, the Master Cat, is the subject of an exhibition that spans three hundred years' worth of illustrations, beginning with Charles Perrault's original manuscript of Mother Goose stories. Through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ "Leaping the Fence," a show that examines, through illustrated treatises, the development of the English landscape garden. Through Aug. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"The Art of Embellishment" features nearly fifty painted and stencilled objects—including doors, pieces of furniture, tinware, and textiles—from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American homes. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ The American hand-carved walking stick (more varieties than you can shake one at) is the subject of "Step Lively: The Art of the Folk Cane." Through Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"The Art Mall: A Social Space." The silly interactive art in this mall includes "stores"—a manicurist, a calligrapher who will write anything in Chinese, and a safe-sex shop with rubber gloves and colored condoms—that are low on spark but high on earnestness. There are, fortunately, two works of some interest: Barbara Pollock and Grai St. Clair Rice's video, which informs viewers of some telling facts about controlled environments and free speech; and Tamás Banovich's ramshackle "comfort station," where the artist will wash your feet. On a different note, Todd Alden and Steve Ausbury's "Artkards," with portraits and "career highlights" of art-world luminaries, are amusing. Through June 28. . . . ¶ "Last Words," a window video installation by Seyed Alavi, presents images of Oakland high-school students, superimposed with their response to this proposal: "Imagine that you had the opportunity to speak on national television, but are limited to a single word. Consider further that after you say your word you must take a vow of silence. In essence, this word would be your last." Yikes! Through June 28. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show chronicling the design, construction, and urban context of New York's City Hall (1803-12). Forty-seven drawings, along with watercolors, prints, books, and a model, illuminate the neoclassical edifice. Through June 28. . . . ¶ "Forever Wild: The Adirondack Experience" presents two hundred paintings, photographs, architectural plans, pieces of furniture, and other objects. Through July 12. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Hail, Delirium!," a show of illustrated books and prints by Dorothea Tanning. Through July 18. (Third Floor Gallery.). . . ¶ One of the more comprehensive shows in the current crop of Walt Whitman centenary celebrations is "In Life or Death Forever": a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, photographs, and letters culled from both the Berg and Oscar Lion collections. (Berg Exhibition Room.). . . ¶ The forays of Percy Bysshe Shelley into the political arena are chronicled in the letters, manuscripts, and bank checks on view in "Shelley: Unacknowledged Legislator." Through Aug. 8. (Edna Barnes Salomon Room.). . . ¶ "On the Edge" is a show of more than two hundred black-and-white and color photographs from the covers and pages of *Vogue*. Through Aug. 1. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88) designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his own sculptures. The entire range of his work is on view, from the early surrealistic biomorphic sculptures through several types of stone carvings, and including documentation of his prodigious public-art projects. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with sculptures. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Georg Baselitz—This show centers on the artist's first inverted paintings, from the early seventies, which are both dazzling and modest. It may come as a surprise to see how realistically they are rendered, particularly the three that were painted by finger—an apt tool for an art that is at once cerebral and personal. These are unsettling paintings: the people depicted in them are both disembodied forms and real people detached from a real world, like dummies in an ethnographic museum. Through June 26. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays. . . . ¶ Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St., has an exhibition of recent drawings by Baselitz. Through June 26.)

James Rosenquist—Rosenquist is not always thought of as one of our great painters, but this show of his early Pop paintings, from 1961 to 1964, could well inspire second thoughts about the matter. Whereas Warhol and Rauschenberg were attracted to the artificial, two-dimensional qualities of the mass media, Rosenquist seemed to take the media at face value. In these pictures, he appears to have succumbed to the media's seductions—the white glint of smiling teeth, the curve of a Ford fender. This show features a number of his more complex canvases, as well as the smoky, glamorous "The Light That Won't Fail, I." Even in his simpler pictures, such as "Untitled (Blue Sky)," the surrealism can be haunting, compounded as it is of late-modernist alienation and a tinge of bomb-shelter anxiety. Through July 11. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Short List—Roberto Aizenberg, CDS Gallery, 76 E. 79th St. (open Sundays, noon to 3, through June 30); **Suzanne Bocanegra,** Munroe, 9 E. 84th St. (opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays, through July 3); **David Smith,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through June 27); **Richard Smith,** Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (open Mondays, through July 20).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Ron Janowich / Frederic Thursz—Janowich has lately been playing with the shape of his canvas, and this experimentation seems to be paying off. The most interesting work is shaped like a horseshoe, a form that seems to neatly fill one's field of vision. / Thursz has covered several panels in thick, glossy paint; according to a nearby statement, the works were inspired by the death, at Dachau, of an uncle he'd met only once. Larger panels displayed in the smaller gallery are gripping. They're arranged in pairs of similar colors—two mustards, two purples—which makes for a poignant study in the dynamics of attraction. Through July 31. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

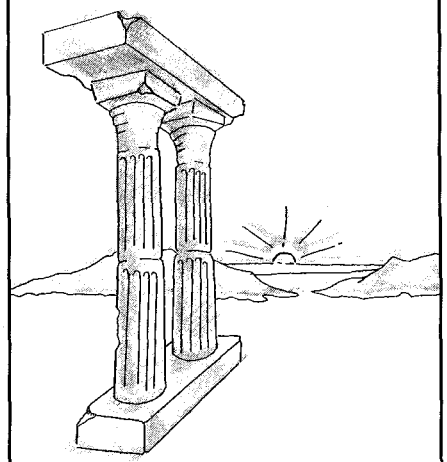
"A Short History of Modern Italian Sculpture"—A show that would be better even shorter—or a lot longer. This history begins, potently enough, with a fragile wax-and-plaster sculpture of a child by Medardo Rosso. It then snakes through some competent but forgettable portraiture on its way to two extraordinary Futurist works: Umberto Boccioni's "Unique Forms of Continuity in Space," which is one of the great sculptural expressions of motion in the history of art, and Giacomo Balla's landmark "Boccioni's Fist," which seems to be shaking one not only at the bourgeoisie but at Cubism as well. Next the history putters through some much revered representational kitsch—Marino Marini's adorable horse-and-rider and Giacomo Manzù's golden cardinal—and continues with the somewhat intriguing but ultimately lifeless proto-kinetic exercises of Fausto Melotti. Then comes a brief but most welcome rest at Lucio Fontana, who, like Picasso, Boccioni, and Giacometti, is one of the few artists of the twentieth century who have made important contributions to both sculpture and painting. He is represented here by two modest pieces of great sensuality and evocativeness, including one that looks like a large olive and has a long, deep, sexual slit. The show winds up with a curiously funky ceramic by Leoncillo and some lacklustre bronzes by the painters Sandro Chia and Mimmo Paladino. Surely Italy has produced more worthwhile sculpture than this show suggests. Through June 27. (Rayburn Foundation and Baldacci-Daverio, both at 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—George Bellows, Sheehan, 41 E. 57th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through June 26); **William Garbe,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through July 31); **Cynthia Knott,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through June 27).

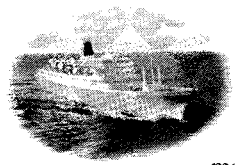
GALLERIES—SoHo

Charles Garabedian—An impressive show featuring two paintings, based on the Iliad, that portray maimed soldiers in fields of an oddly uplifting yellow-green. In their scope, both suggest Picasso's "Guernica." The more striking of the two looks like some kind of geo-

VISTAFJORD'S EUROPE



PONDER ANCIENT RUINS OVER CRÈME BRÛLÉE.



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ART–Cont'd

physical catastrophe, with land and water merging into a single mass. Although the paintings depict such grotesque things as bloody limbs and the occasional stake through a heart or a neck, the figures all have the solidity of classical statuary. Also on display are numerous smaller studies, which are quite compelling on their own. Through July 10. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

Peter Halley—The evolution of Halley's painting style has been so programmatic that it reminds one of the electronics and automobile industries, with new models released at strategic intervals calculated to make consumers feel the need to buy them to keep their stylish lives up to date. It's not that this approach hasn't resulted in some strong paintings—many of his earlier works are comforting in their formal dependability, like the sixties work of Frank Stella, an artist whose development Halley seems to emulate. Halley, though, has evidently come to view production as an end in itself—he has got carried away with Warhol's supposed ideal of becoming an art machine—and, as this show amply demonstrates, pure production is no big feat. Through June 27. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

John Lindell—Lindell had an impressive group of shows a season ago involving issues of homosexuality and AIDS. Now he is having some difficulty carrying his memorial work any further. The current show centers on a group of gay-porn texts drawn in stencil form on the walls. The method of presentation seems to have been appropriated from Jenny Holzer's sarcophagi, though Lindell has used it for his own ends: the texts unexpectedly read from bottom to top, with the end, or top, of the text nearly dissolving into a shimmer. A huge white flag made of wedding-gown material and dragging on the floor, while evocative of thoughts of peace, surrender, and humble memorialization, doesn't quite succeed. More to the point is a modest series of collages made of porn-text fragments attached to postcards of the Taj Mahal. They are the simplest works, yet by invoking the most sublime memorial of all they are also the most potent. Through June 27. (Cugliani, 40 Wooster St.)

Irina Nakhova—Large paintings of eyes, and small, wall-mounted sculptures of torsos with an occasional foot or shoe appropriately situated on the floor. The torsos, which have been embedded, variously, with putti, straws, and a pot of eggs, are the more ingratiating works, while the eyes, which are grisaille with colored accents, are richer, less illustrational, more mysterious. Through July 31. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

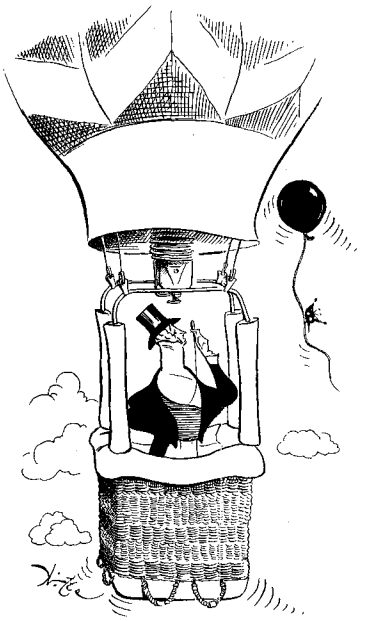
Christy Rupp—Rupp has stayed her course for a while now, and her work could probably benefit from some disruption. Her abiding interest in animals and pollution is expressed here by welded-steel snakes filled with disposable diapers, similar tortoises filled with plastic containers of Tide and Spray & Wash, and Styrofoam-chip clams. The pieces lack the material immediacy of her guerrilla public art and the sculptural delicacy of her earlier gallery installations. Through June 27. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

Markus Oehlen

"Sculpture"—Mostly by painters. All of it is figurative, most of it phallic. One of the most arresting works is an above-the-knees mold of a man by Juan Muñoz, the one painter here who makes sculpture regularly. Sandro Chia, Mimmo Paladino, and Donald Baechler have added nothing to the genre of three-dimensional art, but Aldo Mondino's chocolate, tusk-shaped leaning tower of elephants is amusing; Julian Schnabel's sculpture of weathered wood cylinders on top of a stone-like amalgam of resin, sand, and graphite has a sensitive yet tough Noguchi presence; and Ray Smith's witty post-Picasso totem is enjoyable to look at. Bruce Nauman's grouping of four pairs of bronze heads stuck together may be an overly familiar image, but it is also the most satisfying sculpture in the show. Through June 27. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At A/D, 560 Broadway: A room appointed by three artists. Roy Lichtenstein's wallpaper with a living-room image is as lustreless as his recent paintings. But Gerhard Richter's colorfully gridded wall-to-wall carpeting, which is recognizably related to the artist's past work, would do any rec room proud. On the carpet sit four of Donald Judd's gorgeous plywood chairs, which are stained in crisp aniline colors and have the design simplicity of Shaker furniture. Through July 31. . . . **Klagsbrun**, 51 Greene St.: This exhibition is structured along a novel line: each of the three artists has a variation of the same first name. There is another link as well—all give a sense of what young feminists are thinking. By and large, though, the works are high on political correctness and low on aesthetic, intellectual, and emotional challenge: the basic political issues addressed here are the same ones that were dealt with by the feminist art of some twenty years ago—which, granted, may be part of the point. The most visible artist here, Christine Lidrbauch, is also the most trite. Her wallpaper gridded in menstrual blood and photographs of herself strapping on a dildo are thoroughly clichéd. Kirsten Mosher's photo-and-fur piece "Beaver Hide Surveillance Mirror" is an attempt at reinventing feminism, but it lacks any sense of historical consciousness. Kristin Oppenheim, the daughter and former art prop of Dennis, is the artist who delivers. Her sound piece "Cry Me a River" is affecting for its simple portrayal of deadened anguish. She also has a knack for object-making. Her glass grenades suggest the kind of fetishistic themes that have previously been the territory of that other pioneering woman artist named Oppenheim—Meret. Through June 27. . . . **Steinglad-stone**, 99 Wooster St.: Nancy Rubins' sculpture "Drawings and Hot Water Heaters" is composed of just that: junked water heaters and several graphite drawings on big sheets of paper. Like similar earlier works ("Four Thousand Pounds of Smashed and Filleted Airplanes"), it falls somewhere between improvised installation and constructed sculpture—between, say, Allan Kaprow and John Chamberlain. What's impressive about these works, apart from their physical energy and mechanical ingenuity, is their highly evolved definition—they have real, articulated shapes, and an appeal beyond the charm of rusting parts. Rubins shares the gallery with Matthew Barney—here represented by a videotape and a wall relief, in his Cronenbergian "Dead Ringers" mode—and with a young painter named Sam Reveles, who has contributed two pretty, highly refined monochromatic abstractions. Through July 31.

Short List—**Douglas Davis**, Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through July 17); **Viola Frey**, Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through July 31); **Guercino**, The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (through Aug. 1); **William Katavolos and Yigal Ozeri**, Bitter-Larkin, 597 Broadway (through June 30); **Alfred Leslie**, Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through June 27); **Jill Levine**, Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through June 27); **Hung Liu**, Steinbaum, 132 Greene St. (through June 27); **Markus Oehlen**, Nolan, 560 Broadway (through June 26); **Judy Pfaff**, Protetch, 560 Broadway (through June 27); **Adam Rolston**, Fawbush, 76 Grand St. (through July 3); **Julian Schnabel**, Pace, 142 Greene St. (through June 26).



PHOTOGRAPHY

In London, at the Victoria and Albert Museum (through August 23), there is a group of photographs of New York taken in 1932 and 1933 by the film director Fred Zinnemann, who is known more for his movies ("From Here to Eternity," "High Noon") than for his photographs. But the images in this exhibition prove that his work with the still camera is worth remembering, too. The show, which is drawn from a collection that Zinnemann donated to the V. & A., is small, and, plunked under a canopy in front of the museum café, it lacks the grandeur of many of the other exhibitions, but this modest treatment actually suits the history of these pictures. They were originally intended for a book about New York City and the Depression, but were put away when the project had to be abandoned, because the book would cost too much (five dollars a copy).

Zinnemann's images make a nice addition to the history of photography about New York City. They have one foot in the modernist tradition—Paul Strand, say—and the other in the genre that has become known as street photography. In Zinnemann's photographs of New York architecture—like those he took from the top of a brand-new Rockefeller Center—you see the modern dreams that our skyscrapers so beautifully embodied. But in his pictures taken on the ground you can feel the doom of the early thirties. A photograph that goes right to the heart of the period is one titled "The Great Depression: A Sign of the Times." In it, an old man stands with a placard that reads "I demand my life's savings $2,950.00 from the Bankers Trust Co. 14 Wall Street, NY."

Sally Mann—A selection from "Immediate Family," the artist's most recent series of photographs of her children. A number of these pictures have an edge of sensuality, and even eroticism, to them. Mann will sometimes go back and re-create with her kids a scene that, in the course of their daily lives, has presented itself as a potential photograph. Her pictures have qualities—of si-

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multaneous consciousness and unconsciousness, the casual and the staged—that make them spellbinding. Through June 27. (Houk Friedman, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—Polaroids taken between 1971 and 1986 in which nothing feels extraneous and every detail, whether Warhol is photographing celebrities or false teeth, is remarkably clear. Through June 26. (Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays. Closes at 4 on Fridays.)

"On the Edge: Images from 100 Years of Vogue"—Fashion and fashionability dominate here, but there are many pieces that belie the view that these aspects of our culture are one-dimensional. Irwin Blumenfeld's 1945 color photograph "Red Cross," for instance, is a complexity of symbolism, modernism, and seduction. Through Aug. 1. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Short List—**Bill Brandt** and **Aart Klein**, Lowinsky, 575 Broadway (through July 24); **Bevan Davies**, Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through July 31); **Gertrude Käsebier**, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; through July 4); **Constance Stuart Larrabee**, Manhattan East Gallery, 202 E. 76th St. (opens at 1, through June 30); **Helen Levitt**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45; through June 28); **E. Ira McCrudden**, Wessel O'Connor, 60 Thomas St. (closed Saturdays, through July 3); **Lorie Novak**, Baum, 588 Broadway (through July 3); **Gary Schneider**, P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through June 27); **Michael Spano**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through June 27); **Maggie Steber**, Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (through Aug. 1); **Louis Stettner**, Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (through July 2); **Jock Sturges**, Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through June 27).

MUSIC

CLASSICAL music around the country in the years since the Second World War seems an ungoverned accretion, with new symphonies and opera companies sprouting all over the map, year after year, making work for the ever-increasing population of degree-certified musicians, arts administrators, and marketing directors. All this is the downside of the fact that more American communities are hearing more good music than ever, and are hearing it in live performance and very professionally played. But our sense of history, which is perhaps more anecdotal than empirical, registers the concomitant loss of amateur performing groups with local roots. We have a friend who grew up listening to a symphony whose players were schoolteachers, engineers, and physicians by day, and he says that, though he's sure the young, all-professional ensemble in his home town today plays much better, he's not so sure it serves the community as well.

Another friend, a retired singer, says that he was once able to spend as much of the season as he cared to going around as an oratorio soloist at hundreds of thriving amateur choral societies—whose numbers, he says, have thinned drastically. It's a pity! Singing in a chorus is one of the greatest musical pleasures, one worth as much as a symphony subscription. Looking over the summer schedule in New York in this frame of mind, we feel like heading down to the St. George's Choral Society "sing-outs," at 209 East 16th Street, where you plunk down five dollars, pick up a score, and sing to your heart's content in the company of the like-minded. The next one (June 24 at 7:30) is a double bill of Duruflé's Requiem and Rossini's Stabat Mater: a beguiling juxtaposition of restraint and assertion, and a good sing for sure.

IN TOWN

Bargemusic—Pianist Phillip Bush performs Beethoven's "Andante Favori" (WoO 57), a trio of string players offers Dohnányi's Serenade (Op. 10), and all join for Dvořák's Piano Quartet in E-Flat (Op. 87). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. June 25-26 at 7:30 and June 28 at 4.)

Neo Classic String Quartet—The Taiwan-based ensemble will perform quartets by Mozart (in D Major, K. 575), Shostakovich (his First), and Ma Shui-long; pianist Daming Zhu will join them for Dvořák's Piano Quintet (Op. 81). (Taipei Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 48th St. 373-1850. June 26-27 at 7:30 and June 28 at 2.)

Goldman Memorial Band—The ensemble opens its seventy-fifth year of free public concerts with a program that includes light classics by Wagner and Johann Strauss, twentieth-century American works by Roy Harris and William Schuman, and Edwin Franko Goldman's perennially popular march "On the Mall." Gene Young conducts. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. June 28 at 8. No tickets necessary)

OUT OF TOWN

Tanglewood—Opening concerts of the festival's fifty-sixth season, which will run through Aug. 30. June 26 at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and pianist Gilbert Kalish perform Schubert's Piano Trio No. 1, Poulenc's Sextet, and the concert suite from Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat."... ¶ June 27 at 8:30: The Juilliard String Quartet plays works by Haydn and Beethoven (his final quartet, Op. 135); soprano Benita Valente joins them to perform John Harbison's "The Rewaking."... ¶ June 28 at 2:30: Members of the Boston Symphony Chamber Players and the Juilliard String Quartet (plus guests) join in performing music by Mendelssohn (his Octet), Schumann (his Piano Quartet), and Dvořák. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

Cape May Music Festival—Final concerts of the season. June 24: The Jim Cullum Jazz Band.... ¶ June 25: The Anderson String Quartet performs music by Haydn and Bartók.... ¶ June 28: Voices (a fourteen-member choral group) performs works by Vaughan Williams (his "Serenade to Music"), Bernstein, and New Jersey composers Gordon Myers and Nathaniel Burt. (Evenings at 8:30. Cape May, N.J. For information about tickets and locations, call 1-609 884-5404.)

Caramoor Music Festival—June 25 at 4:15: Harpist Janet Paulis and the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble perform works by Rossini, Spohr, and Anthony Davis (his "Litany of Sins").... ¶ June 26 at 8:30: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble performs a Baroque concert, featuring flutist Elizabeth Mann, oboist Stephen Taylor, and harpsichordist Robert Wolinsky.... ¶ June 27 at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's in Mozart's Symphony No. 28, Beethoven's Symphony No. 6, and arrangements (for orchestral accompaniments) of Schubert lieder (sung by soprano Hei-Kyung Hong).... ¶ June 28 at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet plays quartets by Haydn (in D Minor, Op. 76, No. 2), Beethoven (in E Minor, Op. 59, No. 2), and Britten (his Second). (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-1252.)

Rutgers SummerFest—June 25: An all-Chopin evening that will include such rarities as his C-Major Rondo for two pianos (Op. 73), Polonaise for cello and piano (Op. 3), and texted vocal versions of several mazurkas; performed by soprano Beverly Hoch, cellist Sara Sant'Ambrogio, and pianists Valéry Bukrinski, Gregg Pauley, Tanya Stambuk, Jean-Yves Thibaudet, and Ilana Vered.... ¶ June 26: Classical guitarist Sharon Isbin.... ¶ June 27: Early songs and chamber music by Schubert, featuring baritone Jerrold Pope.... ¶ June 28: Cellist Sharon Robinson and pianist Ilana Vered perform works by Rachmaninoff, Shostakovich, and Schnittke.... ¶ July 1: Peter Phillips directs the Tallis Scholars in Renaissance choral music. (Eve-

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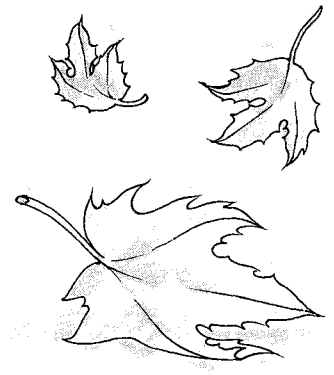
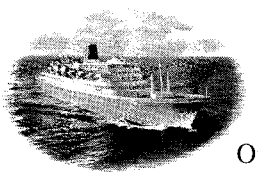


CRIMSON & GOLD
ON A
SEA OF BLUE.



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MUSIC–Cont'd

nings at 8. Nicholas Music Center, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-908 932-7511.)

Norfolk Chamber Music Festival—Opening concerts of the festival's fifty-second season, which will run through Aug. 8. June 25-26: Beethoven's five late quartets, with the performing duties divided among the St. Lawrence, the Ying, the Fone, and the Shanghai String Quartets. . . . ¶ June 27: The Tokyo String Quartet performs quartets by Haydn (in D Minor, Op. 76, No. 2) and Barber (Op. 11), as well as Beethoven's rarely played C-Major String Quintet (in which violist Zheng Wang, of the Shanghai String Quartet, will assist). (Evenings at 8:30. Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. 1-203 542-5537.)

Opera Festival of New Jersey—June 26 at 8 and June 28 at 3: "The Merry Widow," fully staged, and performed in English. . . . ¶ June 27 at 8: "Madame Butterfly," in Puccini's early "Brescia" version, incorporating revisions the composer made for a revival of the opera in that city three months after the work's disastrous première (which had taken place in February, 1904 in Milan). Fully staged, and performed in English; featuring soprano Stephanie Friede and tenor Tod Kowallis. (Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-609 936-1500.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Mel Tormé and Shirley Horn—If what you have in mind is a fancy, budget-busting dinner-and-night-out date, this is surely the main event of the JVC Jazz Festival. At sixty-six, the suave, versatile, and priceless baritone Mel Tormé continues to amaze as a classical exponent of the American jazz song. Singer and pianist Shirley Horn, another topnotch trouper, will open the show. In 1991, she released "You Won't Forget Me," one of the best jazz albums of the year, and one of the best recordings of her thirty-year career. A night to make the dowager Hall shine. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 23 at 8.)

Ringo Starr and His All-Starr Band—Celebrity journalists can't forgive him for no longer being young, insouciant, adorable, and a Beatle, and can't forgive him for living out the commonplace script of addiction and rehabilitation. But here he is nevertheless, with a not-bad new album, hitting the road and refusing to be merely a nostalgia act. The onstage lineup—Dave Edmunds, Todd Rundgren, Joe Walsh, and Nils Lofgren, among others—resembles one of those motley post-awards-show jams more than it does a real band, but the bandleader himself deserves to be cut endless slack for surviving who he once was, and for trying one more time not to sing out of key. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. June 23 at 8.)

Tower of Power—This perennial four-star funk band, which emerged from Oakland, California, in the early seventies, has had its commercial ups and downs, but it's still a scorching live act. (The group's most recent album, "Monster on a Leash," comes close to conveying that intensity.) The horn section, with its powerful, hair-raising arrangements, is the star of the show, and there is none better. (JVC Jazz Festival, Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. June 25 at 8.)

Rosanne Cash—George Jones lost Tammy Wynette, John Doe lost Exene Cervenka, and country star Rodney Crowell just recently lost Rosanne Cash. But that which ends in D-I-V-O-R-C-E can sometimes spell artistic wonders, and even before this breakup Rosanne Cash was writing some of the most brilliantly intimate and darkly confessional country-pop of recent years. Certainly no other songwriter has more richly mined the tension between freedom and commitment. She can sing smiling rockers and peppy two-step numbers with the best of them, but look for her to cast more than a few delicious shadows across this afternoon in the Park. (Central Park SummerStage, mid-Park at 72nd St. June 27 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Ray Charles and B. B. King—Two epic men of American culture on one bill, each of them a cornerstone in the national popular-music edifice. In the fifties and sixties, this great soul singer and great bluesman helped to shape rock, R. & B., soul, and even country music, and it is impossible to imagine our musical heritage without their contributions. Their electrifying live performances have lost a few watts in recent years, but there will be enough spine-tingling moments to make this show very much worth your while. (JVC Jazz Festival, Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. June 27 at 7 and 11.)

Nina Simone, Mel Tormé, Shirley Horn, and a Stan Getz tribute (JVC Jazz Festival)

Warren Zevon—This stout-voiced balladeer of geopolitical dread is a true rocker. He had a clutch of hits in the seventies—"Werewolves of London," "Lawyers, Guns and Money," and the rest—and has continued to write funny, frightening songs and to make excellent records, which have featured such guest artists as Neil Young and the members of R.E.M. A few months ago, at the Marquee, he played with a loud band; on this tour, which is being recorded direct-to-DAT for a future live album, he's playing solo. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. June 27 at 8.)

Nina Simone—Like Aretha Franklin, Nina Simone is a giant of sixties soul. Simone's voice is smokier, and her work has a scathing edge, brimming with bitterness and rage; she explores areas of black (and female) experience that Aretha skirts. (She is an obvious and major influence on Tracy Chapman.) After a long and troubled expatriate period, this notoriously moody performer may have found some new serenity; she published a cathartic autobiography earlier this year, and can probably count on a new audience inspired by her reputation and the testimony of her reissued recordings. (JVC Jazz Festival, Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 27 at 8.)

Spinal Tap—Beacon Theatre. June 23 at 8.

"Heart and Soul" Concert—Bobby Womack, Junior Walker and the All-Stars, and Loleatta Holloway. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. June 26 at 7 and 11.)

Beach Boys—Meadowlands Summerfest. 1-201 935-3900. June 26 at 8.

Black 47—With Morning Star. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 26 at 8.)

Knitting Factory Fifth-Anniversary Concert—The Jazz Passengers, Nana Vasconcelos, Sun Ra and His Chicago Reminiscence Orchestra, and Blind Idiot God. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. June 26 at 8.)

Queen Latifah—With Naughty by Nature, Black Sheep, Cypress Hill, DAS EFX, and House of Pain. (Meadowlands Summerfest. June 27 at 8.)

Chicago—With the Moody Blues. (Jones Beach Theatre. June 27-28 at 8.)

Kanda Bongo Man—With the Mingus Big Band. (Central Park SummerStage. June 28 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Strunz & Farah—Central Park Zoo, Fifth Ave. at 64th St. June 29 at 7. For information about tickets, call 861-6030.

JVC Jazz Festival—June 22: At 5:30, Dave McKenna (Equitable Auditorium); at 8, Illinois Jacquet and his big band and the Buck Clayton Swing Band (Town Hall); and at 8, David Murray's quartet (Equitable Auditorium). . . . ¶ June 23: At 5:30, Barry Harris (Equitable Auditorium); at 8, Lionel Hampton and His Golden Men of Jazz (Avery Fisher Hall); and at 8, Arturo Sandoval, plus the T. S. Monk band (Equitable Auditorium). . . . ¶ June 24: At 5:30, Harold Mabern (Equitable Auditorium); at 7:30, Ruth Brown in a free concert (World Financial Center Plaza, Battery Park City); at 8, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Laurindo Almeida, and Manhattan Transfer (Carnegie Hall); at 8, "A Night of Chesky Records Jazz" (Town Hall); and at 8, a bunch of saxophonists, including Big Nick Nicholas, Lew Tabackin, and Bobby Watson (Equitable Auditorium). . . . ¶ June 25: At 8, Bobby McFerrin and the New York Jazz Giants (Carnegie Hall); at 8, a tribute to Stan Getz, with Kenny Barron, Astrud Gilberto, and others (Avery Fisher Hall); and at 8, Charlie Haden & the Liberation Music Orchestra and Roots (Town Hall) . . . . ¶ June 26: At 5:30, Walter Norris (Equitable Auditorium); at 7 and 11, Frankie Beverly & Maze and Najee (Beacon Theatre); at 8, the Gerry Mulligan Tentet (Carnegie Hall); at 8, Manhattan Transfer and the Count Basie Orchestra (Avery Fisher Hall); and at 8, Howard Alden, Bucky Pizzarelli, and others (Equitable Auditorium). . . . ¶ June 27: At 8, the Dave Holland group (Equitable Auditorium). (The phone number for Carnegie Hall is 247-7800; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for the Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St., 496-7070; and for Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St., 840-2824. For tickets to concerts at the Equitable Auditorium, Seventh Ave. at 51st St., call 307-7171.)

Ringo Starr

SPORTS

ON our lunch break one day last week, we walked over to the Midtown Golf Club, at 7 West 45th Street, to play a simulated round at Pebble Beach—the site of this year's U. S. Open and the spot where, ten years ago, in one of the greatest Opens of all time, Tom Watson hit his famous shot, the chip-in on the seventeenth, to beat Jack Nicklaus. Now, thanks to a bottomless market for golf products and to some technological innovations, we were smacking balls off an Astroturf tee into a large canvas projection screen that displayed color photographs of the shots we faced, testing our game on a course we had long dreamed of playing.

The Midtown Club has four simulated courses (the others are Spyglass, Pinehurst No. 2, and Quinta do Lago); a driving range (you hit balls into a net); an Astroturf practice putting green; four golf professionals, who give fifty-dollar videotaped lessons; a well-stocked pro shop (including a "solid gold" golf pen for $12.95); a bar (beer and wine in an ice chest); and a full menu from Brazilia, the restaurant downstairs. The décor is strictly South Florida Lanai, complete with plastic umbrella tables and scraggly potted palms. The club's walls are adorned with echt nineteenth-hole watercolors of famous golfers playing famous courses. One man actually wearing golf cleats was hitting a bucket of balls the day we visited, but

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otherwise the club was suspiciously empty. Maybe New York golfers have learned, as we did, that simulated golf is a far cry from virtual reality. It's fun to crush a 7-iron out-of-sight, but after nine holes for twenty-odd dollars—more than the greens fees for eighteen holes at most public courses—we couldn't help feeling that a match against Miracle Chosuke on Nintendo's Lee Trevino's Fighting Golf would have been more satisfying.

The real live professional tour comes to the (not yet simulated) Westchester Country Club on June 25 for the Buick Classic. Davis Love, Hale Irwin, Ben Crenshaw, John Daly, and many more of golf's biggest stars will be on hand. Tickets are available at the gate for twenty-five and thirty dollars. Metro-North passengers can take advantage of free shuttle-bus service from the Rye train station straight to the course.

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Chicago White Sox, June 26 at 7:30, June 27 at 1:30, and June 28 at 8.... ¶ Vs. the Kansas City Royals, June 29-30 at 7:30 and July 1 at 1.
Mets—Vs. the Chicago Cubs, June 22-24 at 7:40 and June 25 at 1:40.
(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000; and the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1.... At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays and Thursdays, at 1:05.... At Atlantic City Race Course: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:25.... **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:15.... At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.... At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Niña, Pinta, Santa María—Exact replicas of the ships in Columbus's fleet, commanded by Santiago Bolibar, of the Spanish Navy, will sail into New York Harbor on June 26, at about 12:30 P.M. The best place from which to watch the arrival of the fleet is the Promenade at Battery Park City. After welcoming ceremonies, the ships will proceed up the Hudson and will dock next to the Intrepid Museum, at 46th St., where they will be open to the public through July 14. For hours and admission fees, call 246-1992.... ¶ In other ship-related news, the Norwegian schooner Christian Radich will be docked at the South Street Seaport starting June 23, and the British warship H.M.S. Rose will arrive there on June 26. For more information, call 669-9400.
Brazilian Parade—Empire Loisaida, a samba group, is orchestrating a carnival parade to celebrate summer. Look for percussionists, floats, and samba dancers in traditional garb—or, better yet, join in the dancing. The parade begins at 3 on June 28, at the intersection of Avenue C and Houston St., and continues up First Ave. to Union Square. For more information, call 505-1090.
Swing Dancing—The people at Lincoln Center present their now traditional evenings of dancing outdoors, by the fountain. June 24: The Count Basie Orchestra.... ¶ June 25: The Jim Cullum Jazz Band.... ¶ June 26: C. J. Chenier & the Red Hot Louisiana Band.... ¶ June 27: Manny Oquendo y Libre.... ¶ July 1: The Frank Wess big band. (Evenings at 8:15. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, dance lessons are offered at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5400.)
Readings—June 24 at 7: David McCullough reads from "Truman." (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ June 24 at 8: Raymond Federman and Michele Wallace read from their own prose. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Pepi, Luci, Bom" (1980, directed by Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura.
Theatre 2: "Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).
Theatre 3: Through June 25: "The Waterdance" (†) From June 26: "Hear My Song" (Peter Chelsom), with Ned Beatty, Adrian Dunbar, and Tara Fitzgerald.
Theatre 4: "Zentropa" (Lars Von Trier, in English and German), with Jean-Marc Barr, Barbara Sukowa, and Eddie Constantine.
Theatre 5: "Night on Earth" (†).
Theatre 6: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French), with Dominique Pinon and Marie-Laure Dougnac.

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through June 25: "Cousin Bobby" (†); and "The Enchantment" (1989, Shunichi Nagasaki; in Japanese), with Masao Kusakari, Kumiko Akiyoshi, and Kiwako Harada.
From June 26: "The Music Tells You" (Chris Hegedus and D. A. Pennebaker), a documentary about Branford Marsalis.

NEWMAN THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Chimes at Midnight" ("Falstaff"; 1967, Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanne Moreau, Margaret Rutherford, John Gielgud, Marina Vlady, Alan Webb, Walter Chiari, and Keith Baxter.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 2: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 25: "Class Act" (†). From June 26: "Unlawful Entry" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kurt Russell, Ray Liotta, and Madeleine Stowe.

LOEWS VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Patriot Games" (†).
Theatre 2: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 3: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 4: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 5: "Patriot Games" (†).
Theatre 6: Through June 30: "Batman Returns" (†). From July 1: "A League of Their Own" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks, Geena Davis, Madonna, and Lori Petty.
Theatre 7: "Poison Ivy" (Katt Shea Ruben), with Tom Skerritt, Sara Gilbert, Cheryl Ladd, and Drew Barrymore.

CINEMA VILLAGE 12TH STREET, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 23: "Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.
From June 24: "L'Élégant Criminel" (Francis Girod, in French), with Daniel Auteuil.

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Toto le Heros" (Jaco Van Dormael; in French), with Michel Bouquet.
Theatre 2: "The Adjuster" (Atom Egoyan).
Theatre 3: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, Julie Dash).
Theatre 4: "Cabeza de Vaca" (Nicolas Echevarria; in Spanish).
Theatre 5: "Lovers" (Vicente Aranda, in Spanish)), with Victoria Abril, Jorge Sanz, and Maribel Verdu.
Theatre 6: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 7: Through June 25: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin, Brendan Fraser, and Megan Ward. From June 26: "Pinocchio" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE 3RD AVENUE, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The Fourth Animation Celebration: The Movie."

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 3: "Thunderheart" (Michael Apted), with Val Kilmer, Sam Shepard, Graham Greene, and Fred Ward.
Theatre 4: "Deep Cover" (†).
Theatre 5: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 6: "Class Act" (†).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Playboys" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 30: "Alien³" (†).
From July 1: "A League of Their Own" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks, Geena Davis, Madonna, and Lori Petty.

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 2: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 3: "Far and Away" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 25: "Sister Act" (†). From June 26: "Pinocchio" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 2: "Patriot Games" (†).
Theatre 3: "Batman Returns" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Housesitter" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Mambo Kings" (Arne Glimcher), with Armand Assante, Antonio Banderas, and Cathy Moriarty.

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Lovers" (Vicente Aranda, in Spanish)), with Victoria Abril, Jorge Sanz, and Maribel Verdu. From June 26: "Pinocchio" (†).
Theatre 2: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin, Brendan Fraser, and Megan Ward.

CROWN GOTHAM, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 25: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).
From June 26: "Unlawful Entry" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kurt Russell, Ray Liotta, and Madeleine Stowe.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"A Midnight Clear" (†).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Class Act" (†).
Theatre 2: "Class Act" (†).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Deep Cover" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Far and Away" (†).
Theatre 2: "Housesitter" (†).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 2: "For Sasha" (Alexandre Arcady, in French), with Sophie Marceau and Richard Berry.
Theatre 3: "The Playboys" (†).

ART EAST CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)
(Separate admissions) "Europa Europa" (Agnieszka Holland, in German and Russian); and "Pepi, Luci, Bom" (1980, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura.

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Beethoven" (Brian Levant), with Charles Grodin; and (evenings only) "Poison Ivy" (Katt Shea Ruben), with Tom Skerritt, Sara Gilbert, Cheryl Ladd, and Drew Barrymore.
Theatre 2: "Alien³" (†).
Theatre 3: "Alien³" (†).
Theatre 4: "Aces: Iron Eagle III" (John Glen), with Louis Gossett, Jr., Paul Freeman, Christopher Cazenove, Horst Bucholz, and Rachel McLish.
Theatre 5: "The Waterdance" (†).
Theatre 6: "Alien³" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 2: "Batman Returns" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Player" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 2: "Patriot Games" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 30: "Basic Instinct" (†).
From July 1: "A League of Their Own" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks, Geena Davis, Madonna, and Lori Petty.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Patriot Games" (†).

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Housesitter" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "Far and Away" (†). From June 26: "Unlawful Entry" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kurt Russell, Ray Liotta, and Madeleine Stowe.

LOEWS ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 2: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 3: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 4: "Aces: Iron Eagle III" (John Glen), with Louis Gossett, Jr., Paul Freeman, Christopher Cazenove, Horst Bucholz, and Rachel McLish.
Theatre 5: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 6: "Class Act" (†).
Theatre 7: "Batman Returns" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin, Brendan Fraser, and Megan Ward. From June 26: "Pinocchio" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sister Act" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through June 30: "The Inland Sea" (directed by Lucille Carra; in English and Japanese) and "Unknown Soldiers" (Veronika Soul; in English and Japanese). From July 1: "Blast 'Em" (Joseph Blasioli), a documentary
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Wisecracks" (†).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Alien³" (†).
Theatre 2: "Housesitter" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 2: "Far and Away" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Life on the Edge" (Andrew Yates), with Jeff Perry, Jennifer Holmes, Andrew Prine, and Greta Blackburn.
Theatre 2: "Proof" (Jocelyn Moorhouse), with Hugo Weaving, Genevieve Picot, and Russell Crowe.
Theatre 3: (Separate admissions) "Europa Europa" (Agnieszka Holland, in German and Russian); and "Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).
Theatre 4: "Adam's Rib" (†).

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Far and Away" (†).
Theatre 2: "Patriot Games" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 4: "Alien³" (†).
Theatre 5: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 6: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 7: "Housesitter" (†).
Theatre 8: Through June 25: "Batman Returns" (†). From June 26: "Unlawful Entry" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kurt Russell, Ray Liotta, and Madeleine Stowe.
Theatre 9: Through June 30: "Patriot Games" (†). From July 1: "A League of Their Own" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks, Geena Davis, Madonna, and Lori Petty.

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 25: (Separate admissions) "Aces: Iron Eagle III" (John Glen), with Louis Gossett, Jr., Paul Freeman, Christopher Cazenove, Horst Bucholz, and Rachel McLish; and "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin, Brendan Fraser, and Megan Ward. From June 26: "Pinocchio" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through June 25: "Sister Act" (†).
From June 26: "Pinocchio" (†).

WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Double Life of Véronique" (Krzysztof Kieslowski; in French and Polish), with Irène Jacob and Philippe Volter.
Theatre 3: "Housesitter" (†).
Theatre 4: "A Midnight Clear" (†).
Theatre 5: "Where Angels Fear to Tread" (Charles Sturridge), with Helena Bonham

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Carter, Judy Davis, Rupert Graves, Giovanni Guidelli, Barbara Jefford, and Helen Mirren.
Theatre 6: "The Player" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 30: "Far and Away" (†).
From July 1: "A League of Their Own" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks, Geena Davis, Madonna, and Lori Petty.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Fried Green Tomatoes" (Jon Avnet).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Zentropa" (Lars Von Trier, in English and German), with Jean-Marc Barr, Barbara Sukowa, and Eddie Constantine.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French).
Theatre 2: "Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Howards End" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Proof" (Jocelyn Moorhouse), with Hugo Weaving, Genevieve Picot, and Russell Crowe.

Loews Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
Through June 30: "Night on Earth" (†).
From July 1: "A League of Their Own" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks, Geena Davis, Madonna, and Lori Petty.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).
Theatre 2: "The Hairdresser's Husband" (Patrice Leconte, in French), with Jean Rochefort and Anna Galiena.
Theatre 3: "Monster in a Box" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 25: "Far and Away" (†).
From June 26: "Unlawful Entry" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kurt Russell, Ray Liotta, and Madeleine Stowe.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Patriot Games" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 3: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 6: "Batman Returns" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Alien³" (†).
Theatre 2: "Housesitter" (†).

Olympia 1 and 11, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Basic Instinct" (†). From June 26: "Pinocchio" (†).
Theatre 2: "Class Act" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Alien³" (†).
Theatre 2: "Alien³" (†).
Theatre 3: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 4: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 5: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 6: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 7: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Sister Act" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Aces: Iron Eagle III" (directed by John Glen), with Louis Gossett, Jr.
Theatre 2: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 3: Through June 25: "Beauty and the Beast" (Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise), a Walt Disney animated film. From June 26: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin, Brendan Fraser, and Megan Ward.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Patriot Games" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Class Act" (†). From June 26: "Unlawful Entry" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kurt Russell, Ray Liotta, and Madeleine Stowe.
Theatre 2: "Housesitter" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Le Cinematographe, 15 Vandam St. (675-4680)
Through June 25: A program of films by Pedro Almodóvar.

Tom Hanks and Geena Davis in "A League of Their Own"

Elia Kazan's 1956 cause célèbre, "Baby Doll" (playing June 26 and 28 at the Museum of Modern Art), is definitely steamy. But even more than that, it's sly and funny—the movie-making apex of Kazan's collaboration with Tennessee Williams, who combined two one-act plays ("27 Wagons Full of Cotton" and "The Unsatisfactory Supper") into this full-bodied Mississippi farce. Karl Malden is cotton-gin owner Archie Lee Meighan, who pledged to the father of his teenage wife, Baby Doll (Carroll Baker), that he would support her in comfort and keep her a virgin until her twentieth birthday. Since everybody in town has learned of the agreement, Archie Lee lives in shame. But to Baby Doll, "private humiliation is just as painful." The day before her magic birthday, the Ideal Pay As You Go Plan Furniture Company reclaims Archie Lee's household goods. In desperation, he burns down the rival Syndicate Plantation's superior new gin, which has been ruining his business. Soon, the Syndicate's slick manager, Silva Vacarro (Eli Wallach), comes seeking revenge—and gets it by wooing Baby Doll.

One of the many small miracles of the movie is that the seduction is touching as well as hilarious. So is Williams' dialogue. Baby Doll defends her intelligence by saying "I've been to school in my life, and I'm—a magazine reader!" Balding, chunky, and putty-nosed, Malden's Archie Lee is an unforgettable schmo. Wallach's Silva is ticklishly knowing, and Baker is astonishing. She can look as malleable as an infant and as fierce as a young animal. Boris Kaufman's black-and-white cinematography is so textured that you feel the cotton lint in the atmosphere. Kazan's work presages the fluid poetry of Robert Altman's "Thieves Like Us"—which also had a brilliant European cameraman, Mississippi locations, and a heroine who swigged Coke.

June 26-27: "Stranger on the Third Floor" (1940, Boris Ingster), with Peter Lorre, Margaret Tallichet, John McGuire, and Elisha Cook, Jr.; "Betrayed" 1944, William Castle), with Kim Hunter, Dean Jagger,and Robert Mitchum; and "Detour" (1945, Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal.
June 28-29: "The Killers" (†); and "Brute Force" (1947, Jules Dassin), with Burt Lancaster and Hume Cronyn.
June 30-July 1: "Fear in the Night" (Maxwell Shane), with Paul Kelly, DeForest Kelley, and Ann Doran; and "The Leopard Man" (1943, Jacques Tourneur), with Dennis O'Keefe, Jean Brooks, and Margo.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through June 23: "Death in Venice" (1971, Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen; and "The Damned" (1969, Visconti), with Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.
June 24-25: "Chinatown" (1974, Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950, Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.
June 26-27: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971, Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Naked Lunch" (David Cronenberg), with Peter Weller, Judy Davis, Ian Holm, and Julian Sands.
June 28-30: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951, Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter; and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966, Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis.
From July 1: "Life Is Sweet" (Mike Leigh), with Alison Steadman, Jim Broadbent, Claire Skinner, Jane Horrocks, and Timothy Spall; and "High Hopes" (1988, Leigh).

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
June 22: "Sweet Love, Bitter" (1966, Herbert Danska), with Dick Gregory; and "Bird" (1988, Clint Eastwood), with Forest Whitaker, Diane Verona, Samuel E. Wright, and Michael Zelniker.
June 23: "Mambo Madness" (1955), "A Bailar" (1989), "Machito: A Latin Jazz Legacy" (1985), and "Musicians in Exile" (1990).
June 24: "St. Louis Blues" (1958, Allen Reisner), with Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, and Cab Calloway; and film and video clips of appearances by Cole.
June 25: "Louis Armstrong at Newport" (1970, George Wein and Sidney Stiber), a documentary.
June 26-27: "Let's Get Lost" (1988, Bruce Weber), a documentary about Chet Baker; and "Thelonious Monk: Straight, No Chaser" (1989, Charlotte Zwerin), a documentary.
June 28: A twelve-hour marathon (starting at noon) of movies distributed by Rhapsody Films.
June 29-30: "Last Date—Eric Dolphy" (1992, Hans Hylkema), a documentary.
July 1: "Dancing Man—Peg Leg Bates" (1992, Dave Davidson), a documentary; and film clips of Bill Robinson, Buck & Bubbles, the Nicholas Brothers, and others.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 22: "Red Desert" (1964, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vi... and Richard Harris; and "Blow-U... Antonioni), with Vanes... David Hemmin...
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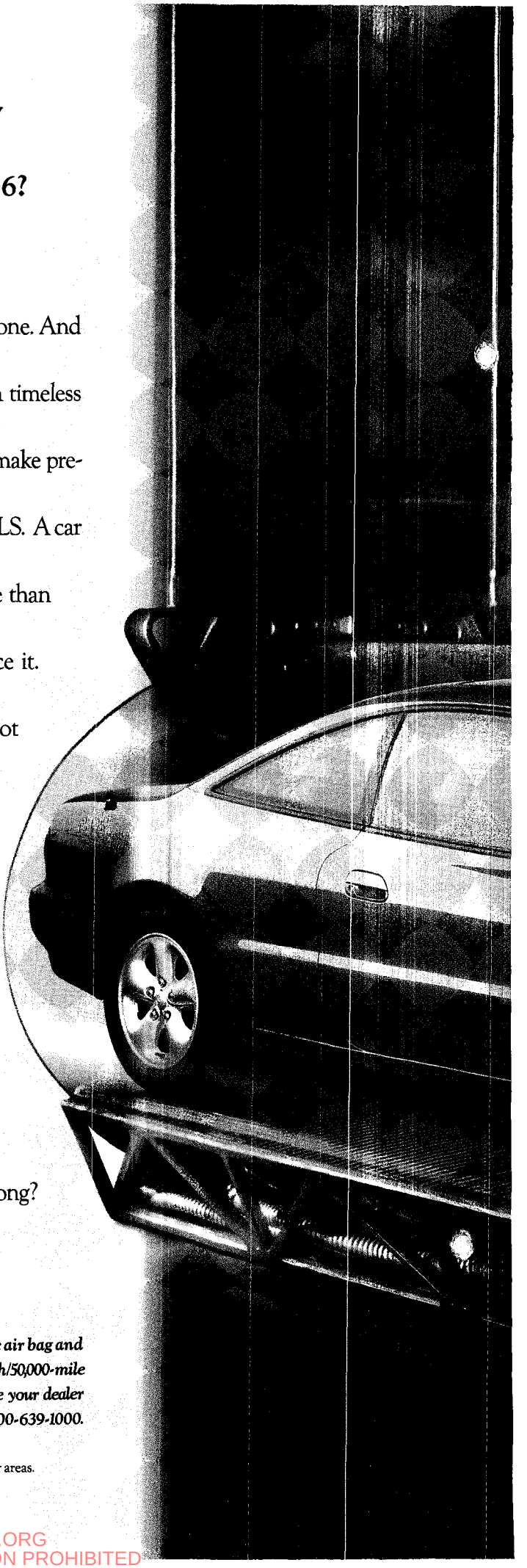
They say you can't build a classic car. It has to become one. And yet, once in a great while a car comes along with such timeless beauty, such intrepid performance, you can't help but make predictions. ⧖ Introducing the all-new 1993 Mazda MX-6 LS. A car born of the belief that an automobile should do more than merely survive the passage of time. It should embrace it. With classic good looks that will remain classic for a lot of tomorrows. A 164-horsepower V6 engine that will make time fly while you're having fun. And a generous expanse of interior room to make your journey through the years a comfortable one. ⧖ Of course, just because the Mazda MX-6 LS has the markings of a collector's item doesn't mean you should stash one away for 38 years. After all, who could wait that long?



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MX-6 LS offers a 2.5L, 24-valve, DOHC V6 engine. Driver's-side air bag and disc brakes. Plus optional leather seating surfaces.* And a 36-month/50,000-mile warranty with no-deductible, "bumper-to-bumper" protection. See your dealer or a free brochure on the MX-6 or any new Mazda, call 1-800-639-1000.

*her except for side panels, rear sides of seatbacks, and other minor areas.
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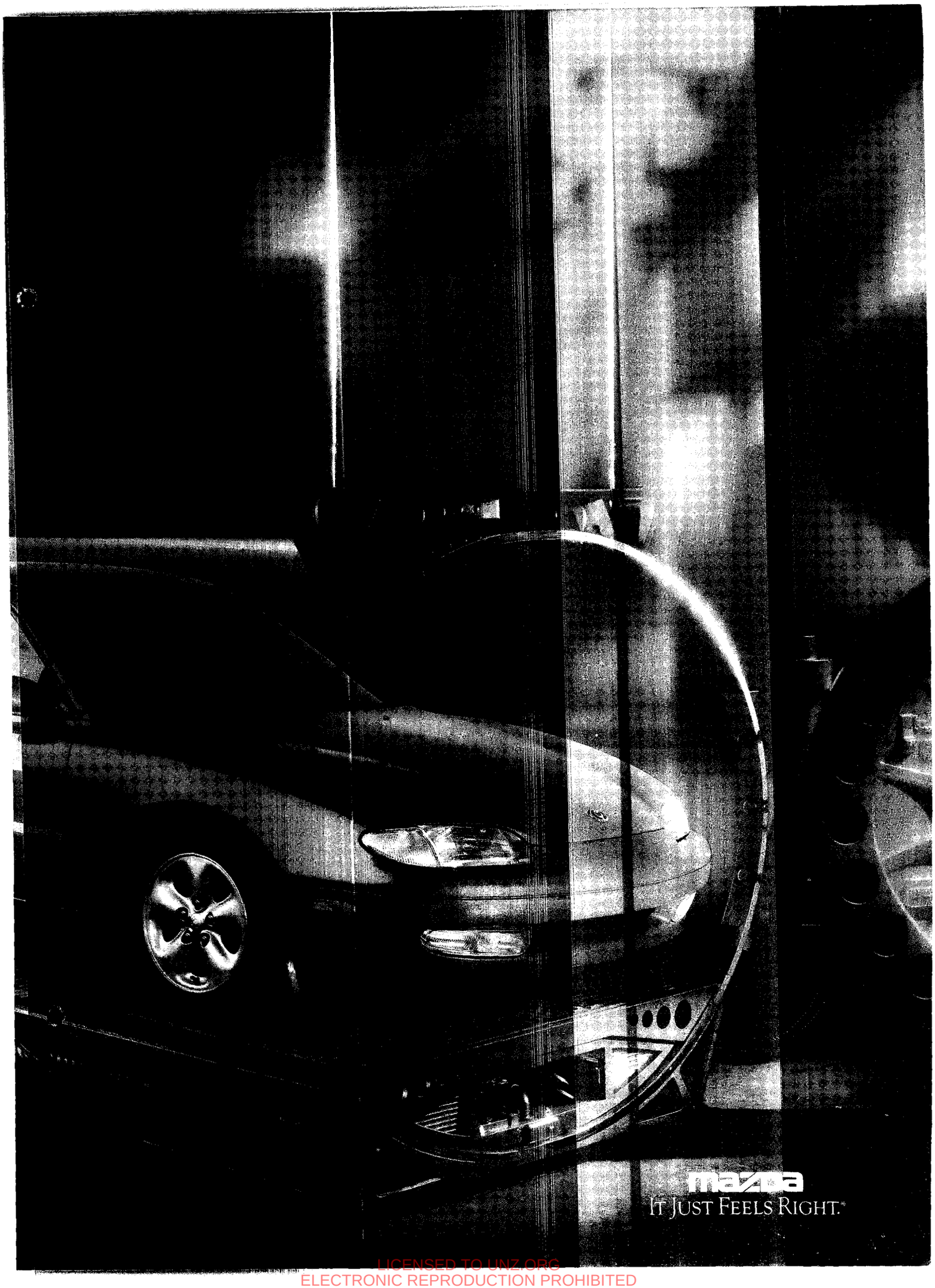

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

June 28: "Rope" (1948, Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956, Hitchcock), with Stewart and Doris Day.
June 29: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned"; 1950, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Viridiana" (1961, Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.
June 30: "Jezebel" (1938, William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940, William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.
July 1: "Bullitt" (†); and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—June 22 at 2:30: "Mean Streets" (1973, directed by Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson. . . . ¶ June 22 at 3: "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959, Grigori Chukhrai; in Russian), with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. . . . ¶ June 22 at 6: "Bird" (1988, Clint Eastwood), with Forest Whitaker, Diane Verona, Samuel E. Wright, and Michael Zelniker. . . . ¶ June 22 at 6 and June 29 at 3: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938, Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov. . . . ¶ June 23 at 2:30 and June 25 at 6: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned"; 1950, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ June 23 at 3: "The Childhood of Maxim Gorky" (1938, Mark Donskoi; in Russian). . . . ¶ June 23 at 6 and June 25 at 2:30: "The 400 Blows" (1959, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud. . . . ¶ June 23 at 6 and June 30 at 3: "Goodbye, Boys" (1966, M. Kalik; in Russian). . . . ¶ June 25 at 3 and 6: "The Last of the Cigar Rollers" (1991, Karen Kramer), "Rice and Peas" (1991, Kramer), "Moko Jumbie" (1991, Kramer), and "The Italian Gardens of South Brooklyn" (1990, Susan Morosoli and Alexandra Corbin), all documentaries. . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30 and June 28 at 5: "The Cranes Are Flying" (1957, Mikhail Kalatozov; in Russian), with Tatiana Samoilova and Alexei Batalov. . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30 and June 27 at 5: "Wild River" (1960, Elia Kazan), with Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick, Albert Salmi, Jay C. Flippen, and Jo Van Fleet. . . . ¶ June 26 at 6 and June 28 at 2: "La Dolce Vita" (1960, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg. . . . ¶ June 26 at 6 and June 28 at 5: "Baby Doll" (see page 17). . . . ¶ June 27 at 1:30 and June 28 at 11:30: "America America" (†). . . . ¶ June 27 at 2 and June 29 at 6: "Lucia" (1968, Humberto Solás; a Cuban film, in Spanish), with Raquel Revuelta. . . ¶ June 27 at 5 and June 29 at 2:30: "Pather Panchali" (1954, Satyajit Ray; in Bengali). . . . ¶ June 29 at 6: "Ivan's Childhood" (1962, Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian). . . . ¶ June 30 at 2:30: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle. . . . ¶ June 30 at 6: "The Ballad of Narayama" (1983, Shohei Imamura; in Japanese). . . . ¶ June 30 at 6: "Invocation" (1968, Tengiz Abuladze; in Georgian).
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—June 22 at 2, 4:15, and 6:30: "Tampopo" (1986, Juzo Itami; in Japanese). . . . ¶ June 22 at 9, June 23 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and June 24 at 2, 4, and 6: "Winter Kills" (1979, William Richert), with Jeff Bridges, John Huston, Anthony Perkins, Eli Wallach, and Toshiro Mifune. . . . ¶ June 24 at 8 and 10, June 25 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, June 26 at 2, 4, 6, and 8, and June 27 at 4, 6, 8, and 10: "Satan" (1990, Viktor Aristov; in Russian). . . . ¶ June 26 at 10, June 27 at 2 and June 30 at 2, 7:30 and 9:30: "The Mozart Brothers" (1986, Suzanne Osten). . . . ¶ June 28 at 2 and 8:15, June 29 at 2, 5:30, and 9, and June 30 at 4: "A Propos de Nice" (1930, Jean Vigo), "Taris" (1931, Vigo), and "Zéro de Conduite" (1933, Vigo; in French). . . . ¶ June 28 at 3:45 and 10, June 29 at 3:45 and 7:15, and June 30 at 5:45: "L'Atalante" (1934, Vigo; in French), with Michel Simon. . . . ¶ July 1 at 2 and 6: "Grand Channel" (1983, Friederike Pezold). . . . ¶ July 1 at 4, 8, and 9:30: "Heaven or Hell" (1990, Wolfgang Mumberger).
Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 1 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953, Jacques Tati; in French), with Tati.
American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"Burt Lancaster: The Tough Guy." June 27 at 2: "Criss Cross" (1949, Robert Siodmak), with Lancaster, Yvonne De Carlo, and Dan Duryea. . . . ¶ June 27 at 4: "From Here to Eternity" (1953, Fred Zinnemann), with Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr, and Donna Reed. . . . ¶ June 28 at 2: "Atlantic City" (1981, Louis Malle), with Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid. . . . ¶ June 28 at 4: "Tough Guys" (1986, Jeff Kanew), with Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.
Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—"Jim Henson's World of Television." From June 23: "Fraggle Rock: Honk of Honks" (1986) and "Down at Fraggle Rock . . . Behind the Scenes" (1987). Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Jim Henson Hour: Dog City" (1989) and "The Storyteller: The Soldier and Death" (1989). Showings Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.
Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—June 25 at noon: "Paris Is Burning" (1991, Jennie Livingston), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 30 at noon: "Route One USA" (1989, Robert Kramer).
Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—June 26 at 3 and 7: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975, Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard. . . . ¶ June 27 at 3 and 7: "La Cage aux Folles" (1979, Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru.
Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—June 26 at 6: "Francesco, Giullare di Dio" (1949, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian). . . . ¶ June 26 at 8: A program of three videos by Richard Kostelanetz. . . . ¶ June 27 at 3: "Olympiad" (†). . . . ¶ June 27-28 at 7: A program of films by Timothy P. Cahill, Amy Greenfield, and Istvan Kantor. . . . ¶ June 27 at 9: "Eating the Family Dog" (1990, Malissa Daniel) and four short films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ June 28 at 3: "Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania" (1971-72, Jonas Mekas). . . . ¶ June 28 at 5: "Triumph of the Will" (1935, Leni Riefenstahl), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 28 at 9: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse" (1967, Andrew Noren).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Adam's Rib—Single females from three generations of a contemporary Russian family—a bedridden grandmother, a divorced working mother, and her two grown daughters—share an apartment as well as various mental and emotional cramps. Vyacheslav Krishtofovich's look at the small disturbances of woman, taken from the book "House of Young Women," by Anatole Kourtchatkine, is gentler, sweeter, and more nuanced than many Eastern exports. There are times when the characters' rueful resilience makes you smile. But the crises, which include a busted affair and an unplanned pregnancy, never acquire comic-dramatic momentum, not even in a climactic birthday celebration that brings the mother's two ex-husbands and her new boyfriend face to face to face. Krishtofovich has been compared to the British director Mike Leigh, but he lacks Leigh's inspirational spark and explosive revelations of character. At the end of "Adam's Rib," Magic Realism is supposed to mesh with kitchen-sink realism; instead, the two collide. Featuring Inna Churikova as the mother, Svetlana Ryabova and Maria Golubkina as her older and younger daughters, and Elena Bogdanova as the grandmother; cinematography by Pavel Lebedev. (The film bears no relation to the 1949 Tracy-Hepburn comedy.) In Russian.—M.S. (Quad Cinema.)

Alien³—The latest and perhaps the last of the science-fiction horror series that began with "Alien" in 1979. Here, the heroine of the previous films, Ripley (Sigourney Weaver), crash-lands on a godforsaken planet whose population consists of a couple of dozen mean-looking convicts running some sort of dilapidated foundry. She has, unwittingly, brought one of those nasty, dripping, sharp-toothed aliens with her in the spacecraft. The script (by David Giler, Walter Hill, and Larry Ferguson) is designed to keep us asking ourselves the fundamental questions: Who will get eaten by the alien? In what order? Is the next one going to be too grisly to watch? Unfortunately, the director, David Fincher, doesn't seem to have the skill to make even the simplest action sequence coherent, or the patience to give the audience the narrative information it needs. Although he's a gifted imagemaker, the images never quite add up. Our interest expires long before the alien has hissed its last. Also with Charles S. Dutton, Charles Dance, and Lance Henriksen. Cinematography by Alex Thomson.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/1/92.) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through June 30.)

America America (1963)—Elia Kazan's account, drawn from his own family background, of the fierce struggle of a Greek boy at the turn of the century to escape the persecutions that the Greeks suffered in Turkey and to make his way to the fabled land of opportunity. Though the picture is flawed by the miscasting of the central role (Stathis Giallelis doesn't convince you that he has the will or the passion—or the brains—to realize his dream), and the main narrative line is unconvincing melodrama, there are some fine images, such as the sealed, stifling, yet warm and inviting interiors of a rich merchant's home in Constantinople, and some memorable performances, such as Paul Mann's as the merchant and Linda Marsh's as his daughter. You can feel the desperate ambitiousness to create an epic (this film was intended as the first of a trilogy), and some of the crowd scenes that the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler, has shot have scale and turmoil and a feeling of authenticity. Yet the hero is so blandly uninteresting that there's nothing to hold the movie together, and the tired ideas in the script (by Kazan)—such as a Judas figure who robs the hero and a Christ figure who gives his life for the hero—become embarrassing. With Lou Antonio, Salem Ludwig, Frank Wolff, and John Marley. Music by Manos Hadjidakis; editing by Dede Allen; production design by Gene Callahan.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; June 27-28.)

Basic Instinct—A vicious, grindingly manipulative urban mystery that uses a thick atmosphere of S & M kinkiness to distract the audience from the story's thinness and inanity. Michael Douglas plays a cop with a "dark side." Sharon Stone plays a rich, beautiful bisexual novelist who is the prime suspect in a murder case. He falls in love with her, and the two of them breathe heavily through the rest of the picture. Stone has a few bright moments early on. But our basic instinct as we watch Douglas's strenuous grimaces of sexual transport is to flee the theatre. And the mystery is so ineptly constructed that it's not much fun trying to work out the solution. We sense that the screenwriter, Joe Eszterhas, and the director, Paul Verhoeven, don't have any respect for the genre—that they're too jaded to care about anything but giving us enough voyeuristic jolts to keep us awake. When the picture is over, we realize that the only suspense that it has produced effectively is a weird kind of ideological suspense. Will the movie take its smarmy misogyny all the way, or will it pull back in the end? It goes all the way. Also with George Dzundza and Jeanne Tripplehorn; there's a very peculiar cameo

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by Dorothy Malone.—T.R. (4/6/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Olympia; through June 25. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through June 30.)

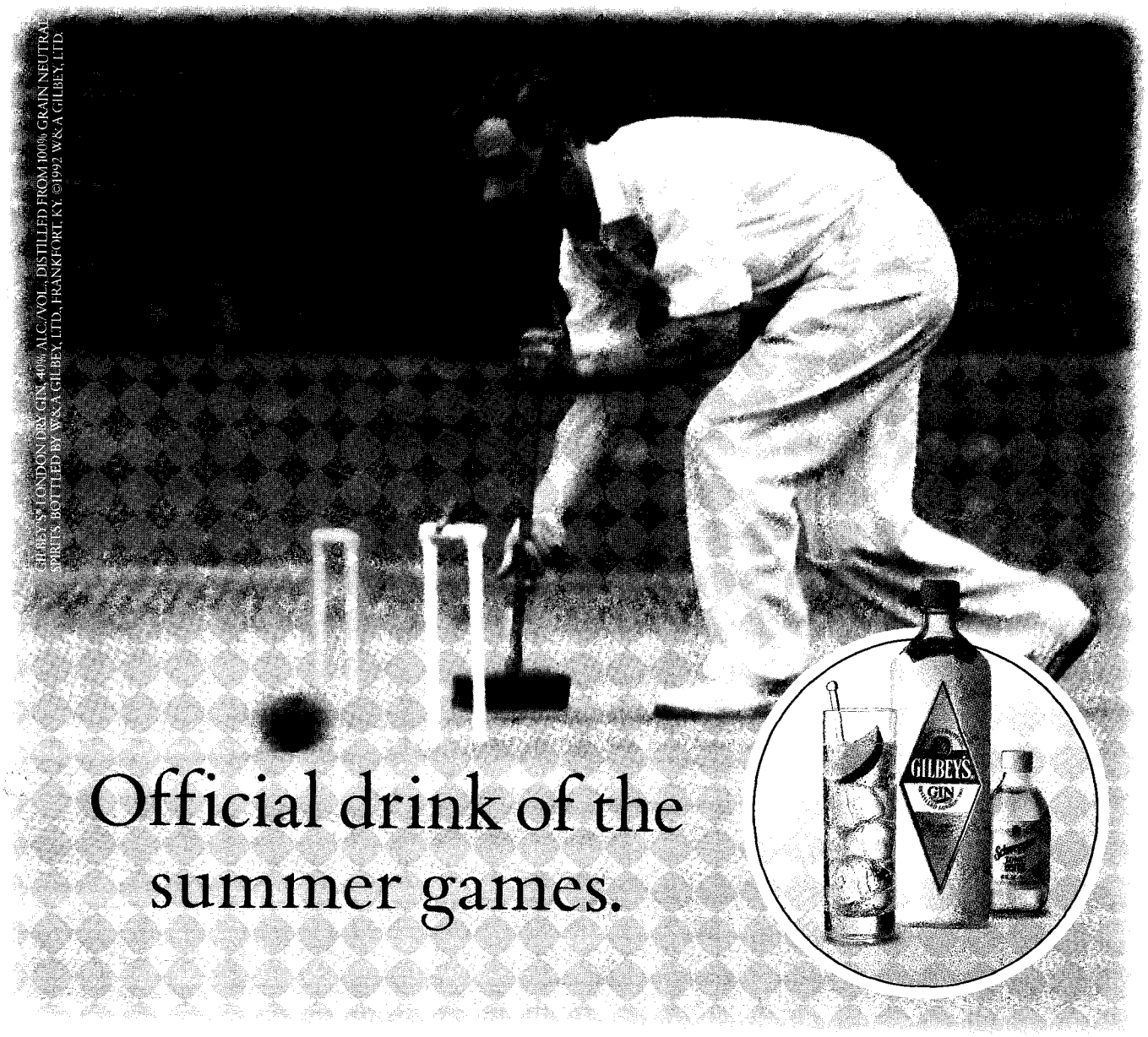
Batman Returns—With Michael Keaton, Danny DeVito, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Christopher Walken; directed by Tim Burton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Bullitt (1968)—A competent director (Peter Yates), working with competent technicians, gives a fairly dense texture to a vacuous script about cops and gangsters and politicians. The stars are Steve McQueen with his low-key charisma, as the police-officer hero, and the witty, steep streets of San Francisco. There's a big car-chase sequence, which helped to make the movie a hit. With Robert Vaughn as a slimy Mr. Big whose technique of bribery is so blatantly insulting he couldn't give away a lollipop, and Jacqueline Bisset, Robert Duvall, Georg Stanford Brown, Simon Oakland, Norman Fell, and Don Gordon. Script by Alan Trustman and Harry Kleiner, from Robert L. Pike's "Mute Witness"; cinematography by William Fraker; music by Lalo Schifrin; titles by Pablo Ferro.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 1.)

Class Act—The latest teen comedy to star rapper/actors Kid 'N Play is like their two "House Party" films jumbled together and retooled in a high-school shop class. Kid changes his cloud-scraping haircut for mini-dreadlocks; otherwise, the movie doesn't offer much in the way of novelty or kicks. Kid is Duncan Pinderhughes, a wonk who doffs button-down collars when a school administrator accidentally switches his identity with that of Blade Brown (Play), a stylish, incorrigible homeboy. This could have been the nub of a real farce. In high school, intelligence is often in the mind of the beholder; students who are labelled "smart" can get special treatment. But the director, Randall Miller, and a cadre of screenwriters (John Semper and Cynthia Friedlob did the script, from a story by Michael Swerdlick, Wayne Rice, and Richard Brenne) come up with little more than brutal slapstick and up-to-the-minute slang. They target vacationing adolescents—there's an anti-drug rap number, a chase through a waxworks, and a fetching girlfriend for each hero. The anti-gay humor is particularly primitive; it reminds you that homophobia refers primarily to fear, not hatred.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, and Olympia. . . . ¶ *Movieland 8th Street* Triplex, and National Twin; through June 25.)

Cousin Bobby—Jonathan Demme's film about his cousin Robert Castle, an Episcopal pastor who works in Harlem, has a loose, friendly home-movie quality that's weird but appealing. Bobby is a chunky, balding, sixtyish priest who leads his poor parishioners on protest marches, delivers fiery speeches on the evils of racism, and generally stirs things up on behalf of the disadvantaged, the neglected, and the oppressed. Demme's offhand approach draws us into an unusual kind of intimacy with Bobby and the ravaged urban world he lives in. The movie is a brilliantly original portrait of a complex personality: it does justice to both the continuities and the discontinuities of its subject's life story. *Demme, who is onscreen a fair amount, acts* as a genial, low-pressure host; his manner is an invitation to the audience to join in the family feeling that's growing between him and his cousin. The film ends up being a lovely, amiably persuasive demonstration of the personal sources of political conviction.—T.R. (6/1/92) (Little Theatre; through June 25.)

Deep Cover—Hip novelist-screenwriters Michael Tolkin and Henry Bean must not have watched enough TV in the eighties to realize that the premise of their script—an undercover cop gets sucked into big-time drug life—has been done to death. The director, Bill Duke, a veteran of shows like "Hill Street Blues" and "Miami Vice," should have fessed up. Larry Fishburne plays the righteous policeman who goes to work for the D.E.A. and discovers that he loves being a narcotics baron. Jeff Goldblum is the drug-dealing Jewish lawyer who becomes his part-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IN BRIEF–Cont'd

ner in crime. Goldblum gets most of the good lines and a fair share of the awful ones. He knows what to do with them, but his character is self-loathing and loathsome—the White Negro in a slick post-yuppie edition. The visuals are as gaudy as the language (Bojan Bazelli did the look-at-me cinematography), and the plot is jolt-happy. If there's such a thing as dull flash, "Deep Cover" defines it.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, and 59th Street East Cinema.)

Far and Away—Despite all the publicity about the film's physical grandeur and the Gaelic heritage of the director, Ron Howard, this historical fantasy, set in the early eighteen-nineties, centers on the spectacle of the real-life spouses Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise enacting a coltish courtship. She's headstrong Shannon Christie, the only child of a wealthy Irish landowner (Robert Prosky) and a suffocatingly proper mother (Barbara Babcock). He's rebellious Joseph Donelly, a tenant farmer's son who botches an attempt to kill Shannon's father. You may be willing to accept the broad farce and melodrama for the sake of the scenery, shot in an imposing new Panavision Super 70 process. But Cruise and Kidman are a couple of kids playing "Let's pretend." When they reach the United States, you keep waiting for them to light out for the territories. They're stranded in Boston, where she plucks chickens, he becomes a bare-knuckled boxer, and Howard exposes the backside of the American Dream and of America's favorite young star. The director stages the climactic Oklahoma land rush with aplomb, but by then the audience has ceased to care. Mikael Salomon earns his credit for the cinematography; Bob Dolman wrote the script from a story he concocted with Howard.—M.S. (6/1/92) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Baronet, Art Greenwich Twin, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Regency; through June 25. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; through June 30.)

The Friends of Eddie Coyle (1973)—Boston Irish crooks and cops. Robert Mitchum is the aging hood Eddie Coyle, who is slipping a little information to a smart, treacherous narcotics officer (Richard Jordan) in order to stay out of jail. Peter Boyle, a bartender, handles murder contracts and ruthlessly plays all sides against each other. Based on the novel by George V. Higgins, former assistant attorney general of Massachusetts, this movie should be better; the plot and the dialogue are first-rate. The elements are all there, and Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard and has some good scenes. But you get the impression that the dialogue is moving faster than the action. Probably this picture, directed by the Englishman Peter Yates, needed an American director with an instinctive feeling for the milieu; the movie is shallow and a little mechanical, with noise and loud music used to build up excitement. The police and the gangsters have no roots, and intertwined roots are what the story is meant to be about. Jordan, acting chillingly pleasant, gives the most effective performance, and Steven Keats, as a dealer in guns, gives the showiest one. With Alex Rocco, Joe Santos, Helena Carroll, Mitchell Ryan, and Jack Kehoe. Adaptation by Paul Monash, who also produced.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 1.)

Housesitter—With Steve Martin, Goldie Hawn, Dana Delany, Julie Harris, Donald Moffat, and Peter MacNicol; directed by Frank Oz. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

Howards End—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome and intelligent piece of work: a faithful, well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The plot brings the cultured and rather high-minded Schlegels in contact with a very different sort of family, the Wilcoxes, who appear to represent English values at their most infuriatingly solid and complacent. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. These luminous performances go a long way toward putting Forster's ambitious ideas across on the screen. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) The story holds us for the full two hours and twenty minutes that the movie takes to tell it; Ivory and his screenwriter, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, have done a skillful and sensitive job of adaptation. All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it. Also with Helena Bonham Carter, Samuel West, James Wilby, Nicola Duffett, Prunella Scales, and Adrian Ross Magenty.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Loews Fine Arts.)

The Killers (1946)—Ernest Hemingway's short story about the man who doesn't try to escape his killers is acted out tensely and accurately, and, for once, the gangster-thriller material added to it is not just padding but is shrewdly conceived (by Anthony Weiller and the uncredited John Huston) to show why the man didn't care enough about life to run away. Under the expert direction of Robert Siodmak, Burt Lancaster gives his first screen performance (and is startlingly effective), and Siodmak also does wonders with Ava Gardner. With Charles McGraw and William Conrad in the opening sequence, and Edmond O'Brien, Albert Dekker, Sam Levene, Donald MacBride, Vince Barnett, and Jeff Corey.—P.K. (*Le Cinematographe*; June 28-29.)

Lethal Weapon 3—When that manic L.A.P.D. detective Martin Riggs (Mel Gibson) visits the home of rough-and-ready I.A.D. cop Lorna Cole (Rene Russo), he notices that her personal computer contains Three Stooges software. Moe, Larry, and Curly, who showed up in a film clip in "LW2," have become the guiding spirits of the series. The director, Richard Donner, and the screenwriters, Jeffrey Boam and Robert Mark Kamen, are too proud of their hit formula. They keep restating it: Cole describes the career of Riggs and his staid partner, Roger Murtaugh (Danny Glover), as a combination of "*The Police Gazette* and *Mad* magazine." Topically enough, the villain is a sadistic, corrupt ex-cop (played by Stuart Wilson). But all Donner and company deliver is their usual quasi-comic "chaos and mayhem." Joe Pesci surfaces again as Valley-speaking fixer Leo Getz, presumably to prove that the more stooges the merrier. But the central gag goes unstated. Riggs and Murtaugh are supposed to be effective. The "Lethal Weapon" movies put Keystone Kops on the Thin Blue Line and ask us to cheer them toward victory.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

A Midnight Clear—Everything about this anti-war film is geared for poignancy, from the snow-swept settings (the area around Park City, Utah, stands in for Europe) to the Christian symbolism. But what keeps viewers watching this tale of six young G.I.s on the German-French border in the winter of 1944 is the tense jeopardy of military service. The heroes belong to a genius-I.Q. intelligence-and-reconnaissance unit; the action hinges on their vain attempt to complete a rapprochement with a handful of weary Germans. The movie is high-strung yet shock-proofed. A voice-over narration sets a tone of boyish contemplation and signals that there'll be spiritual solace even if the worst happens. The writer-director, Keith Gordon, has reverently adapted William Wharton's 1982 novel. His movie has no traction, only a holy, sepulchral glow. It's so determined to be haunting that it gives up the ghost. Ethan Hawke, Gary Sinise, Frank Whaley, Kevin Dillon, Peter Berg, and Arye Gross play the soldiers; Mark Isham did the rustling mood music, and Tom Richmond the blue-white cinematography.—M.S. (5/18/92) (Plaza, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Monster in a Box—With Spalding Gray, directed by Nick Broomfield. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

My Cousin Vinny—The recipe behind this Dixie-based comedy hit is simple. The Southern characters consider themselves the salt of the earth; the Northern ones are proud to be the pepper. Joe Pesci plays Vinny Gambini, a neophyte Brooklyn lawyer who hightails it down to Wahzoo City, Alabama, to help his college-boy cousin (Ralph Macchio) and a friend (Mitchell Whitfield) beat a bum murder rap. Vinny's quest takes at least thirty minutes too long. The producer-screenwriter, Dale Launer, bides his time, scattering hoary gags while planting details that eventually pay off. Luckily, the director, Jonathan Lynn, keeps the cork on Pesci, releasing his energy only in the trial sequences, and doesn't rely on him to carry the movie. Marisa Tomei, as Vinny's fiancée, imbues the most obligatory reactions with either a startling ferocity or a farcical ambiguity worthy of her character's name: Mona Lisa Vito. Fred Gwynne brings a wise, weighty charm to the role of a Yale-educated judge; in a cartoon, he'd be a basset hound called Beauregard. When Pesci sags, Tomei, Gwynne, and others (especially Austin Pendleton) perk things up. At best, it's a genial variety show that could use more variety.—M.S. (4/20/92) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Crown Gotham; through June 25.)

Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner in "The Killers"

Night on Earth—This anthology film, written and directed by Jim Jarmusch ("Stranger Than Paradise"), has a gimmicky premise. Each of its five stories takes place in a different city, and each is about a taxicab ride. All the trips are going on at the same time, but in different time zones, so there's an illusion of temporal progress: the picture begins at sunset in Los Angeles and ends at dawn in Helsinki. (The intervening episodes take place in New York, Paris, and Rome.) It's a feeble but serviceable conceit; if the sketches were funny, we'd barely notice the preciousness of the structure. Unfortunately, the material is very thin, and the movie doesn't vary its style from sketch to sketch: Jarmusch sticks doggedly to his trademark deadpan manner. The comedian Roberto Benigni, playing a motor-mouth cabbie in the Italian episode, briefly enlivens the picture with a riotous erotic monologue. But, for the most part, the movie induces in the viewer an eerie, suspended feeling that mimics the time-stands-still monotony of a long airplane journey. It tries for a chipper, lighthearted tone, but it gives the audience a gruelling flight—a red-eye to nowhere. In English, French, Italian, and Finnish.—T.R. (5/18/92) (Angelika Film Center. . . . ¶ 62nd & Broadway; through June 30.)

Olympiad (1938)—During the thirties, the international press ridiculed Hitler's supposed infatuation with the red-haired dancer-skier-actress turned movie director Leni Riefenstahl, to whom he had entrusted the production of movies on his political conventions and on the 1936 Olympic Games. The results were the two greatest films ever directed by a woman. Out of the Nuremberg Rally of 1934, Riefenstahl made the most outrageous political epic of all time, the

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infamous, hypnotic "Triumph of the Will"; out of the Berlin Olympics she made a great lyric spectacle. "Olympiad" is only incidentally a record of the actual games: she selected shots for their beauty rather than for a documentary record. After eighteen months of editing, she emerged with over three hours of dazzling quality—a film that affects one kinesthetically in response to movement and psychologically in response to the anguish and strain of men and women competing for a place in history. Despite Hitler's Aryan myth, she knew beauty when she saw it: in the throbbing veins of Jesse Owens' forehead (in her book on "Olympiad," Riefenstahl has a simple caption for his picture—"Jesse Owens, der schnellste Mann der Welt"); in the lean Japanese swimmers; in the divers soaring in flight so continuous that they have no nationality. Viewed now, "Olympiad" is an elegy on the youth of 1936: here they are in their flower, dedicated to the highest ideals of sportsmanship—these young men who were so soon to kill each other.—P.K. (Anthology Film Archvies; June 27.)

Patriot Games—Phillip Noyce's film, adapted from one of Tom Clancy's jillion-selling suspense novels, is a much more effective thriller than it has any right to be. The screenwriters, W. Peter Iliff and Donald Stewart, have eliminated much of the novel's hot air without entirely knocking the wind out of the material; the script tones down Clancy's right-wing ideology and gives the story some straightforward action-movie narrative drive. The plot, which pits Irish terrorists against an Annapolis history professor and sometime C.I.A. analyst named Jack Ryan (Harrison Ford), is ridiculous, boys'-adventure stuff, but the filmmakers almost put it across. Noyce handles the action sequences beautifully: they're lucid and exciting, and their construction has a kind of formal elegance that's oddly satisfying. (He's less successful with the scenes of the Ryan family's domestic bliss, which are meant to establish Jack's credentials as a champion of traditional values.) Ford brings a welcome trace of ambivalence to his character's heroics—a sense that Ryan isn't altogether proud of the lethal efficiency he displays when's he's drawn into combat. Sean Bean, Richard Harris, and (especially) James Fox do nice work in supporting roles. This is an expert, entertaining genre picture. Noyce and his team serve Clancy's crude material well—too well, probably. Also with Anne Archer (who's awful), Thora Birch, James Earl Jones, Samuel L. Jackson, and Patrick Bergin. Cinematography by Donald McAlpine.—T.R. (6/15/92)

At 8th St. Playhouse, Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

(Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U. A. East, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Disney's best feature cartoon—an elating, sometimes terrifying musical adventure. A good fairy grants wood-carver Geppetto's wish that his puppet Pinocchio were his real son—on condition that the marionette first learn right from wrong. (His nose sprouts like Jack's beanstalk when he tells a lie.) Jiminy Cricket made his infectiously funny début as Pinocchio's conscience. Disney's humane take on Carlo Collodi's imaginative but flinty book is inspiring for children and primally nostalgic for adults. The animation is as fecund and economical as great silent slapstick; the most ingenious bits of business pop like cap pistols. You come out savoring the visual beauty and invention, the narrative zing, and the catchy tunes (by Leigh Harline and Ned Washington), which include "Hi Diddle Dee Dee (An Actor's Life for Me)," "I've Got No Strings," and "When You Wish Upon a Star." Ben Sharpsteen and Hamilton Luske were the supervising directors; seven writers did the adaptation. With the voices of Dickie Jones (Pinocchio), Christian Rub (Geppetto), and Cliff Edwards (Jiminy Cricket).—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild and Olympia; starting June 26.)

The Playboys—This absorbing, uneven romantic comedy-drama, set in a small Irish town in 1957, takes its name from a travelling troupe. The heroine is an unwed mother named Tara (Robin Wright). She challenges every male authority figure in town and drives all the men wild—especially the violent, alcoholic constable, Sergeant Hegarty (Albert Finney), who seethes when he sees her with her actor lover Tom (Aidan Quinn). The screenwriters, Shane Connaughton (who co-wrote "My Left Foot") and Kerry Crabbe, are full of ideas and observations about orthodox religion, claustrophobic village mores, the craziness of life in a divided country, and the last gasp of strolling players before TV's ascendancy. Wright and Quinn are well matched, and the director, Gillies MacKinnon, and his cinematographer, Jack Conroy, provide images that sparkle with amorous possibilities. But the filmmakers don't funnel their panoply of themes gracefully into Tara's story. Her affair with Tom comes off as a foil to Finney's passionate portrait of stewed wrath and despair. He endows a clenched, masochistic character with such scale and force that he takes over the movie.—M.S. (5/18/92) (Gramercy, and Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

The Player—The title character of Robert Altman's new movie is a young Hollywood studio executive named Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins), who, for no very good reason, murders an aspiring screenwriter. The picture is a brilliant dark comedy about the death of American filmmaking. It's like a documentary about a mirage: the world it shows us is sunlit and shimmering, and the people have the thin presence of holograms. Altman is doing one of his specialties here—exploring an odd American subculture—and when his idiosyncratic realism is applied to the insular, constantly self-regarding community of Hollywood "players" it has an almost hallucinatory effect. The movie has the exhilarating nonchalance of the director's seventies classics, and its tone is volatile, elusive: with breathtaking assurance, it veers from psychological-thriller suspense to goofball comedy to icy satire. Altman turns the self-reflective world of Hollywood into a fun house in which every grotesque distortion somehow appears to us as a newly discovered, paradoxical truth. Robbins gives a layered, richly suggestive performance—the sort of performance that Altman's style, at its best, produces without obvious effort. At sixty-seven, Altman still seems like the youngest filmmaker in America.—T.R. (4/20/92) (Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Worldwide Cinemas, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Sister Act—Whoopi Goldberg stars as a Reno lounge singer on the lam from her murderous mobster ex-lover (Harvey Keitel). Disguised as a nun in a San Francisco convent, she manages to bring new music into the choir, fresh street faces into the pews, and a social-activist spirit into the revitalized congregation. The plot and the characters are almost insultingly perfunctory (the pseudonymous Joseph Howard is credited with the script), and when there isn't any rock on the soundtrack the moviemaking is listless. Still, the director, Emile Ardolino, who made "Dirty Dancing," knows how to use sixties hits for an over-all bounce that jumps audiences past dead patches. Goldberg maintains her gruff tone, which helps keep the film from stagnating with sappiness. If Maggie Smith glowers ineffectually as the Mother Superior, a couple of actresses—Kathy Najimy and Mary Wickes—imbue their nun roles with the euphoria of inspired farceurs. (Najimy defines "overjoyed.") The film isn't a divine comedy, and it's not satisfyingly profane either. But it generates a few laughs. It's got a good beat, and you can dance to it.—M.S. (6/15/92) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Guild; through June 25.)

Used Cars (1980)—A classic screwball fantasy—a neglected modern comedy that's like a more restless and visually high-spirited version of the W. C. Fields pictures. (The Fields title "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" sums up the theme.) The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his co-writer and producer, Bob Gale, have developed a homegrown surrealism out of earlier American slapstick routines. Set in the world of competing used-car dealers in the booming Southwest, this picture has a wonderful, energetic heartlessness; it's an American tall-tale movie in a Pop-art form. The premise is that honesty doesn't exist; if you develop a liking for some of the characters, it's not because they're free of avarice but because of their style of avarice. Kurt Russell is the hero—a fast-talking supersalesman who's so rambunctiously, ingeniously crooked that he's a standout—a star in the world of the mendacious. With Jack Warden as twin brothers who run rival lots across the street from each other, and Gerrit Graham, Frank McRae, Deborah Harmon, Al Lewis, Alfonso Arau, Harry Northup, and David L. Lander and Michael McKean as the electronic wizards who devise a way to cut into a Presidential address with used-car commercials. Cinematography by Donald M. Morgan; editing by Michael Kahn.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 25.)

The Waterdance—This semi-autobiographical movie about paraplegics carries its weight of authority lightly. The writer and co-director, Neal Jimenez, whose credits include the screenplay for "River's Edge," became wheelchair-bound after a hiking accident, like his central figure here, a novelist named Joel Garcia (Eric Stoltz). Jimenez and his directing partner, Michael Steinberg, approach each problem head on, from racial tension in the hospital ward to Joel's sexual anguish, while trying to leave the incidents lifelike and ambiguous. There are no inspirational speeches, and every climax turns out to be anti-. But at best this film is a compendium of negative virtues. The men progress predictably toward railing at the universe. The movie's most original stroke is to center the action on a hyperconscious lead character. Unfortunately, Joel is the autobiographical hero as abashed apologist, laying out and criticizing his experiences without exposing his core. He's fuzzy and pallid compared to his compadres, the white racist biker Bloss (William Forsythe) and the black former ladies' man Ray Hill (Wesley Snipes). Forsythe's tender gnarliness and Snipes's electric lyricism are the best reasons to see the movie. With Helen Hunt, Grace Zabriskie, and Elizabeth Peña.—M.S. (6/15/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas. . . . ¶ Angelika Film Center; through June 25.)

Wisecracks—The Canadian filmmaker Gail Singer explores the pressures on women comedians while showcasing performers ranging from Phyllis Diller, Whoopi Goldberg, and the talk-show host Jenny Jones (in her standup days) to a trio of madly inventive lip-synchers known as the Clichettes. In interviews and clips, Singer's subjects manage to be witty about everything from P.M.S. to prolifers, including the hostility these standups sometimes face from audiences and promoters alike. Singer doesn't pose any topic that comics like Maxine Lapiduss, Ellen DeGeneres, Sandra Shamas, Joy Behar, and Lotus Weinstock can't riff on or parody. The director has a sure sense of balance: she knows that what sounds portentous in theory can be hilarious in practice. Her movie succeeds as investigation because it also succeeds as entertainment.—M.S. (6/1/92) (Film Forum.)

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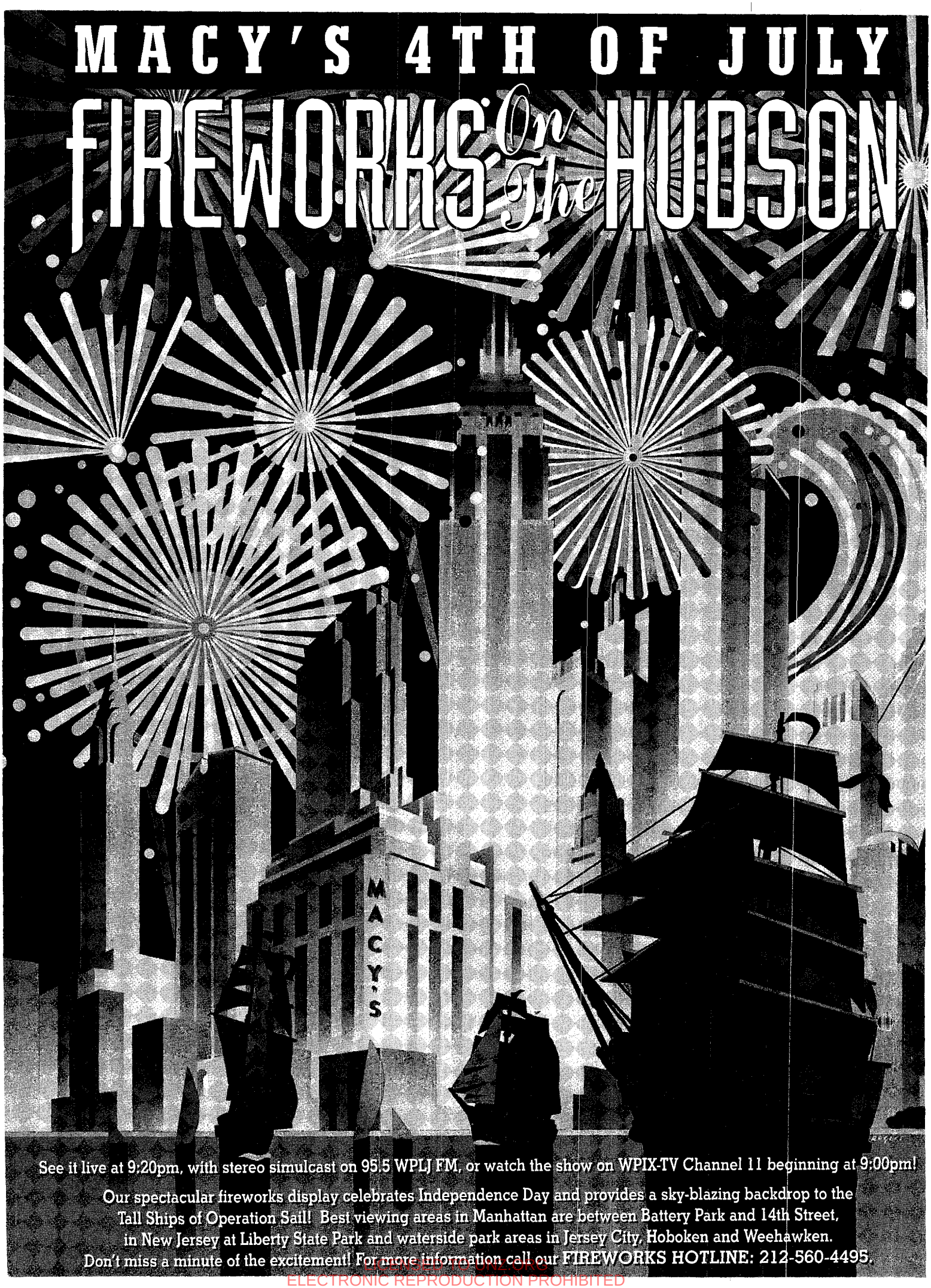
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

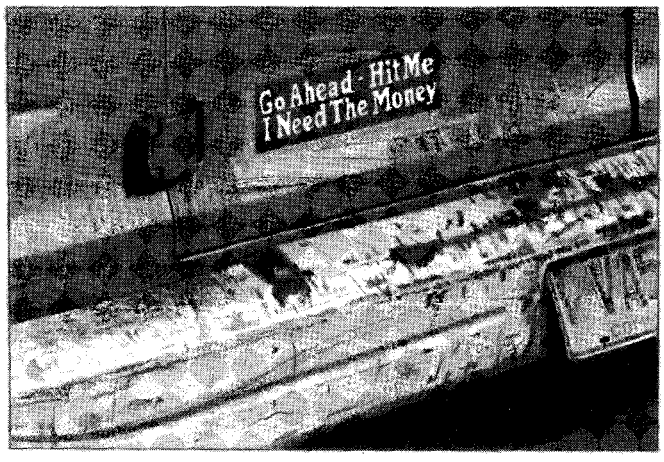
Notes and Comment

A REPORTER who attended the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro writes:

"*Para inglês ver*"—"for the English to see." Brazilians were using that expression a lot during the last two weeks. It was an inside joke—a reference to the fact that Rio was a much changed city during the summit, but only in ways that would fool the *ingleses:* the thirty thousand diplomats, journalists, and political activists who had descended on the city from all over the world to talk about saving the planet. Brazilians applied the phrase to everything from a newly built airport highway to ludicrously overstaffed telephone and travel offices at the RioCentro conference center. Rio's notorious street crime was virtually eliminated for the duration of the conference—at least, in those neighborhoods where international hotels were situated—and the Brazilian military insured that the visitors were shielded from any contact with the city's vast numbers of poor people. Tanks were stationed at strategic spots throughout Rio, helicopters roared overhead, and soldiers carrying automatic rifles were patrolling everywhere.

"What you are seeing now is absolutely exceptional," I was told by Marcos Arruda, a scholar with the Institute for Policy Alternatives for the Southern Cone of Latin America, as we walked through the Parque do Flamengo one afternoon on the way to his office. The park was nearly deserted. "Normally, there would be all kinds of people here, sleeping in the park," he explained. "There used to be a family living in that public bathroom up ahead—a father, a mother, and four children. About six weeks ago, the bathroom was boarded up. Nobody knows where the family went. They're just gone." The Brazilian press reported that untold numbers of street kids—known to some Brazilians as "schools of fish," for their habit of travelling and attacking in gangs—had simply been rounded up and shipped across the bay to the town of Niterói.

In effect, the Brazilian authorities treated the street kids the way industrialized countries sometimes treat their pollutants—by sending them elsewhere. The visiting international élite were thus able to go about their plenary sessions and press conferences without ever having to be reminded of poverty, and their eventual decisions reflected this privilege. The failure of the world's governments to agree on concrete actions to reverse global warming, rain-forest destruction, soil erosion, and countless other ecological disasters-in-waiting was discouraging enough. But poverty, too, was supposed to be a central theme of the conference, and the failure to make progress on this issue was perhaps even more troubling, if only because the effects are more immediate. Mabubul Haq, a special adviser to the administrator of the United Nations Development Program, observed at a press briefing in Rio, "Although global warming has yet to kill a single human being and may not do so for centuries, it has received enormous attention and resources. At the same time, silent emergencies that are killing people every day—the fact that one point three billion people around the world lack access to clean water, the fact that a hundred and fifty million people live in desertifying areas—do not attract the same kind of screaming headlines and well-funded action plans."



The Rio gathering's very name—the United Nations Conference on Environment and Development, or UNCED—was meant to be a signal to poor countries that the delegates would not discuss cleaning up the global environment without also addressing the deplorable conditions in which hundreds of millions of the poor countries' citizens live. The poor countries' argument is as much practical as moral: it's hard for people to care about preserving tomorrow's environment when they are desperate for something to eat today. If people in the South countries are to stop having so many children, for example, they must know that the children they do have will survive, and the survival of the children requires making available to the South health, education, and employment opportunities that

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people in the North take for granted.

Almost everyone now agrees that if people in the South tried to live the way we do in the North the result would be ecological disaster. "Sustainable development"—striking a complementary balance between ecological and economic concerns—is supposed to be the solution to this problem. What became clear at UNCED, however, was that many Northern governments regard sustainable development as something that the South needs to practice but they themselves don't. One United States negotiator said, simply, "The United States standard of living is not up for negotiation." And, indeed, the United States took the lead in demanding that virtually all references to Northern styles of producing and consuming be deleted from documents negotiated at UNCED. The United States also refused to sign the Convention on Climate Change—almost the only tangible accomplishment of UNCED—until specific targets and timetables for reducing greenhouse gases were omitted. Needless to say, this stipulation only strengthened the South's suspicions that "sustainable development" is a sham, devised to lock its countries into a future of poverty and dependency.

Maurice Strong, the Secretary-General of UNCED, declared, in his opening speech to the conference, that the decisions taken there had to "give rise to real and fundamental changes in the underlying conditions that have produced the civilizational crisis we now confront." And he went on, "If the agreements reached here do not serve the common interests of the entire human family, if they are devoid of the means and commitments required to implement them, if the world lapses back to 'business as usual,' we will have missed a historic opportunity, one which may not recur in our times, if ever." The assembled delegates listened to these words som-brely, applauded them enthusiastically, and proceeded to ignore them almost entirely. Whether we actually have squandered our last chance to save ourselves will become clear only in time. Meanwhile, life in Rio is becoming itself again. The military have retreated, pedestrians have resumed their watchful attitude, crime is once more on the rise. As for the *ingleses*, they came and they left, and never saw a thing.

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Pros

BEFORE "Star Search," there was "Al Alberts Showcase," and there still is: a weekly hour-long program, it is one of the most durable TV shows of any kind in the country. "Showcase," broadcast from Philadelphia for nearly a quarter of a century, gives performers, mostly children, the opportunity to display their talent. The program's alumni include Andrea McArdle, Broadway's first Annie (a total of thirteen Annies have appeared on "Showcase"), Sister Sledge, the R. & B. crooner Teddy Pendergrass, and, more recently, Lisa Damiani, Star Search Teen-Age Singer of the Year 1990. According to Mr. Alberts (known on the show as Uncle Al), "Showcase" has always stressed professionalism, to help kids prepare for the "real life" of the entertainment world. Performers get one shot—for better or worse. If little Johnnie forgets a few words of his song or drools on the microphone, there are no retakes. And there are no lyrics displayed on a teleprompter; they wouldn't be of much use anyway to those performers who have yet to realize that L-M-N-O-P is not one letter.

We recently attended a taping of "Showcase," and found ourself part of a studio audience consisting mostly of performers' parents and siblings. While mothers were busy fussing over kids who they hoped would help them attain early retirement, Mr. Alberts' wife, Stella (known on the show as Aunt Stella), who is the executive producer, was checking up on songs to be performed and on the length of each act. She carried a stopwatch, and let parents know if their child was even one second off. While all this was going on, we discovered the unwritten rule of nineties parenthood: Thou shalt not leave home without thy camcorder. Moms and dads were documenting on video every step of their children's rise to stardom.

A "Showcase" usually has eight or ten acts, and until six months ago a live orchestra accompanied the performers. Now recorded music tracks are all the rage. At the show we attended, the Mulford dancers, a troupe of teen-age girls based in Mount Ephraim, New Jersey, presented a couple of numbers, and while doing the cancan they appeared from our angle to almost kick Uncle Al in the head; eight-year-old Matthew Vollbrecht, who is blind, gave a hearty rendition of "Under the Boardwalk"; five-year-old Stephanie Severino, in a frilly iridescent-white party dress, bopped to "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter"; and thirteen-year-old Jennifer Spadaro belted out "Believe in Yourself" so convincingly she made a believer out of us, anyway.

The show ended with Uncle Al, stocky and with a full head of platinum hair, and dressed, as usual, in a traditional crisp black tuxedo, favoring us with a song from his recently released album "On an Italian Holiday." Mr. Alberts used to be the lead singer of the Four Aces, a pop group that has sold over a hundred million records to date and had a string of hits in the fifties, including "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" (recorded *before* Sinatra recorded it), "Three Coins in the Fountain," and "Stranger in Paradise." He told us after the show that the group had performed at the Academy Awards and at Jackie Gleason's daughter's graduation party. "Jackie asked his daughter who she wanted to sing at her graduation party," he said. "She could have had anyone she wanted, and who did she pick? The Four Aces. Go figure." The group also performed on the Dorsey brothers' television show, Perry Como's television show, and Bing Crosby's radio show. "Ed Sullivan had us on at least a dozen times," Mr. Alberts recalled. "You know, we almost didn't record 'Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing.' We heard four people had turned it down, including Nat King Cole and Doris Day. We thought that if they didn't want it there had to be a reason. Turned out they thought the title was too highfalutin for kids."

In addition to "Showcase" and various solo singing engagements, Mr. Alberts said, his current activities include serving as the host of area beauty pageants, such as the Mrs. New Jersey Pageant, recently held in Atlantic City. He was also the featured entertainer earlier this month on a Bermuda cruise.

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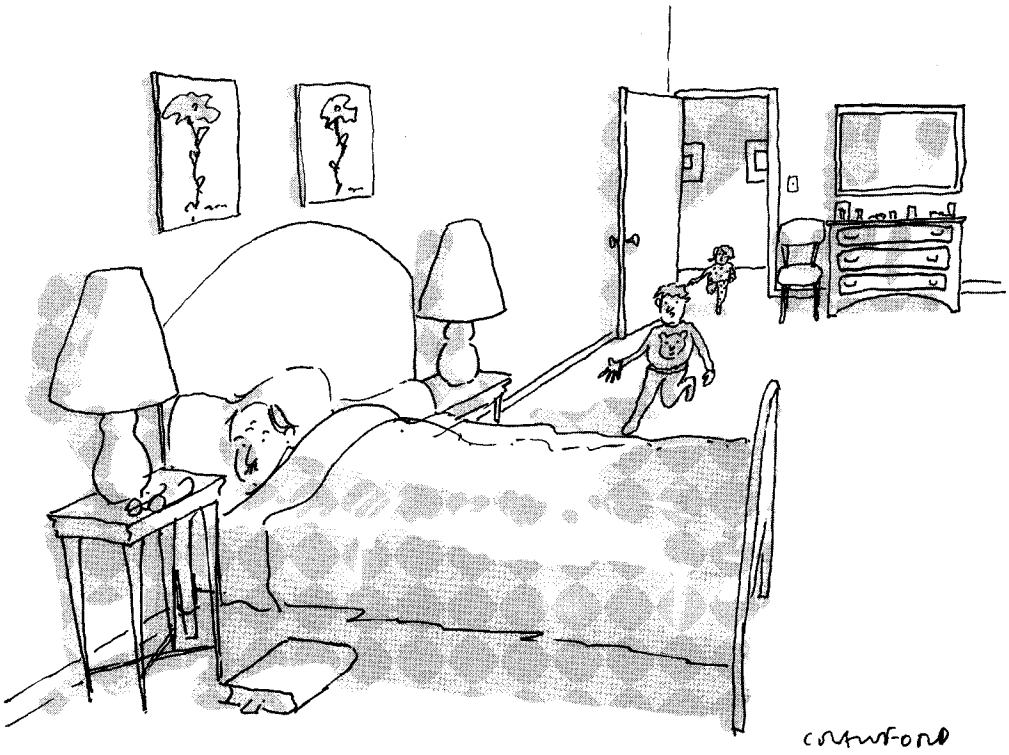
We asked Mr. Alberts about "Showcase" auditions.

"Stella and I do all the auditioning ourselves, once a month," he said. "We audition mostly at area malls in the Delaware Valley, because we found that a lot of parents didn't want to be bothered driving into the city, and now, through word of mouth, we have kids coming from all over the country to audition. We also have the 'Showcase Review,' which we take on the road, spotlighting our best performers. A few weeks ago, three thousand people showed up at a mall in Morgantown, Pennsylvania, to see 'Review.'"

"We've been on the air for twenty-four years," Mrs. Alberts said. "We must be doing something right."



"Dad! Dad! Wake up! They just discovered another Marsalis!"

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Second Opinion

"I NEEDN'T tell you how much interest there is right now in skin," Dr. Stephen I. Katz, who is the head of the dermatology branch of the National Cancer Institute and the secretary-general of the Eighteenth World Congress of Dermatology, said the other morning in a press briefing at the Javits Center. The World Congress of Dermatology is held every five years, and three decades had passed since the organization last convened in the United States. The official theme of this year's meeting was "Dermatology: Progress and Perspectives." A couple of dozen reporters had shown up for Dr. Katz's briefing. "I assure you that the World Congress of Dermatology doesn't want publicity," he said. "The reason for having a press briefing and a publicity office is to bring to the public information that *they* need." Dr. Katz spoke in a brisk, self-assured manner. He described pigmentary problems as "the nuts and bolts of dermatology"; he explained that urticaria is "a fancy name for hives"; he extolled Dr. Pierre Chambon, of France, as "the retinoid guru of the world"; and he used the word "stellar" at least ten times to describe specific medical experts or events that were being featured during the week-long meeting. When a reporter asked whether a certain skin-cancer authority would be distributing printed copies of his speech, Dr. Katz reacted as if this were an amusing notion. "These are all pros," he said. "These are not people off the street. They know their areas like the back of their hand. They are able to come in here and speak extemporaneously. Perhaps you could get copies of their remarks later by fax. But they're not coming in here carrying stacks of papers."

On the fourth day of the Congress of Dermatology, right around the time when Dr. Eckart Haneke, of Germany, was scheduled to deliver a symposium paper titled "Burning Mouth Syndrome," Vice-President Quayle was delivering a speech to a luncheon gathering at the Waldorf-Astoria sponsored by the Manhattan Institute, a conservative think tank. Four months ago, the Vice-President came to town and gave a speech in which he identified New York City as the exemplar of failed social policy. "The liberal vision of a happy, productive, and content welfare state hasn't even worked on twenty-two square miles of the most valuable real estate in the world," he said. The title of the Vice-President's address at the Waldorf—"New York and the Future"—implied that in the meanwhile he had given the matter some further thought. "It's been said that there is nothing more powerful than the force of a new idea," Mr. Quayle began. "As I travel the country, people tell me they are for change, and I believe them and I agree with them." Printed copies of the Vice-President's remarks were made available to the press. In his prepared text and during a question-and-answer segment that followed, he used the word "liberal"—as in "liberal establishment" and "liberal ideology"—about a dozen times, as if describing an incurable, terminal affliction.

The Vice-President wore a gray pinstripe suit, a red-and-gray print necktie, and a white shirt. We were seated about fifteen feet away, marvelling at how, even under the glare of the lights on the speaker's stand, the Vice-President radiated such a healthy pink glow. But then, fresh from the Congress of Dermatology, we had another, more medically informed insight: Has this man been standing out in the sun too long? As the Vice-President spoke, his gestures seemed awkwardly mechanical, and he punctuated with an exaggerated verve his delivery of such phrases as "lost their moral bearings," "gift of youthful

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innocence," "life's true values," "lasting change," "this great American city," "man and woman on the street," "in the spirit of a strong New York and in the spirit of a strong and free America." The Vice-President's inflections shifted at odd moments, so that what were meant to be punchlines had a tendency to slide right off. Listening to him, we were reminded of an occasion several years ago when Candice Bergen emerged from a limousine in front of Lincoln Center and we were shocked not only by suddenly seeing her but also by seeing a mild eruption on the skin of her beautiful jaw. Mr. Quayle and Ms. Bergen are both real, live human beings. One of them has developed a persuasive theatrical technique.

At the Congress of Dermatology, we learned about a common condition called vitiligo, which is an acquired loss of pigment from the skin and the mucous membranes. According to Joseph Cooperstein, the president of Micropigmentation Devices, Inc., vitiligo is easily treatable. Mr. Cooperstein and an assistant were distributing a brochure, not unlike a paint salesman's sample chart, that offered thirty-six possible flesh tones that can be applied through artificial repigmentation. We were relieved to discover that if something were to happen to the Vice-President's pink glow—if he were to blanch out completely and require repigmentation—he could probably match his current skin color with a mixture of Flesh 2 and Lip Peach.

On our way out of the Javits Center, we stopped by the Congress of Dermatology's publicity office and were introduced to Dr. Francisco Kerdel-Vegas, whom we had earlier heard Dr. Katz describe as "the noted Venezuelan dermatologist and Ambassador of Venezuela to the Court of St. James's and a stellar mind." Dr. Kerdel-Vegas is a tall, soberly handsome man in his early sixties with surprisingly prominent eyebrows and an unsurprisingly flawless facial complexion—a condition that he is able to maintain, he said, by shaving with a Dutch-made electric razor after washing his face thoroughly and then applying talcum powder. He told us that he was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's four and a half years ago by the then President of Venezuela, Dr. Jaime Lusinchi, who happens to be a pediatrician. Dr. Kerdel-Vegas had appeared on two symposium panels and had also delivered a twenty-minute speech on "Global Dermatology." Graciously, he gave us a capsule summary of his thoughts on that topic. "Now, for the first time in the history of mankind, we recognize that what happens in other countries affects all of us," he said. "I've been preaching this for forty years, and now I find that people are listening. But it's also true that we could solve all the dermatologic problems of the world and we'd still have a lot of problems."

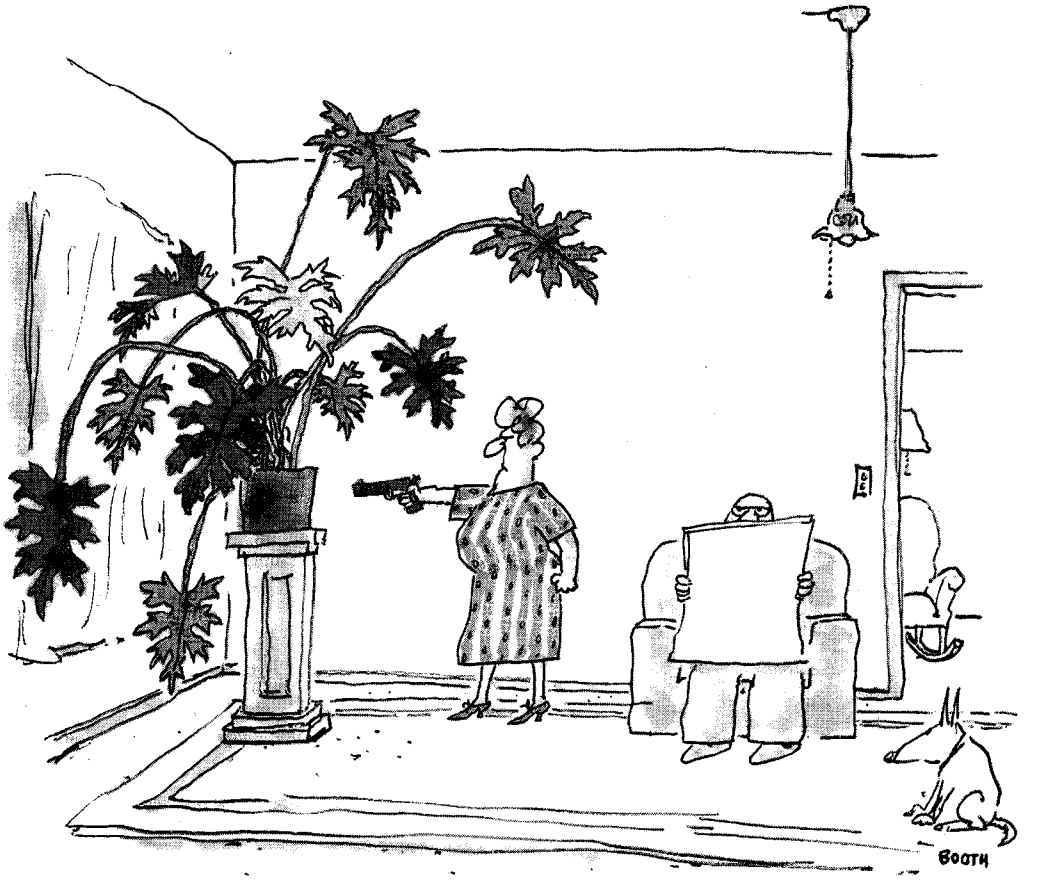
We asked Dr. Kerdel-Vegas for his opinion of Vice-President Quayle.

"I don't know the man," Dr. Kerdel-Vegas said. "But I believe he should perhaps develop a thicker epidermis."

Good Citizen

Louis, our main dog, went to try for his Canine Good Citizen certificate the other day. Terry and Diane, Louis's owners, weren't sure that he was ready, but they sent him for private cramming sessions with a local trainer and at the last minute decided to give it a shot. We went along.

The test was held on the lawn in front of the Western Greenwich Civic Center, in Greenwich, Connecticut, on a beautiful Saturday morning. Scattered across the lawn, at a haughty distance from one another, were the aspirants. Louis was the only German shepherd. There were three boxers: Dempsey, Jezebel, and Alex. There was a poodle named Rudy and a Doberman named Rudy. There was a French bulldog named Larry, with a sun hat, and a Shih Tzu named Maccabee, who looked like a wig with legs. There was a female bichon named Riley—a classic white fluff ball with big black eyes and a powder-blue leash. Also present was Manny, a Lowchen, or Little Lion dog. "His real name is Manet, after the painter, but we call him Manny," his owner, Carole Kramer, told us. "His brother, Andante, just became a champion at nine months. We're projecting he'll be the top Lowchen in the country next year. We don't know, but we're hoping and we're thinking. Lowchens are one of the rarest breeds in the



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world, and one of the oldest. There are pictures of them in tapestries from the fifteenth century. No, say the sixteenth. I think it's the fifteenth, but that sounds like a lot."

Mary Ann O'Grady, the trainer in charge, called the proceedings to order. The test, she explained, involved ten acts of canine forbearance. Among other things, the dog had to let a stranger pet him and let the examiner inspect his ears, teeth, and paws the way a veterinarian would. He had to walk through a crowd on a leash. He had to confront distractions, including other dogs, without barking or going nuts. And he had to lie down and stay, on command, while his owner walked to the other side of the lawn and walked back. In other words, he had to do calmly and competently all the things that a dog might be called upon to do in the course of a normal life. More ambitious dogs could go not just for their C.G.C. but also for their T.D.I.—membership in Therapy Dogs International, an élite corps of dogs authorized to visit nursing homes and mental hospitals. Dogs going for the T.D.I. had to face additional trials, including having people come toward them in wheelchairs at high speed.

The test got under way. Maccabee, Dempsey, Larry, Jezebel, and the Rudys passed with flying colors. Manny flunked, despite his ancestry. So did Alex and Riley. Riley's disqualification was especially poignant. Among other things, she couldn't bear to let her owner, Joan Williams, walk away from her across the lawn. She tried to follow and, in the process, got all balled up in her leash. Finally, she just lay back in the clover, a tangle of white fluff and blue leash, and gazed up imploringly at her examiner, Sherry Holm, who stood over her with a clipboard. Sherry is strict. "Come on, Rile," Joan said, scooping up the dog with one hand. "We'll go home and practice."

Mary Ann let us be part of the test. A few times we got to be the Stranger Who Tries to Pet the Dog, and we always got to be the part of the Crowd That the Dog Has to Walk Through. But we never got to be the Old Person in the Wheelchair or her sidekick, the Nurse. This act was reserved for Margie English and Sue Sternberg, two trainers who were helping Mary Ann, and they went at it with a dramatic flair rarely seen, we believe, in dog trials. "That dog! I want to pet that dog!" Sue hollered as, waving a hot-water bottle, she shot across the lawn on silver wheels, her vehicle aimed directly at Maccabee. Margie, as the Nurse, ran after her, yelling, "It's time to go back to your room now, Mrs. McGillicuddy!" Undaunted, Maccabee stood his ground and won his T.D.I.

Soon it was Louis's turn, and a hush fell over the crowd, for everyone knew how hard he had studied for the test. He trotted over to the veterinarian-simulation area with a determined gleam in his eye, but already things weren't looking good. Instead of sitting and raising his paw in a sedate manner to let the tester inspect it, he flipped over onto his back and waved his legs in the air, apparently thinking that she wanted to scratch his stomach as well. Once he was induced to sit up, he began licking her face zestfully.

The suspense built as he proceeded to the stay-on-command task. Diane gave Louis the signal to lie down, but he didn't see it. The examination area had many distractions: balloons bobbing in the breeze, airplanes crossing the sky, people buying snacks at the concession stand across the street, dogs getting their nails done at the Clip-N-Care clinic, which had set up a stand at the edge of the lawn and was offering pedicures at a special test-day price of five dollars. (Normally, it's ten.) Louis was looking at these things, not at Diane. For a very long time, Diane stood in front of Louis and signalled energetically, as he craned his neck this way and that, taking in the scenery. Finally, having studied everything else, his eyes came to rest on her. He lay down, waited for her to cross the lawn and come back, performed the remaining tasks without incident, and, as a shout went up across the lawn, became a Canine Good Citizen.

Every dog who passed the C.G.C. received a certificate. A dog who also passed the T.D.I. got a picture I.D. and a badge saying "I am a therapy dog." "I think the certificate is suitable for framing," Mary Ann said. "As for the therapy dogs, they should definitely wear their badges, and their owners should carry their I.D.s." She got out her wallet and showed us the I.D. earned by her Norfolk terrier, Tyler. Tyler couldn't show us his badge. He was having his nails done.

"Had this crazy dream where my decision to marry was thrown into the House of Representatives."

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CAREER MOVE

WHEN Alistair finished his new screenplay, "Offensive from Quasar 13," he submitted it to the *LM*, and waited. Over the past year, he had had more than a dozen screenplays rejected by the *Little Magazine*. On the other hand, his most recent submission, a batch of five, had been returned not with the standard rejection slip but with a handwritten note from the screenplay editor, Hugh Sixsmith. The note said:

> I was really rather taken with two or three of these, and seriously tempted by "Hotwire," which I thought close to being fully achieved. Do please go on sending me your stuff.

Hugh Sixsmith was himself a screenplay writer of considerable, though uncertain, reputation. His note of encouragement *was* encouraging. It made Alistair brave.

Boldly he prepared "Offensive from Quasar 13" for submission. He justified the pages of the typescript with fondly lingering fingertips. Alistair did not address the envelope to the Screenplay Editor. No. He addressed it to Mr. Hugh Sixsmith. Nor, for once, did he enclose his curriculum vitae, which he now contemplated with some discomfort. It told, in a pitiless staccato, of the screenplays he had published in various laptop broadsheets and comically obscure pamphlets; it even told of screenplays published in his university magazine. The truly disgraceful bit came at the end, where it said "Rights Offered: First British Serial *only*."

Alistair spent a long time on the covering note to Sixsmith—almost as long as he had spent on "Offensive from Quasar 13." The note got shorter and shorter the more he worked on it. At last he was satisfied. There in the dawn he grasped the envelope and ran his tongue across its darkly luminous cuff.

That Friday, on his way to work, and suddenly feeling completely hopeless, Alistair surrendered his parcel to the sub post office in Calchalk Street, off the Euston Road. Deliberately—very deliberately—he had enclosed no stamped, addressed envelope. The accompanying letter, in its entirety, read as follows: "Any use? If not—w.p.b."

"W.p.b." stood, of course, for "waste-paper basket"—a receptacle that loomed forbiddingly large in the life of a practicing screenplay writer. With a hand on his brow, Alistair sidled his way out of there—past the birthday cards, the tensed pensioners, the envelopes, and the balls of string.

WHEN Luke finished the new poem—entitled, simply, "Sonnet"—he Xeroxed the printout and faxed it to his agent. Ninety minutes later he returned from the gym downstairs and prepared his special fruit juice while the answering machine told him, among many other things, to get back to Mike. Reaching for another lime, Luke touched the preselect for Talent International.

"Ah. Luke," said Mike. "It's moving. We've already had a response."

"Yeah, how come? It's four in the morning where he is."

"No, it's eight in the evening where he is. He's in Australia. Developing a poem with Peter Barry."

Luke didn't want to hear about Peter Barry. He bent, and tugged off his tank top. Walls and windows maintained a respectful distance—the room was a broad seam of sun haze and river light. Luke sipped his juice: its extreme astringency caused him to lift both elbows and give a single, embittered nod. He said, "What did he think?"

"Joe? He did backflips. It's 'Tell Luke I'm blown away by the new poem. I just know that "Sonnet" is really going to happen.' "

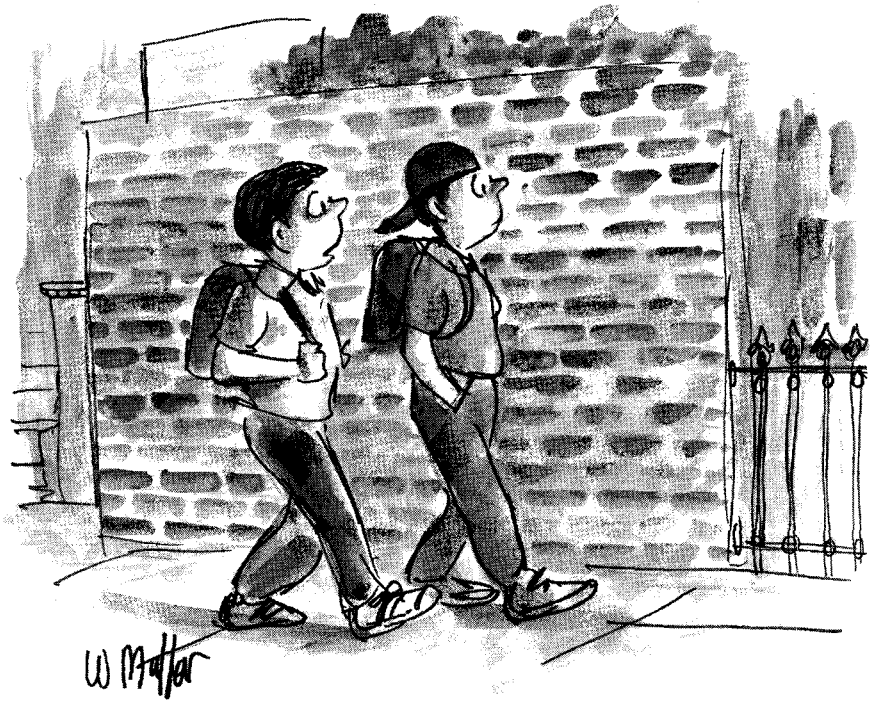
Luke took this coolly. He wasn't at all old but he had been in poetry long enough to take these things coolly. He turned. Suki, who had been shopping, was now letting herself into the apartment, not without difficulty. She was indeed cruelly encumbered. Luke said, "You haven't talked numbers yet. I mean like a ballpark figure."

Mike said, "We understand each other. Joe knows about Monad's interest. And Tim at TCT."

"Good," said Luke. Suki was wandering slenderly towards him, shedding various purchases as she approached—creels and caskets, shining satchels.

"They'll want you to go out there at least twice," said Mike. "Initially to discuss . . . They can't get over it that you don't live there."

Luke could tell that Suki had spent much more than she intended. He could tell by the quality of patience in her sigh as she began to lick the sweat from his shoulder blades. He said, "Come on, Mike. They know I hate all that L.A. crap."



"If everybody was such a workaholic during the eighties, why is everything they did falling apart in the nineties?"

ON his way to work that Monday, Alistair sat slumped in his bus seat, limp with ambition and neglect. One fantasy was proving especially obdurate: as he entered his office, the

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telephone on his desk would actually be *bouncing* on its console—Hugh Sixsmith, from the *Little Magazine*, his voice urgent but grave, with the news that he was going to rush Alistair's screenplay into the very next issue. (To be frank, Alistair had had the same fantasy the previous Friday, at which time, presumably, "Offensive from Quasar 13" was still being booted round the floor of the sub post office.) His girlfriend, Hazel, had come down from Leeds for the weekend. They were so small, he and Hazel, that they could share his single bed quite comfortably—could sprawl and stretch without constraint. On the Saturday evening, they attended a screenplay reading at a bookshop on Camden High Street. Alistair hoped to impress Hazel with his growing ease in this milieu (and managed to exchange wary leers with a few shambling, half-familiar figures—fellow screenplay writers, seekers, knowers). But these days Hazel seemed sufficiently impressed by him anyway, whatever he did. Alistair lay there the next morning (her turn to make tea), wondering about this business of being impressed. Hazel had impressed him mightily, seven years ago, in bed: by not getting out of it when he got into it. The office telephone rang many times that Monday, but none of the callers had anything to say about "Offensive from Quasar 13." Alistair sold advertising space for an agricultural newsletter, so his callers wanted to talk about creosote admixes and offal reprocessors.

He heard nothing for four months. This would normally have been a fairly good sign. It meant, or it might mean, that your screenplay was receiving serious, even agonized, consideration. It was better than having your screenplay flopping back on the mat by return post. On the other hand, Hugh Sixsmith might have responded to the spirit and the letter of Alistair's accompanying note and dropped "Offensive from Quasar 13" into his wastepaper basket within minutes of its arrival: four months ago. Rereading his fading carbon of the screenplay, Alistair now cursed his own (highly calibrated) insouciance. He shouldn't have said, "Any use? If not—w.p.b." He should have said, "Any use? If not—s.a.e."! Every morning he went down the three flights of stairs—the mail was there to be shuffled and dealt. And every fourth Friday, or thereabouts, he still wrenched open his *LM*, in case Sixsmith had run the screenplay without letting him know. As a surprise.

"Dear Mr. Sixsmith," thought Alistair as he rode the train to Leeds. "I am thinking of placing the screenplay I sent you elsewhere. I trust that . . . I thought it only fair to . . ." Alistair retracted his feet to accommodate another passenger. "My dear Mr. Sixsmith: In response to an inquiry from . . . In response to a most generous inquiry, I am putting together a selection of my screenplays for . . ." Alistair tipped his head back and stared at the smeared window. "For Mudlark Books. It seems that the Ostler Press is also interested. This involves me in some paperwork, which, however tedious . . . For the record . . . Matters would be considerably eased . . . Of course if you . . ."

"I'm inside the cake waiting to jump out."

• •

Luke sat on a Bauhaus love seat in Club World at Heathrow, drinking Evian and availing himself of a complimentary fax machine—clearing up the initial paperwork on the poem with Mike.

Everyone in Club World looked hushed and grateful to be there, but not Luke, who looked exhaustively displeased. He was flying first class to LAX, where he would be met by a uniformed chauffeur who would convey him by limousine or courtesy car to the Pinnacle Trumont on the Avenue of the Stars. First class was no big thing. In poetry, first class was something you didn't need to think about. It wasn't discussed. It was statutory.

Luke was tense: under pressure. A lot—maybe too much—was riding on "Sonnet." If "Sonnet" didn't happen, he would soon be able to afford neither his apartment nor his girlfriend. He would recover from Suki before very long. But he would never recover from not being able to afford her, or his apartment. If you wanted the truth, his deal on "Sonnet" was not that great. Luke was furious with Mike except about the new merchandizing clause (potential accessories on the poem—like toys or T-shirts) and the improved cut he got on tertiaries and sequels. Then there was Joe.

Joe calls, and he's like "We really think 'Sonnet' 's going to work, Luke. Jeff thinks so, too. Jeff's just come in. Jeff? It's Luke. Do you want to say something to him? Luke. Luke, Jeff's coming over. He wants to say something about 'Sonnet.' "

"Luke?" said Jeff. "Jeff. Luke? You're a very talented writer. It's great to be

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working on 'Sonnet' with you. Here's Joe."

"That was Jeff," said Joe. "He's crazy about 'Sonnet.' "

"So what are we going to be talking about?" said Luke. "Roughly."

"On 'Sonnet'? Well, the only thing we have a problem on 'Sonnet' with, Luke, so far as I can see, anyway, and I know Jeff agrees with me on this—right, Jeff?—and so does Jim, incidentally, Luke," said Joe, "is the form."

Luke hesitated. Then he said, "You mean the form 'Sonnet' 's written in."

"Yes, that's right, Luke. The sonnet form."

Luke waited for the last last call and was then guided, with much unreturned civility, into the plane's nose.

"DEAR Mr. Sixsmith," wrote Alistair,

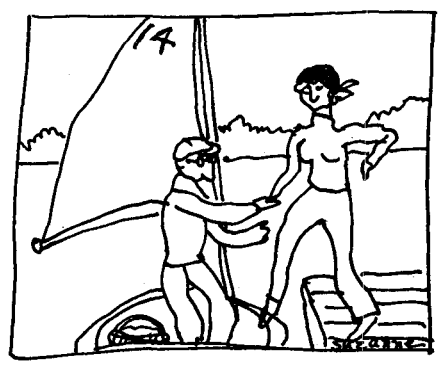
Going through my files the other day, I vaguely remembered sending you a little effort called "Offensive from Quasar 13"—just over seven months ago, it must have been. Am I right in assuming that you have no use for it? I might bother you with another one (or two!) that I have completed since then. I hope you are well. Thank you so much for your encouragement in the past.

Need I say how much I admire your own work? The austerity, the depth. When, may I ask, can we expect another "slim vol."?

He sadly posted this letter on a wet Sunday afternoon in Leeds. He hoped that the postmark might testify to his mobility and grit.

Yet, really, he felt much steadier now. There had been a recent period of about five weeks during which, Alistair came to realize, he had gone clinically insane. That letter to Sixsmith was but one of the many dozens he had penned. He had also taken to haunting the Holborn offices of the *Little Magazine:* for hours he sat crouched in the coffee bars and sandwich nooks opposite, with the unsettled intention of springing out at Sixsmith—if he ever saw him, which he never did. Alistair began to wonder whether Sixsmith actually existed. Was he, perhaps, an actor, a ghost, a shrewd fiction? Alistair telephoned the *LM* from selected phone booths. Various people answered, and no one knew where anyone was, and only three or four times was Alistair successfully connected to the apparently permanent coughing fit that crackled away at the other end of Sixsmith's extension. Then he hung up. He couldn't sleep, or he thought he couldn't, for Hazel said that all night long he whimpered and gnashed.

Alistair waited for nearly two months. Then he sent in three more screenplays. One was about a Machine hit man who emerges from early retirement when his wife is slain by a serial murderer. Another dealt with the infiltration by the three Gorgons of an escort agency in present-day New York. The third was a heavy-metal musical



set on the Isle of Skye. He enclosed a stamped, addressed envelope the size of a small knapsack.

Winter was unusually mild.

"MAY I get you something to drink before your meal? A cappuccino? A mineral water? A glass of sauvignon blanc?"

"Double decaf espresso," said Luke. "Thanks."

"You're more than welcome."

"Hey," said Luke when everyone had ordered. "I'm not just welcome anymore. I'm more than welcome."

The others smiled patiently. Such remarks were the downside of the classy fact that Luke, despite his appearance and his accent, was English. There they all sat on the terrace at Bubo's: Joe, Jeff, Jim.

Luke said, "How did 'Eclogue by a Five-Barred Gate' do?"

WISDOM OF THE DESERT FATHERS

True, in the legends
they always seemed to be quarrelling,
but no one got blood on the sheets
or wept, "You never talk to me! Talk to me!"
The lizards didn't mind the silent treatment

and at first it was exciting, snubbing the tourists
and pretending not to care how the others smelled.
Flash floods and lightning, daybreak
smiting the cliffs like judgment
said "KEEP OUT THIS MEANS YOU." Inside,

the caves were plain, but tidy, like motel rooms,
the straw beds tucked each morning with hospital corners,
on the nightstand "Better Mulches," and a mouse
trained for a year with bread crumbs
to stand and fold its delicate paws in prayer.

Before they knew it, it was too late to go back:
the farm had gone under, cancer had taken Mother,
everyone was married. Even the demons
hardly came round anymore
with their childish bribes of money and sex.

Still, it was years before anyone asked out loud
if the wisdom of the desert fathers
had only been not to be fathers.
Then came the real temptations:
flowering cactus with its dime-store scent

drenching the cool blue twilight,
or the rinsed simple mornings
when it almost seemed they'd wakened
to find themselves back home in the neighborhood:
bachelor uncles, washing the car on Sundays.

—KATHA POLLITT

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Joe said, "Domestically?" He looked at Jim, at Jeff. "Like—*fifteen*?"

Luke said, "And worldwide?"

"It isn't *going* worldwide."

"How about 'Black Rook in Rainy Weather'?" asked Luke.

Joe shook his head. "It didn't even do what 'Sheep in Fog' did."

"It's all remakes," said Jim. "Period shit."

"How about 'Bog Oak'?"

" 'Bog Oak'? Ooh, maybe twenty-five?"

Luke said sourly, "I hear nice things about 'The Old Botanical Gardens.' "

They talked about other Christmas flops and bombs, delaying for as long as they could any mention of TCT's " 'Tis he whose yester-evening's high disdain," which had cost practically nothing to make and had already done a hundred and twenty million in its first three weeks.

"What happened?" Luke eventually asked. "Jesus, what was the publicity budget?"

"On ' 'Tis'?" said Joe. "Nothing. Two, three."

They all shook their heads. Jim was philosophical. "That's poetry," he said.

"There aren't any other sonnets being made, are there?" said Luke.

Jeff said, "Binary is in post-production with a sonnet. 'Composed at — Castle.' *More* period shit."

Their soups and salads arrived. Luke thought that it was probably a mistake, at this stage, to go on about sonnets. After a while he said, "How did 'For Sophonisba Anguisciola' do?"

Joe said, " 'For Sophonisba Anguisciola'? Don't talk to me about 'For Sophonisba Anguisciola.' "

IT was late at night and Alistair was in his room working on a screenplay about a high-I.Q. homeless black man who is transformed into a white female junk-bond dealer by a South Moluccan terrorist witch doctor. Suddenly he shoved this aside with a groan, snatched up a clean sheet of paper, and wrote:

DEAR MR. SIXSMITH,

It is now well over a year since I sent you "Offensive from Quasar 13." Not content with that dereliction, you have allowed five months to pass without responding to three more recent submissions. A prompt reply I would have deemed common decency, you being a fellow-screenplay writer, though I must say I have never cared for your work, finding it, at once, both florid and superficial. (I read Matthew Sura's piece last month and I thought he got you *bang to rights*.) Please return the more recent screenplays, namely "Decimator," "Medusa Takes Manhattan" and "Valley of the Stratocasters," immediately.

He signed it and sealed it. He stalked out and posted it. On his return he haughtily threw off his drenched clothes. The single bed felt enormous, like an orgiast's fourposter. He curled up tight and slept better than he had done all year.

So it was a quietly defiant Alistair who the next morning came plodding down the stairs and glanced at the splayed mail on the shelf as he headed for the door. He recognized the envelope as a lover would. He bent low as he opened it.

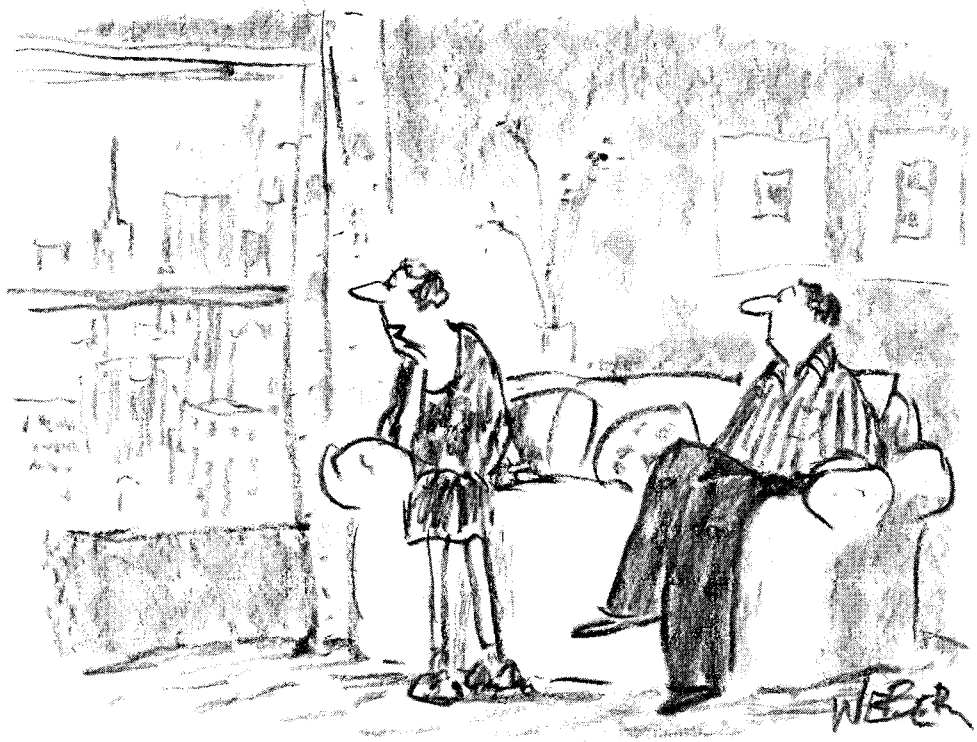
Do please forgive this very tardy reply. Profound apologies. But allow me to move straight on to a verdict on your work. I won't bore you with all my personal and professional distractions.

Bore me? thought Alistair, as his hand sought his heart.

I think I can at once give the assurance that your screenplays are unusually promising. No: that promise has already been honored. They have both feeling and burnish.

I will content myself, for now, by taking "Offensive from Quasar 13." (Allow me to muse a little longer on "Decimator.") I have one or two very minor emendations to suggest. Why not telephone me here to arrange a chat?

Thank you for your generous remarks about my own work. Increasingly I find that this kind of exchange—this candour, this reciprocity—is one of the things that keep me trundling along. Your words helped sustain my defenses in the aftermath of Matthew Sura's vicious and slovenly attack, from which, I fear, I am still rather reeling. Take excellent care.



"Even as we sit here, somewhere out there something is happening."

• •

"GO with the lyric," said Jim.

"Or how about a ballad?" said Jeff.

Jack was swayable. "Ballads are big," he allowed.

It seemed to Luke, toward the end of the second day, that he was winning the sonnet battle. The clue lay in the flavor of Joe's taciturnity: torpid but unmorose.

"Let's face it," said Jeff. "Sonnets are essentially hieratic. They're strictly period. They answer to a formalized consciousness. Today, we're talking consciousnesses that are in *search* of form."

"Plus," said Jack, "the lyric has always been the natural medium for the untrammelled expression of feeling."

"Yeah," said Jeff. "With the sonnet you're stuck in this thesis-antithesis-synthesis routine."

Joan said, "I mean what are we

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doing here? Reflecting the world or illuminating it?"

It was time for Joe to speak. "Please," he said. "Are we forgetting that ' 'Tis' was a sonnet, before the rewrites? Were we on coke when we said, in the summer, that we were going to go for the *sonnet*?"

The answer to Joe's last question, incidentally, was yes; but Luke looked carefully round the room. The Chinese lunch they'd had the secretary phone out for lay on the coffee table like a child's experiments with putty and paint and designer ooze. It was four o'clock and Luke wanted to get away soon. To swim and lie in the sun. To make himself especially lean and bronzed for his meeting with the young actress Henna Mickiewicz. He faked a yawn.

"Luke's lagged," said Joe. "Tomorrow we'll talk some more, but I'm pretty sure I'm recommitted to the sonnet."

"SORRY," said Alistair. "Me yet again. Sorry."

"Oh yes," said the woman's voice. "He *was* here a minute ago. . . . No, he's there. He's there. Just a second."

Alistair jerked the receiver away from his ear and stared at it. He started listening again. It seemed as if the phone itself were in paroxysm, all squawk and splat like a cabby's radio. Then the fit passed, or paused, and a voice said tightly but proudly, "Hugh Sixsmith?"

It took Alistair a little while to explain who he was. Sixsmith sounded surprised but, on the whole, rather intrigued to hear from him. They moved on smoothly enough to arrange a meeting (after work, the following Monday), before Alistair contrived to put in: "Mr. Sixsmith, there's just one thing. This is very embarrassing, but last night I got into a bit of a state about not hearing from you for so long and I'm afraid I sent you a completely mad letter which I . . ." Alistair waited. "Oh, you know how it is. For these screenplays, you know, you reach into yourself, and then time goes by and . . ."

"My dear boy, don't say another word. I'll ignore it. I'll throw it away. After a line or two I shall simply avert my unpained eye," said Sixsmith, and started coughing again.

Hazel did not come down to London for the weekend. Alistair did not go up to Leeds for the weekend. He spent the time thinking about that place in Earl's Court Square where screenplay writers read from their screenplays and drank biting Spanish red wine and got stared at by tousled girls who wore thick overcoats and no makeup and blinked incessantly or not at all.

LUKE parked his Chevrolet Celebrity on the fifth floor of the studio car park and rode down in the elevator with two minor executives in tracksuits who were discussing the latest records broken by " 'Tis he whose yesterevening's high disdain." He put on his dark glasses as he crossed the other car park, the one reserved for major executives. Each bay had a name on it. It reassured Luke to see Joe's name there, partly obscured by his Range Rover. Poets, of course, seldom had that kind of clout. Or any clout at all. He was glad that Henna Mickiewicz didn't seem to realize this.

Joe's office: Jim, Jack, Joan, but no Jeff. Two new guys were there. Luke was introduced to the two new guys. Ron said he spoke for Don when he told Luke that he was a great admirer of his material. Huddled over the coffee percolator with Joe, Luke asked after Jeff, and Joe said, "Jeff's off the poem," and Luke just nodded.

They settled in their low armchairs.

Luke said, "What's 'A Welshman to Any Tourist' doing?"

Don said, "It's doing good but not great."

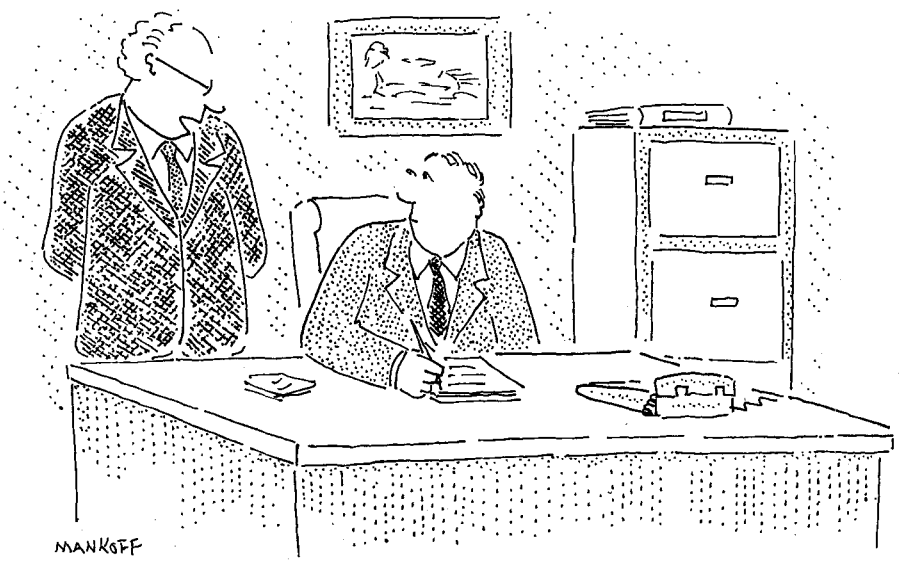
Ron said, "It won't do what 'The Gap in the Hedge' did."

Jim said, "What did 'Hedge' do?"

They talked about what "Hedge" did. Then Joe said, "O.K. We're going with the sonnet. Now. Don has a problem with the octet's first quatrain, Ron has a problem with the second quatrain, Jack and Jim have a problem with the first quatrain of the sestet, and I think we *all* have a problem with the final couplet."

ALISTAIR presented himself at the offices of the *LM* in an unblinking trance of punctuality. He had been in the area for hours, and had spent about fifteen quid on teas and coffees. There wasn't much welcome to overstay in the various snack parlors where he lingered (and where he moreover imagined himself unfavorably recollected from his previous *LM* vigils), holding with both hands the creaky foam container, and watching the light pour past the office windows.

As Big Ben struck two, Alistair mounted the stairs. He took a breath so deep that he almost fell over backward—and then knocked. An elderly office boy wordlessly showed him into a narrow, rubbish-heaped office that contained, with difficulty, seven people. At first Alistair took them for other screenplay writers and wedged himself behind the door, at the back of the queue. But they didn't look like screenplay writers. Not much was said over the next four hours, and the identities of Sixsmith's supplicants emerged only partially and piecemeal. One or two, like his solicitor and his second wife's psychiatrist, took their leave after no more than ninety minutes. Others, like the V.A.T. man and the probation



"Pendleton, as of noon today your services will no longer be required. Meanwhile, keep up the good work."

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officer, stayed almost as long as Alistair. But by six-forty-five he was alone.

He approached the impossible haystack of Sixsmith's desk. Very hurriedly, he started searching through the unopened mail. It was in Alistair's mind that he might locate and intercept his own letter. But all the envelopes, of which there were a great many, proved to be brown, windowed, and registered. Turning to leave, he saw a Jiffy bag of formidable bulk addressed to himself in Sixsmith's tremulous hand. There seemed no reason not to take it. The old office boy, Alistair soon saw, was curled up in a sleeping bag under a worktable in the outer room.

On the street he unseamed his package in a ferment of gray fluff. It contained two of his screenplays, "Valley of the Stratocasters" and, confusingly, "Decimator." There was also a note:

> I have been called away, as they say. Personal ups and downs. I shall ring you this week and we'll have—what? Lunch?

Enclosed, too, was Alistair's aggrieved letter—unopened. He moved on. The traffic, human and mechanical, lurched past his quickened face. He felt his eyes widen to an obvious and solving truth: Hugh Sixsmith was a screenplay writer. He understood.

AFTER an inconclusive day spent discussing the caesura of "Sonnet"'s opening line, Luke and his colleagues went for cocktails at Strabismus. They were given the big round table near the piano.

Jane said, "TCT is doing a sequel to ' 'Tis.' "

Joan said, "Actually it's a prequel."

"Title?" said Joe.

"Undecided. At TCT they're calling it ' 'Twas.' "

"My son," said Joe thoughtfully, after the waiter had delivered their drinks, "called me an asshole this morning. For the first time."

"That's incredible," said Bo. "*My* son called me an asshole this morning. For the first time."

"So?" said Mo.

Joe said, "He's six years old, for Christ's sake."

Phil said, "My son called me an asshole when he was five."

"My son hasn't called me an asshole yet," said Jim. "And he's nine."

Luke sipped his Bloody Mary. Its hue and texture made him wonder whether he could risk blowing his nose without making yet another visit to the bathroom. He hadn't called Suki for three days. Things were getting compellingly out of hand with Henna Mickiewicz. He hadn't actually promised her a part in the poem, not on paper. Henna was great, except you kept thinking she was going to suddenly sue you anyway.

Mo was saying that each child progresses at his own rate, and that later lulls regularly offset the apparent advances of the early years.

Mo said, "My son's three. And he calls me an asshole all the time."

Everybody looked suitably impressed.

THE trees were in leaf, and the rumps of the tourist buses were thick and fat in the traffic, and all the farmers wanted fertilizer admixes rather than storehouse insulation when Sixsmith finally made his call. In the interim, Alistair had convinced himself of the following: before returning his aggrieved letter, Sixsmith had *steamed it open and then resealed it.* During this period, also, Alistair had grimly got engaged to Hazel. But the call came.

He was pretty sure he had come to the right restaurant. Except that it wasn't a restaurant, not quite. The place took no bookings, and knew of no Mr. Sixsmith, and was serving many midday breakfasts to swearing persons whose eyes bulged over mugs of flesh-colored tea. On the other hand, there was alcohol. All kinds of people were drinking it. Fine, thought Alistair. Fine. What better place, really, for a couple of screenplay writers to . . .

"Alistair?"

Confidently, Sixsmith bent his long body into the booth. As he settled, he looked well pleased with the maneuver. He contemplated Alistair with peculiar neutrality, but there was then something boyish, something consciously remiss, in the face he turned to the waiter. As Sixsmith ordered a gin-and-tonic, and as he amusingly expatiated on his weakness for prawn cocktails, Alistair found himself wryly but powerfully drawn to this man, to this rumpled screenplay writer with his dreamy gaze, the curious elisions of his somewhat slurred voice, and the great dents and bone shadows of his face, all the faulty fontanels of vocational care. He knew how old Sixsmith was. But maybe time moved strangely for screenplay writers, whose flames burnt so bright . . .

"And as for my fellow-artisan in the scrivener's trade, Alistair. What will *you* have?"

At once Sixsmith showed himself to be a person of some candor. Or it might have been that he saw in the younger screenplay writer someone before whom all false reticence could

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be cast aside. Sixsmith's estranged second wife, it emerged, herself the daughter of two alcoholics, was an alcoholic. Her current lover (ah, how these lovers came and went!) was an alcoholic. To complicate matters, Sixsmith explained as he rattled his glass at the waiter, his daughter, the product of his first marriage, was an alcoholic. How did Sixsmith keep going? Despite his years, he had, thank God, found love, in the arms of a woman young enough (and, by the sound of it, alcoholic enough) to be his daughter. Their prawn cocktails arrived, together with a carafe of hearty red wine. Sixsmith lit a cigarette and held up his palm toward Alistair for the duration of a coughing fit that turned every head in the room. Then, for a moment, understandably disoriented, he stared at Alistair as if uncertain of his intentions, or even his identity. But their bond quickly reëstablished itself. Soon they were talking away like hardened equals—of Trumbo, of Chayevsky, of Towne, of Eszterhas.

Around two-thirty, when, after several attempts, the waiter succeeded in removing Sixsmith's untouched prawn cocktail, and now prepared to serve them their braised chops with a third carafe, the two men were arguing loudly about early Puzo.

Joe yawned and shrugged and said languidly, "You know something? I was never that crazy about the Petrarchan rhyme scheme anyway."

Jan said, " 'Composed at — Castle' is ABBA ABBA."

Jen said, "So was ' 'Tis.' Right up until the final polish."

Jon said, "Here's some news. They say 'Composed at — Castle' is in turnaround."

"You're not serious," said Bo. "It's released this month. I heard they were getting great preview reaction."

Joe looked doubtful. " ' 'Tis' has made the suits kind of antsy about sonnets. They figure lightning can't strike twice."

"ABBA ABBA," said Bo with distaste.

"Or," said Joe. "*Or* . . . *or* we go unrhymed."

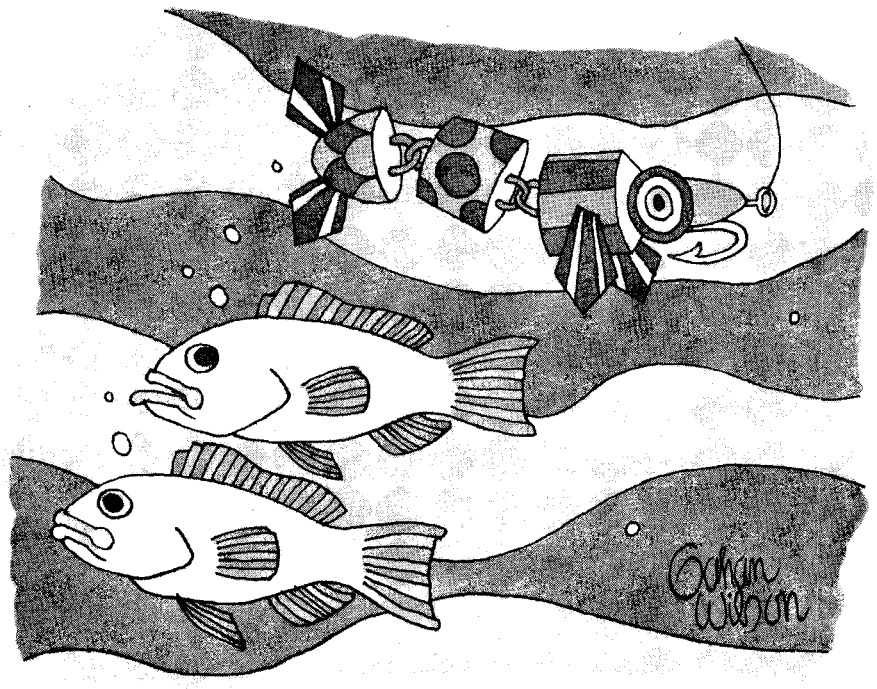
"*Un*rhymed?" said Phil.

"We go blank," said Joe.

There was a silence. Bill looked at Gil, who looked at Will.

"What do you think, Luke?" said Jim. "You're the poet."

Luke had never felt very protective about "Sonnet." Even its original version he had regarded as no more than a bargaining chip. Nowadays he rewrote "Sonnet" every night at the Pinnacle Trumont before Henna arrived and they called room service. "Blank," said Luke. "Blank. I don't know, Joe. I could go ABAB ABAB or even ABAB CDCD. Christ, I'd go AABB if I didn't think it'd tank the final couplet. But blank. I never thought I'd go *blank*."



"Well, it's certainly no one I know!"

"Well, it needs something," said Joe.

"Maybe it's the pentameter," said Luke. "Maybe it's the iamb. Hey, here's one from left field. How about syllabics?"

At five-forty-five Hugh Sixsmith ordered a gin-and-tonic and said, "We've talked. We've broken bread. Wine. Truth. Screenplay writing. I want to talk about your work, Alistair. Yes, I do. I want to talk about 'Offensive from Quasar 13.' "

Alistair blushed.

"It's not often that . . . But one always knows. That sense of pregnant arrest. Of felt life in its full . . . Thank you, Alistair. Thank you. I have to say that it rather reminded me of my own early work."

Alistair nodded.

Having talked for quite some time about his own maturation as a screenplay writer, Sixsmith said, "Now. Just tell me to shut up any time you like. And I'm going to print it anyway. But I want to make one *tiny* suggestion about 'Offensive from Quasar 13.' "

Alistair waved a hand in the air.

"Now," said Sixsmith. He broke off and ordered a prawn cocktail. The waiter looked at him defeatedly. "Now," said Sixsmith. "When Brad escapes from the Nebulan experiment lab and sets off with Cord and Tara to immobilize the directed-energy scythe on the Xerxian attack ship—where's Chelsi?"

Alistair frowned.

"Where's Chelsi? She's still in the lab with the Nebulans. On the point of being injected with a Phobian viper venom, moreover. What of the happy ending? What of Brad's heroic centrality? What of his avowed love for Chelsi? Or am I just being a bore?"

The secretary, Victoria, stuck her head into the room and said, "He's coming down."

Luke listened to the sound of twenty-three pairs of legs uncrossing and recrossing. Meanwhile he readied himself for a sixteen-tooth smile. He glanced at Joe, who said, "He's fine. He's just coming down to say hi."

And down he came: Jake Endo, exquisitely Westernized and gorgeously tricked out and perhaps thirty-five.

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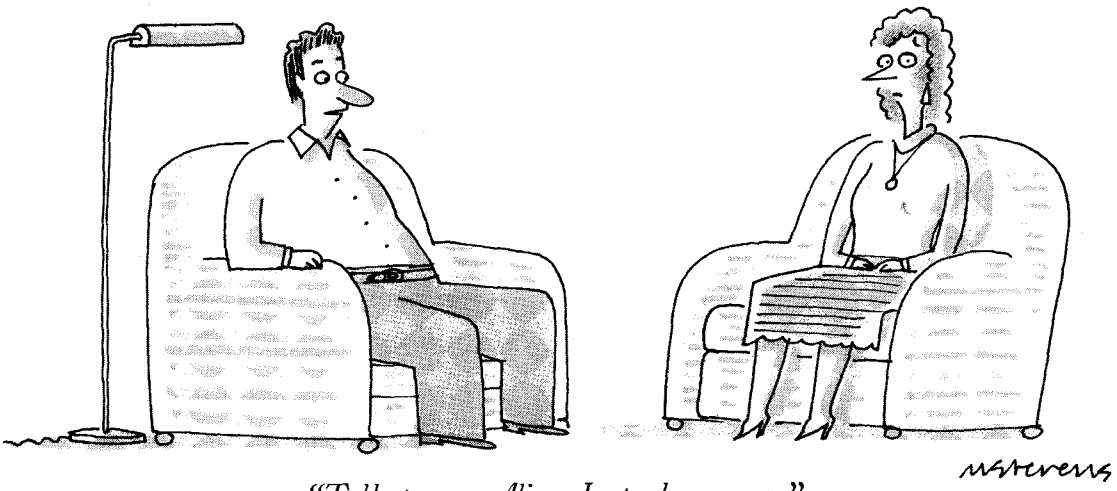

"Talk to me, Alice. I speak woman."

Of the luxury items that pargetted his slender form, none was as breathtaking as his hair, with its layers of pampered light.

Jake Endo shook Luke's hand and said, "It's a great pleasure to meet you. I haven't read the basic material on the poem, but I'm familiar with the background."

Luke surmised that Jake Endo had had his voice fixed. He could do the bits of the words that Japanese people were supposed to find difficult.

"I understand it's a love poem," he continued. "Addressed to your girlfriend. Is she here with you in L.A.?"

"No. She's in London." Luke found he was staring at Jake Endo's sandals, wondering how much they could possibly have cost.

A silence began its crescendo. This silence had long been intolerable when Jim broke it, saying to Jake Endo, "Oh, how did 'Lines Left Upon a Seat in a Yew-Tree, Which Stands Near the Lake of Easthwaite, on a Desolate Part of the Shore, Commanding a Beautiful Prospect' do?"

" 'Lines'?" said Jake Endo. "Rather well."

"I was thinking about 'Composed at — Castle,' " said Jim weakly.

The silence began again. As it neared its climax Joe was suddenly reminded of all this energy he was supposed to have. He got to his feet saying, "Jake? I guess we're nearing our tiredness peak. You've caught us at kind of a low point. We can't agree on the first line. First line? We can't see our way to the end of the first *shot*."

Jake Endo was undismayed. "There always are these low points. I'm sure you'll get there, with so much talent in the room. Upstairs we're very confident. We think it's going to be a big summer poem."

"No, we're very confident, too," said Joe. "There's a lot of belief here. A lot of belief. We're behind 'Sonnet' all the way."

"Sonnet?" said Jake Endo.

"Yeah, sonnet. 'Sonnet.' "

" 'Sonnet'?" said Jake Endo.

"It's a sonnet. It's called 'Sonnet.' "

In waves the West fell away from Jake Endo's face. After a few seconds he looked like a dark-age warlord in mid-campaign, taking a glazed breather before moving on to the women and the children.

"Nobody told me," he said as he went toward the telephone, "about any *sonnet*."

THE place was closing. Its tea trade and its after-office trade had come and gone. Outside, the streets glimmered morbidly. Members of the staff were donning macs and overcoats. An important light went out. A fridge door slammed.

"Hardly the most resounding felicity, is it?" said Sixsmith.

Absent or unavailable for over an hour, the gift of speech had been restored to Alistair—speech, that prince of all the faculties. "Or what if . . ." he said. "What if Chelsi just leaves the experiment lab earlier?"

"Not hugely dramatic," said Sixsmith. He ordered a carafe of wine and inquired as to the whereabouts of his braised chop.

"Or what if she just gets wounded? During the escape. In the leg."

"So long as one could avoid the wretched cliché: girl impeded, hero dangerously tarrying. Also, she's supernumerary to the raid on the Xerxian attack ship. We really want her out of the way for that."

Alistair said, "Then let's kill her."

"Very well. Slight pall over the happy ending. No, no."

A waiter stood over them, sadly staring at the bill in its saucer.

"All right," said Sixsmith. "Chelsi gets wounded. Quite badly. In the arm. *Now* what does Brad do with her?"

"Drops her off at the hospital."

"Mm. Rather hollow modulation."

The waiter was joined by another waiter, equally stoic; their faces were grained by evening shadow. Now Sixsmith was gently frisking himself with a deepening frown.

"What if," said Alistair, "what if there's somebody passing who can take her to the hospital?"

"Possibly," said Sixsmith, who was half standing, with one hand awkwardly dipped into his inside pocket.

"Or what if," said Alistair, "or what if Brad just gives her *directions* to the hospital?"

BACK in London the next day, Luke met with Mike to straighten this shit out. Actually it looked O.K. Mike called Mal at Monad, who had a thing about Tim at TCT. As a potential finesse on Mal, Mike also called Bob at Binary with a view to repossessing the option on "Sonnet," plus development money at rolling compound, and redeveloping it somewhere else entirely—say, at Red Giant, where Rodge was known to be very interested. "They'll want you to go out there," said Mike. "To kick it around."

"I can't believe Joe," said Luke. "I

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can't believe I knocked myself out for that flake."

"Happens. Joe forgot about Jake Endo and sonnets. Endo's first big poem was a sonnet. Before your time. 'Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art.' It opened for like one day. It practically bankrupted Japan."

"I feel used, Mike. My sense of trust. I've got to get wised up around here."

"A lot will depend on how 'Composed at — Castle' does and what the feeling is on the ' 'Tis' prequel."

"I'm going to go away with Suki for a while. Do you know anywhere where there aren't any shops? Jesus, I need a holiday. Mike, this is all bullshit. You know what I *really* want to do, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

Luke looked at Mike until he said, "You want to direct."

WHEN Alistair had convalesced from the lunch, he revised "Offensive from Quasar 13" in rough accordance with Sixsmith's suggestions. He solved the Chelsi problem by having her noisily eaten by a Stygian panther in the lab menagerie. The charge of gratuitousness was, in Alistair's view, safely anticipated by Brad's valediction to her remains, in which sanguinary revenge on the Nebulans was both prefigured and legitimized. He also took out the bit where Brad declared his love for Chelsi, and put in a bit where Brad declared his love for Tara.

He sent in the new pages, which three months later Sixsmith acknowledged and applauded in a hand quite incompatible with that of his earlier communications. Nor did he reimburse Alistair for the lunch. His wallet, he had explained, had been emptied that morning—by which alcoholic, Sixsmith never established. Alistair kept the bill as a memento. This startling document showed that during the course of the meal Sixsmith had smoked, or at any rate bought, nearly a carton of cigarettes.

Three months later he was sent a proof of "Offensive from Quasar 13." Three months after that, the screenplay appeared in the *LM*. Three months after that, Alistair received a check for £12.50, which bounced.

Curiously, although the proof had incorporated Alistair's corrections, the published version reverted to the typescript, in which Brad escaped from the Nebulan lab seemingly without concern for a Chelsi last glimpsed on an operating table with a syringe full of Phobian viper venom being eased into her neck. Later that month, Alistair went along to a reading at the Screenplay Society in Earl's Court. There he got talking to a gaunt girl in an ash-stained black smock who claimed to have read his screenplay and who, over glasses of red wine and, later, in the terrible pub, told him he was a weakling and a hypocrite with no notion of the ways of men and women. Alistair had not been a published screenplay writer long enough to respond to, or even recognize, this graphic proposition (though he did keep the telephone number she threw at his feet). It is anyway doubtful whether he would have dared to take things further. He was marrying Hazel the following weekend.

In the new year he sent Sixsmith a series—one might almost say a sequence—of screenplays on group-jeopardy themes. His followup letter in the summer was answered by a brief note stating that Sixsmith was no longer employed by the *LM*. Alistair telephoned. He then discussed the matter with Hazel and decided to take the next day off work.

It was a September morning. The hospice in Cricklewood was of recent design and construction; from the road it resembled a clutch of igloos against the sheenless tundra of the sky. When he asked for Hugh Sixsmith at the desk, two men in suits climbed quickly from their chairs. One was a writ-server. One was a cost-adjuster. Alistair waved away their complex requests.

The warm room contained clogged, regretful murmurs, and defiance in the form of bottles and paper cups and cigarette smoke, and the many peeping eyes of female grief. A young woman faced him proudly. Alistair started explaining who he was, a young screenplay writer come to . . . On the bed in the corner the spavined figure of Sixsmith was gawkily arranged. Alistair moved toward it. At first he was sure the eyes were gone, like holes cut out of pumpkin or blood orange. But then the faint brows began to lift, and Alistair thought he saw the light of recognition.

As the tears began, he felt the shiver of approval, of consensus, on his back. He took the old screenplay writer's hand and said, "Goodbye. And thank you. Thank you. Thank you."

OPENING in four hundred and thirty-seven theatres, the Binary sonnet "Composed at — Castle" did seventeen million in its first weekend. At this time Luke was living in a two-bedroom apartment on Yokum Drive. Suki was with him. He hoped it wouldn't take her too long to find out about Henna Mickiewicz. When the smoke cleared he would switch to the more mature Anita, who produced.

He had taken his sonnet to Rodge at Red Giant and turned it into an ode. When that didn't work out he went to Mal at Monad, where they'd gone for the villanelle. The villanelle had become a triolet, briefly, with Tim at TCT, before Bob at Binary had him rethink it as a rondeau. When the rondeau didn't take, Luke lyricized it and got Mike to send it to Joe. Everyone, including Jake Endo, thought that now was surely the time to turn it back into a sonnet.

Luke had dinner at Rales with Joe and Mike.

"I always thought of 'Sonnet' as an art poem," said Joe. "But things are so hot now, I've started thinking more commercially."

Mike said, "TCT is doing a sequel *and* a prequel to ' 'Tis' and bringing them out at the same time."

"A sequel?" said Joe.

"Yeah. They're calling it ' 'Twill.' "

Mike was a little fucked up. So was Joe. Luke was a little fucked up, too. They'd done some lines at the office. Then drinks here at the bar. They'd meant to get a little fucked up. It was O.K. It was good, once in a while, to get a little fucked up. The thing was not to get fucked up too often. The thing was not to get fucked up to excess.

"I mean it, Luke," said Joe. He glittered potently. "I think 'Sonnet' could be as big as '—.' "

"You think?" said Luke.

"I mean it. I think 'Sonnet' could be another '—.' "

" '—'? "

" '—.' "

Luke thought for a moment, taking this in. " '—' . . ." he repeated wonderingly. —MARTIN AMIS

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PROFILES

GOING TO THE CORE

RICHARD GOODE had been at the piano for most of the day. It was a Tuesday evening in January; he was in the midst of a ten-day-long tour that had brought him to San Francisco, and he was scheduled to give a recital there at the Herbst Theatre on the following day and one in Berkeley on Friday, with the programs built around three of the most musically demanding works in the repertoire—the last piano sonatas of Schubert. As we walked together along San Francisco's Opera Plaza, enjoying the mild early evening, he wore an overcoat more suitable for January in New York City, where he lives. His shirt collar was open, as usual, and he wore a gray woollen cap from Verona, of the sort worn by Italian fishermen.

Goode suggested that we visit a nearby bookstore. His love of music is nearly matched by his love of books, and when we got to the shop he moved from shelf to shelf for more than an hour, quietly absorbed, a benign expression on his face as he collected an armful of books and literary periodicals. Goode has accumulated more than five thousand books in the three-room East Side apartment he occupies with his wife, Marcia. When the Goodes go on tour, some of the books go with them in a satchel, which increases in weight as they progress from city to city.

We left the bookstore already late for dinner, and picked up Marcia at the Inn at the Opera, where the Goodes were staying. Marcia is a violinist, and two days earlier, while Richard was giving a master class in Houston, she had played in a performance of Beethoven's Missa Solemnis, in Carnegie Hall. Now she was singing the melody of the Benedictus, which kept going through her head. Much of the Goodes' conversation, I've learned, consists of their singing music to each other.

At the Zuni Café—a favorite of theirs, built on peculiar triangular lines and decorated in a Mediterranean style—Goode was relaxed and jovial, feeling a sense of release after his day's work. We discussed the latest book acquisitions, which included additions to his collection of Irish literature. "Sometimes when Richard's on tour he'll feel the need to have a certain book with him even if he already has it at home," Marcia said. "He has five copies of 'Moby Dick.'"

"I did have five copies, but I gave most of them away," Goode protested. "However, I recently got a new edition—one that I've always wanted, with beautiful woodcuts. So I think I've come to terms with 'Moby Dick' for a while. It's nice to have an extra copy around of a book you really love." He asked me if I knew Schubert's last letter, in which the composer asked his friend Schober to send him books by James Fenimore Cooper. "Think of it!" Goode exclaimed. "He hadn't eaten for eleven days. He had typhoid fever as well as syphilis. Did he know he was going to die? And, if so, why Fenimore Cooper?"

In a radio interview taped the previous evening, Goode had spoken at length about Schubert's last sonatas. Contact with the media is a rather new phenomenon for him and still makes him uncomfortable. Although he felt the interview had gone well, he expressed the hope that it would be broadcast too early the next morning for anyone to hear it.

"Schubert is the composer I'd most like to have met," he went on. "I have a feeling of at-homeness with him on a personal level, more so than with Beethoven—I'm still too overwhelmed by Beethoven. I love Schubert's modesty. But, you know, once when he had been drinking he was approached by two musicians from the Vienna Opera who wanted to commission a composition from him, and he rudely refused them. They protested that they were artists, and he shouted, 'Artists! Artists? Musical hacks are what you are! Crawling, gnawing worms that ought to be crushed under my foot—the foot of a man who is reaching to the stars!'"

Goode read from the menu, "Wild mushrooms roasted in the brick oven, with garlic, parsley, and hazelnuts." He growled voraciously. With the mushrooms he ordered a roasted chicken and a bottle of Pilsner Urquell. "Some people feel that there's a premonition of death in those last sonatas," he said. "Yes, there's darkness and fatalism, but you find those qualities in Schubert from way back, not only in his last year. One of the things that move you in Schubert is the coexistence of marvellous beauty, sweetness, and grace with a kind of terror waiting to be disclosed. More than Beethoven, he evokes the uncanny. You feel how vulnerable that beauty is."

In conversation, Goode often holds his broad hands together, the fingers interlaced. When he wants to make a point, he'll lean forward and free a hand to gesticulate at keyboard level. His appearance resists precise description. He is stocky, broad-chested, and seems earthbound, almost peasantlike. Yet there is something gentle and unworldly about him. He is forty-nine years old, and over the years his face has become at once craggy and soft, monumental and tender. As if to complete a Rembrandt self-portrait from the sixteen-fifties, the nose is ample and pronounced. The neck is thick, the lips sensuous, the eyebrows bushy, the hair silvery, nearly shoulder-length,

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BAKED ALASKA

I

It will do. It's not
perfect, but it will do
until something better comes along.

It's not perfect.
It stinks. How are we
going to get out of having it
until something comes along, some ride
or other? That will return us
to the nominative case, shipshape and easy.

O but how long are you going to wait
for what you are waiting for, for
whatever is to come? Not
for long, you may be sure.
It may be here already.
Have you checked the mailbox today?

Sure I have, but listen.
I know what comes, comes.
I am prepared
to occupy my share of days,
knowing I can't have all of them. What is, is
coming over here to find you
missing, all or in part. Or you read me
one small item out of the newspaper
as though it would stand for today.
I refuse to open your box of crayons. Oh yes, I know
there may be something new in some combination
of styles, some gift in adding the addled
colors to our pate. But it's just too mush
for me. It isn't that I necessarily
set out on the trail of a new theory
that could liberate us from our shoes as we walked.
It's rather that the apartment comes to an end
in a small, pinched frown of shadow. He walked
through the wood, as a child. He will walk
on somebody's street in the days that come after.
He's noted as a problem child, an ignoramus;
therefore why can you not accept him in
your arms, girdled with silver-and-black
orchids, feed him everyday food?

Who says he likes cuttlebone?
But you get the idea, the idea
is to humor him for what vexations
may hatch from the stone attitude
that follows and clears the head, like a sneeze.
It's cozy to cuddle up to him,
not so much for warmth as that brains
are scarce, and two will have to do.
It takes two to tango,
it is written, and much
in the way of dragon's teeth after that,
and then the ad-hoc population that arises
on stilts, ready to greet or destroy us, it
doesn't matter which, not quite yet, at least.

Then when the spent avenger
turns tail you know it had all to do with
you, that discharge of fortunes
out of firecrackers, like farts. And who's to say
you don't get the one that belongs to you?

But he speaks, always, in terms of perfection,
of what we were going to have
if only he hadn't gotten busy and done something
about it, yea,
and turned us back into ourselves
with something missing. And as oarsmen
paddle a scull downstream with phenomenal speed,
so he, in his cape, queries:
Is the last one all right? I know
I keep speaking of the last one, but is it all right?
For only after an infinite series
has eluded us does the portrait
of the boy make sense, and then such a triangular one:
he might have been a minaret, or a seagull.
He laid that on the car's radiator
and when you turned around it is gone.

II

Sometime later, in Provence,
you waxed enthusiastic about the tail-
piece in a book, gosh how they
don't make them like that in this century, anymore.

• •

and often scraggly. In his eyes, which are greenish-gray, one can see his thoughts evolving. His voice is a sympathetic, light tenor that tends to trail off to pianissimo as he gets toward the end of a thought, at which time he'll sometimes append, as though musing to himself, some paradoxical comment. These asides reveal unexpected corners of his mind and will often be followed by an outburst of guttural baritone laughter.

Until a very few years ago, Richard Goode was little known as a solo pianist. "A career has a dark and a light side," he said now. "Take playing with an orchestra. It means that you have to fight for rehearsal time. The concerto is usually shunted aside, as if its orchestral part didn't need much attention. It also means that you play with a lot of conductors, and until you find those with whom you see eye to eye it's not much fun."

"Especially when the conductor is a shallow jerk," Marcia said.

"Marcia's more outspoken than I am," Richard commented. "She speaks my id for me. I once studied conducting myself, but I was uncomfortable with it. I need the actual contact with the sound at the piano to feel that I'm really participating in the music."

The conversation turned to the hut in which Grieg composed, at the edge of a fjord; to ghost towns in the American Southwest; to the marvel of a two-thousand-year-old cypress near Oaxaca. Goode takes a lively interest in almost any subject. "Richard can so easily get involved," Marcia says. "He reflects on virtually everything he

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They had a fibre then that doesn't exist now.
That's all you can do about it.
Sensing this, in the sopping diaspora, many a tanglefoot
waits, stars bloom at scalloped edges
of no thing, and it begins to
bleed, like a bomb or bordello.
The theme, unscathed,
with nothing to attach it to.

But like I was saying, probably some of us were
encouraged
by a momentary freshness in the air
that proved attractive, once we had dwelt in
it, and bathed for many years our temples in its essence.
Listen, memory:
Do this one thing for me
and I'll never ask you again for anything else—
just tell me how it began! What
were the weeds that got caught in the spokes
as it was starting up, the time the brake shaft split,
and what about all the little monsters that were willing to sit
on the top of your tit, or index finger.
How in the end sunshine prevailed—
but what was that welling in between?
Those bubbles
that proceeded from nowhere—surely there must be a
source?
Because if there isn't it means that we haven't paid
for this ticket, and will be stopped at the exit gate
and sent back on a return journey through plowed fields
to not necessarily the starting place, that house
we can hardly remember, with the plangent
rose-patterned curtains.

And so in turn he who gets locked up is lost,
too, and must watch a boat nudge the pier
outside his window, forever, and for aye,
and the nose, the throat will be stopped
by absolutely correct memories of what did
we think we were doing when it all began happening,
down the lanes, across vales, out into the open city street.

And those it chooses can always say
it's easy, once you learn it, like a language,
and can't be dislodged thereafter.
In all your attractive worldliness, do you consider
the items crossed off the shopping list,
never to breathe again until the day
of bereavement stands open and naked like a woman
on a front porch, and do those you hobnob
with have any say or leverage in the matter?
Surely it feels like a child's feet propel us along

until everyone can explain.
Hell, it's only a ladder: structure
brought us here, and will be here when we're
honeycombs emptied of bees, and can say
That's all there is to say, babe, make it a good one
for me.

III

And when the hectic
light leaches upward into rolls of dark cloud
there will no longer be a contrast between thinking
and daily living. Light will be something even,
if remorseful, then. I say, swivel
your chair around, something cares, not the lamps
purling
in the dark river, not the hot feet on the grass,
nor the cake emerging from the oven, nor the silver
trumpets on the sand: only a lining
that dictates the separation of this you from this some
other,
and, in memorializing, drools. And if the hospice
gets over you this will be your magpie, this old hat,
when all is said, and done. No coffee, no rolls—
only a system of values, like the one printed
beside your height as it was measured as you grew
from child to urchin to young adult
and so on, back into the stitched wilderness
of sobs, sighs, songs, bells ringing, a thirst
for whatever could be discerned in the glacier—
tale, or tragedy, or talc—that backlit
these choices before we learned to talk
and so is a presence now, a posture like a chimney
that all men take to work with them
and that all see with our own eyes just
as the door is shutting, O shaft of light, O excellent,
O irascible.

—John Ashbery

• •

observes. If the purpose of life is getting from A to B as fast as possible, he's failed in that."

When we returned to the Inn at the Opera, a tape of a Chopin nocturne was being played in the elevator. I suggested to Goode that the Inn should use one of his recordings. "If they did, I wouldn't stay here," he said. He quickly became absorbed in the music, and when we arrived at our floor he held the elevator door open, so that he could go on listening. "Just for a second," he said. "I hope nobody wants to use the elevator." He listened all the way to the end.

THE next morning, I joined the Goodes in the hotel's dining room. On the wall behind Richard hung a large watercolor depicting members of a nineteenth-century music public lunging dramatically toward a violinist. That morning's San Francisco *Chronicle* had a sizable article about Goode. He opened the paper no more than a crack and spied on it.

The two Bay Area concerts were to be given in relatively small halls, each seating fewer than a thousand, which was as Goode liked it; the more intimate the setting, the more at ease he tends to be. We talked about a concert he had recently given at Camphill Village, a home for the mentally handicapped, in Copake, New York. Goode's connection to Camphill is through a friend, Anne Ratner, who presents an annual concert series in support of Camphill at her apartment in New York and, at eighty-seven, remains unflagging in her devotion and en-

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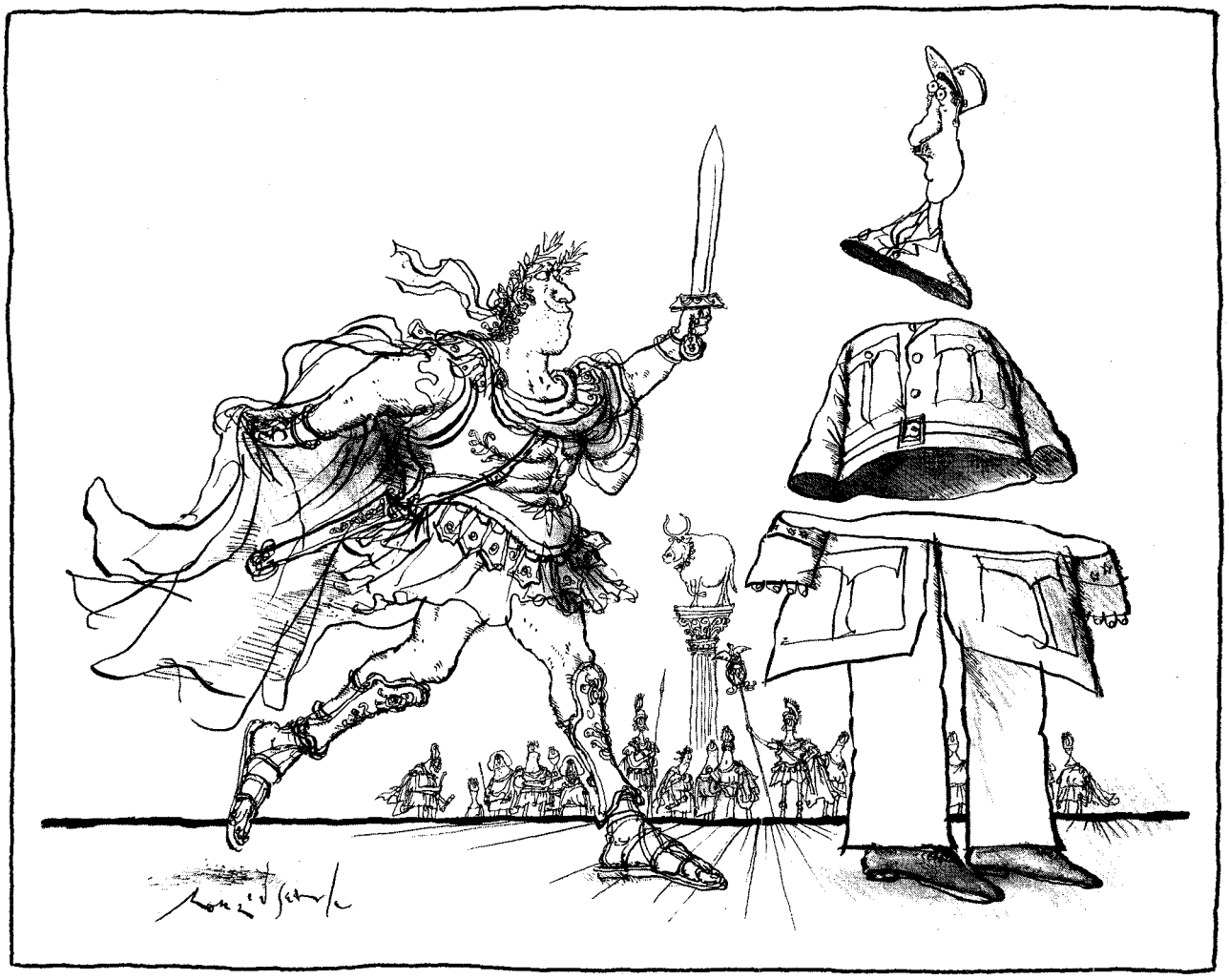

CROSSED PATHS

Caesar Meets de Gaulle

• •

thusiasm. He had included in his Camphill program the Schubert A-Major Sonata—a forty-minute work, with which he would conclude his San Francisco concert. It is a challenge to any audience, but the Camphill community had no difficulty responding to it. "It was wonderful to see how enormously concentrated they were," Mrs. Ratner had remarked to me afterward. "Their emotional openness was beautiful."

Schubert wrote his last three piano sonatas in less than a month, following directly upon the completion of the C-Major Quintet. They weren't published until a decade after his death, and then they remained largely neglected. As late as 1928, the centenary of Schubert's death, even so complete a musician as Sergei Rachmaninoff did not know of their existence. Musicologists generally stigmatized them as rambling and overlong, especially compared with Beethoven's sonatas.

"Analysis is one thing; reality is another—the reality of experience that can't be entirely explained," Goode said. "What makes Schubert so compelling? Beethoven is an architect, and Schubert is a weaver. His sonatas are more singerly, more transparent than Beethoven's, and they include more kinds of fantasy. When you begin one, you feel that you're setting out on a long journey through Schubert country—a country unlike any other. There are strange happenings—harmonic marvels—everywhere. But there's always a thread to follow. In his last years, he deepens the content while developing the form. He manages to have his dreams and make the whole thing cohere at the same time."

Goode generally gives scant attention to external demarcations of time. But this was a concert day. He rose before finishing his coffee, and picked up a canvas sack containing several volumes of sonatas and a book or two. The piano would be available at ten o'clock; we set off for the Herbst Theatre, which was diagonally across the street, at ten minutes to ten. Goode, who is not prone to exercise, sniffed the morning air and exclaimed with the brio of an aerobics instructor, "Taking this walk twice today will do me a world of good!"

At the hall, Goode and the stagehands tried out various placements for the piano, in order to get the best acoustics, and tested the lighting. Lighting is important to Goode; his eyes are weak, and he can't tolerate bright lights onstage. At home, he often begins practicing toward dusk and continues in complete darkness. When everything was as he wished, he began to play the Schubert. Until that moment, he had been affable and gregarious. Now, in an instant,

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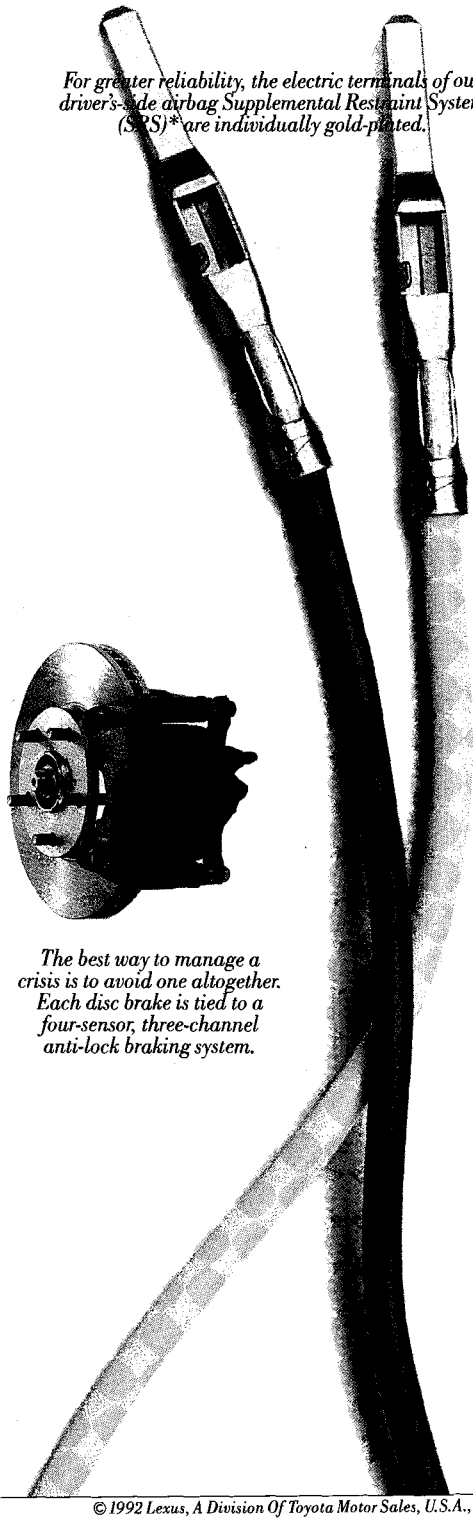

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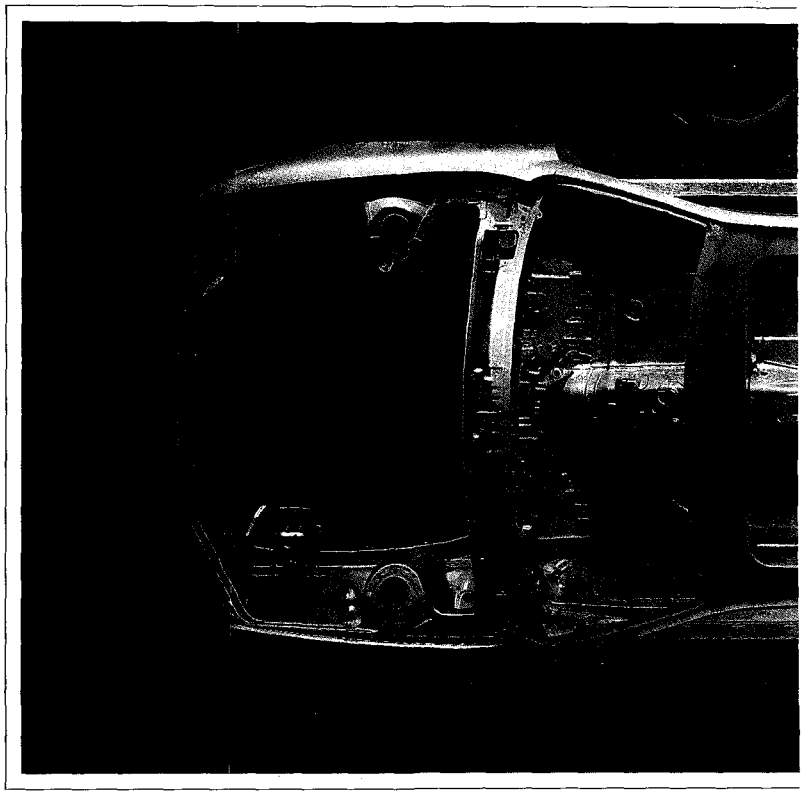

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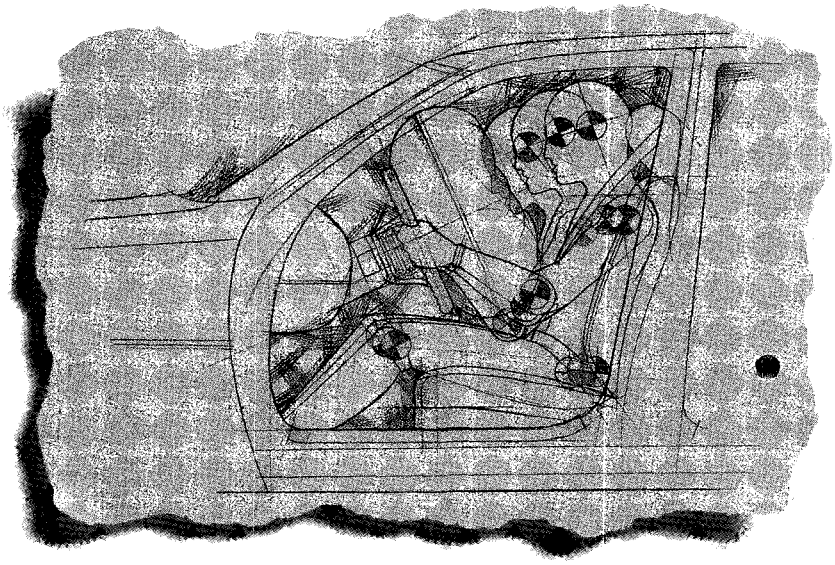

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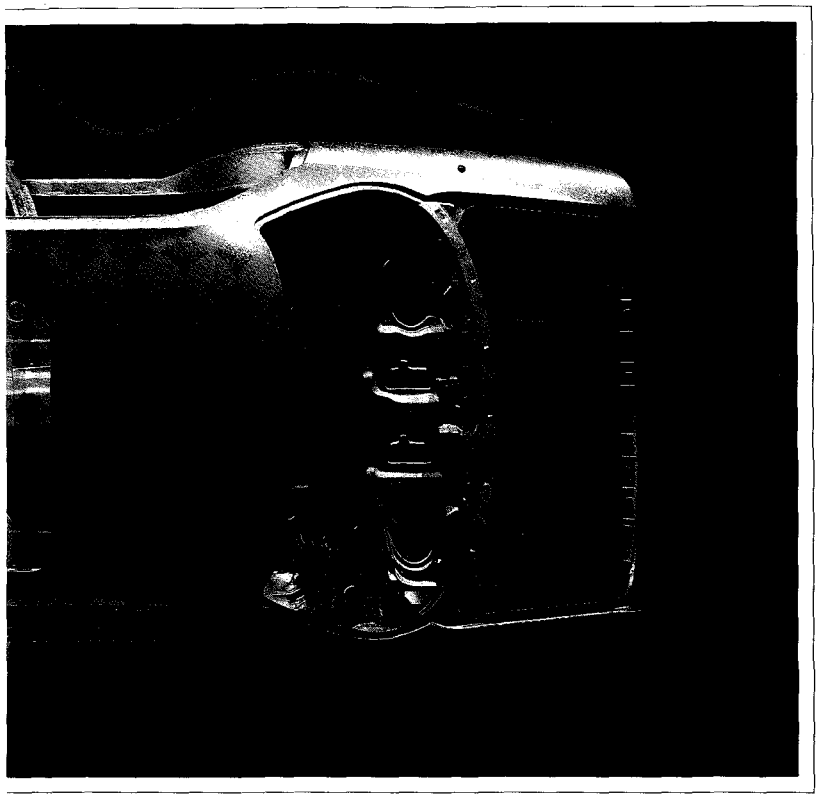

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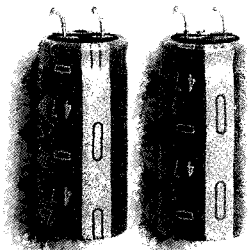

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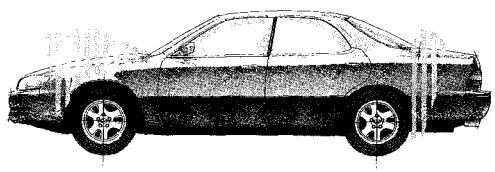

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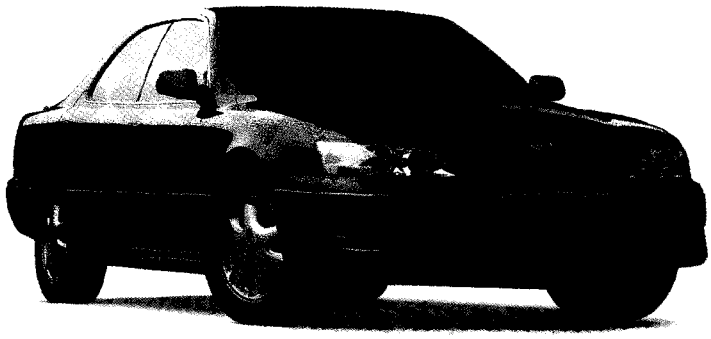

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the world around him dropped away.

Anyone who has seen Goode enter, however informally, into his musical element will have noticed the immediacy of his transformation, and the totality of its effect upon him. He doesn't practice in the normal sense of the word; he re-creates, striving for continuity of expression just as intensely as he does when he is giving a concert. "Richard's practicing always comes from how he feels the work as a whole," Marcia says. "He never attacks it in pieces and then puts it together. When he goes into his music, he shuts the world out completely." She and I both knew we were in the way; she embraced him, and we left.

THAT evening at six-thirty, after a two-hour nap, Goode returned to the theatre. Without hesitation, he chose the most cramped of three dressing rooms, because its lighting was harsher than that of the others and would better prepare him for the light onstage. He was noticeably less talkative than he had been in the morning.

Since childhood, he has suffered from stagefright. "Cold hands, physical stiffness," he had told me. "But, above all, mental anguish: worry about memory, a refusal to believe that I've done this thing successfully before. I've often felt like a runner who has devoted his best effort to preparing and then has a hundred-pound load put on his back. I went to some workshops on stagefright, to no avail—and I went to a psychiatrist for a while. That led in interesting directions, but it yielded nothing I could pass on to anyone else. I haven't yet found the all-purpose pre-concert calming ritual. I'll sit quietly and try to empty my mind, or even read until the last minute, but no elaborate yoga techniques. A certain amount of obsessive hand washing goes on—that is, when I'm lucky enough to have hot water available backstage."

The tuner was late finishing his work and was still onstage. Goode hid himself away in a corner of the wings and read his book of the moment, John Millington Synge's "The Aran Islands." When the piano was finally ready, he began to play Mozart's Sonata K. 570 in flowing lyrical lines that spanned long phrases, coaxing the instrument, caressing it. I remembered that he had once told me, "I often imagine the sound of a piano without the hammers." He went on practicing until it was time to let the audience in to the hall.

When, at a few minutes past eight, Goode came back onstage, his demeanor betrayed nothing of the inner battle he had waged, or of the musical forces now to be unleashed. Quiet and self-contained, he disappeared to the extent that the bulk of his frame would allow, and walked directly and quickly to the piano—more like a librarian going to a shelf for a favorite book than like a celebrated musician about to begin a concert. He bowed simply and rather formally before settling himself at the keyboard and didn't take much time before beginning to play—no excessive fiddling with the piano bench. His continuity of mental preparation was not to be broken. Everything nonessential had been pared away.

Onstage, Goode is not a "personality" who enthralls by his presence but a medium, insignificant in itself, through which matters of import will pass. He seems to be playing as if in his own living room, yet his communication with audiences is powerful and bonding. The entirety of his being engages itself in his music-making. A pliable weight is transmitted from his shoulders into the instrument. The hands do more than play the music: they mold it. At times, his back curves toward the keyboard like a sea pine in a storm; at other times, he'll distance himself from the keys, his head swaying in the dream of a lyrical phrase. His lips nibble goldfishlike, silent coworkers in the formation of musical patterns.

What one remembers most from Goode's playing is not its beauty—exceptional as it is—but his way of coming to grips with the composer's central thought, so that a work tends to make sense beyond one's previous perception of it. This concert was no exception. There was a palpable immediacy of experience throughout—in the Italianate lyricism of the Mozart, the dynamic energy of Beethoven's Opus 10, No. 3, and the evocation of color in four Debussy preludes. Then came Schubert's A-Major Sonata.

Goode doesn't adopt a retrospective view of the Schubert journey: he travels along with the composer. Taking hold of the first movement's diverse strands, he gave life to particularities while retaining the proportions of the whole. There was inevitability in the way heroic passages gathered cumulative energy, in the way the lyric second subject was set forth in quiet repose.

The melody of the slow movement, which Goode describes as "a nocturnal song of intense stillness," is interrupted by one of the most remarkable passages in all music: harmonically audacious, rhythmically tumultuous—an unbridled expression of despair. The immediacy of experience now became positively dangerous; the torrent of notes seemed improvisatory, cataclysmic. ("There's nothing more wrenching," Goode has said. "From a relatively quiet passage, the music suddenly flares up in a terrifying way into near-chaos. I've always accepted these outbursts in Schubert as making enormous sense. Irrational things do make sense. We all have them. These passages come out of the substratum of the soul, and people respond to them in a very deep way.") A lyrical transition leads back to the movement's opening theme, but this transition is punctuated by fortissimo chords—horrifying aftershocks. Goode snatched these chords from the keys with unmitigated fury, once bringing up his hand with such violence as to shake his fist.

When the first theme returns, it is accompanied by haunting new rhythmic figures: "night sounds—incipient Bartók," Goode calls them. "In performance, you wonder how you can get out of the darkness," he has said. "But light dawns with the Scherzo. The theme of the finale is related to the song 'Im Frühling.' It's the most wonderful thing to give people this melody; it's totally openhearted and, in a way, a resolution of all the dissonances of the past movements." As Goode guided us through the finale's extended rondo form, along byways into distant regions, he captured the implication of mood in each modulation, and we never felt lost. Schumann once spoke of Schubert's "heavenly lengths," and we cherished them. Every time the melody returned, it seemed more eloquent than before. And when it appeared for the last time, fragmented by rests and touching on new harmonic spheres, each moment of silence was imbued with a poignant expectancy. The spontaneous formu-

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lating process of the creator was tangible in the concert hall.

How Schubert might have reacted to Goode's playing can only be conjectured, but the distinguished living composer George Perle told me, "I'm privileged to have Richard as an interpreter of my works. I once felt that I had miscalculated the way I had written a certain passage in my 'Ballade for Piano,' and told Richard that I wanted to add octaves to the bass. But Richard said, 'I think I can find a way to realize the effect you want without your making any changes.' Usually, it's up to the composer to urge the interpreter to fulfill the musical intention; with Richard, it was the opposite—he was being my conscience. Richard reconnects to where the music came from. He makes a piece his own, yet he's true to the piece. He's a revelatory pianist, like Artur Schnabel."

Goode himself fights shy of any comparison with the great Austrian pianist who brought home to our century the full spiritual legacy of the keyboard music of Beethoven and Schubert. But, increasingly, others are making the point. Schnabel's son, Karl Ulrich Schnabel, now eighty-two and a remarkable pianist and teacher in his own right, put it this way to me: "Richard's playing has many of the qualities of my father's: his sense of continuity of tempo, so that any flexibility of rhythm never disturbs the whole, and, above all, his deep respect for the text. Fidelity to the text was the crux of my father's playing. He and Toscanini both fought an uphill battle to establish that the composer is more important than the performer. Richard makes the most of the intention of the composer: he goes to the core."

When the applause had ended, Marcia and I found Richard alone in his dressing room. He sat in a chair, drained and white, and somewhat dazed, as if felled by a heavy weight. He declined a drink, but suddenly seized a bottle of orange juice and gulped down the contents. Dress shirts and undershirts were strewn about, thoroughly drenched. With a decisive effort, he drew himself up and changed his clothes once again. In his pre-Marcia days, his soggy after-concert embrace was proverbial; she now provides him with three sets of shirts. Donning a blue sports jacket over his black striped trousers, he went out to greet a throng of well-wishers, and was soon im-

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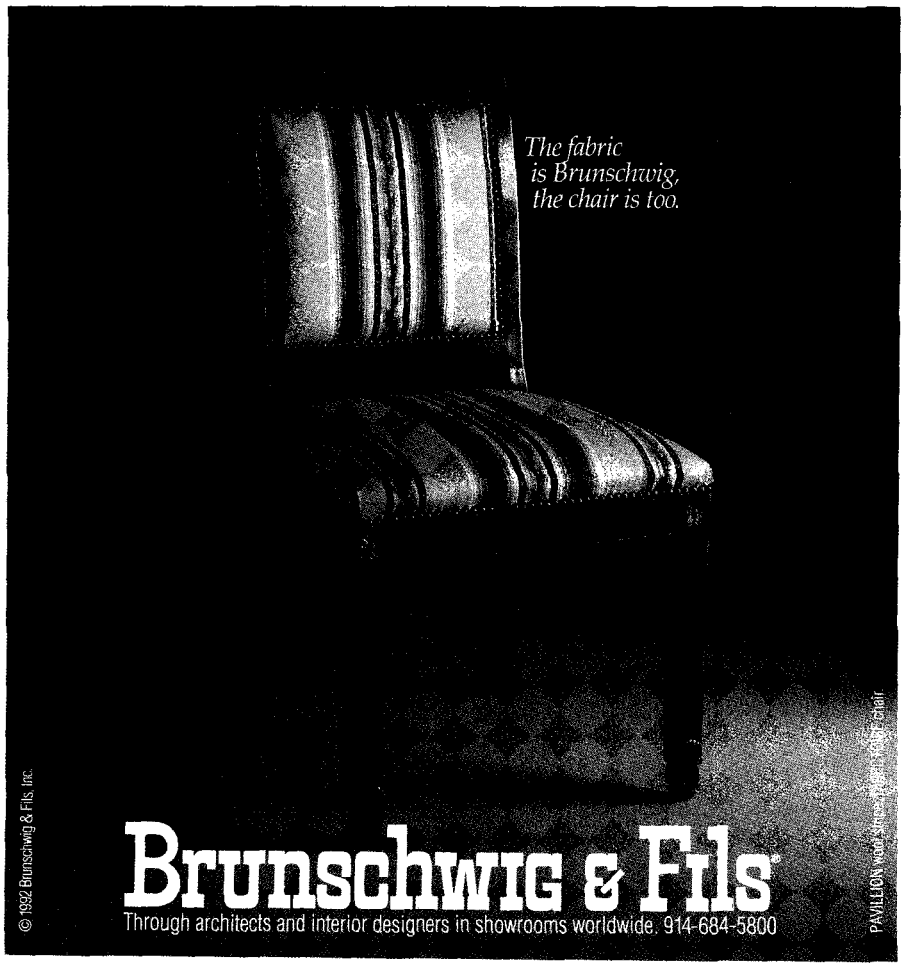
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"A world that seems to be working right for a change."

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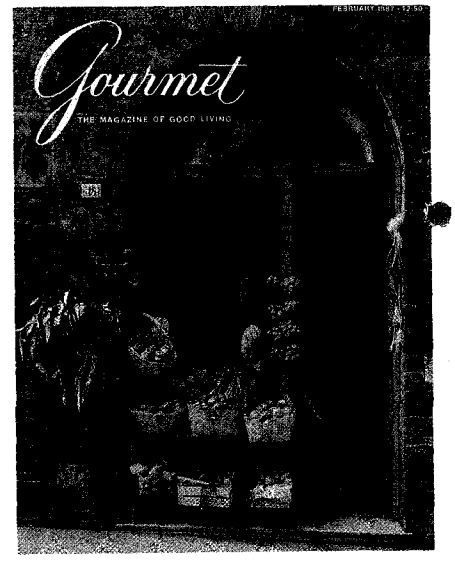

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mersed in conversation, speaking with each person at length and heedless of the line of people waiting patiently to talk to him. He is always engaged with the other—to the extent that he finds it difficult to say no, even when he risks being taken advantage of. One of his friends told me, "Richard never changes his relationship to people according to who they are. He doesn't care if you're the chairman of the board or the janitor. Some people find this disconcerting."

It was quite late when we left the hall for dinner at Stars, a lively restaurant whose walls are adorned with gaudy Pop art. "A quiet painting, that," Goode commented, pointing to one of the gaudiest. He ordered a hamburger and three Pilsner Urquells—one for Marcia and two for himself. "Eating after a concert is wonderful—almost makes the playing worthwhile," he declared. "If a concert has gone poorly, I console myself with a big meal. If it's gone well, I reward myself with a big meal."

We began talking about programming. "I'd like to play programs with fewer composers," he said. "To stay longer in one area, and get deeper into it. Sometimes the changeover can be quite disturbing." A few minutes later, he said, almost as a matter of course, "I love the idea of putting Debussy in the middle of a program, of doing something completely different—clearing the palate, like having sherbet in the middle of a meal."

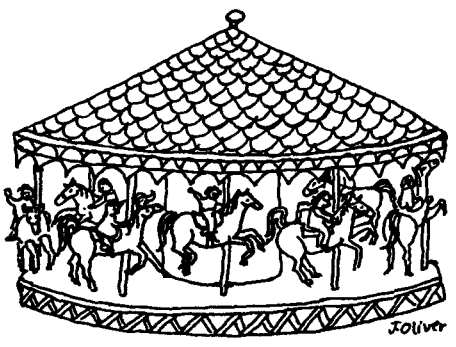
Goode's thought processes seem naturally to embrace opposites. Discuss with him his decades-long struggle against bourgeois attitudes, and he'll defend the bourgeoisie as having produced the greatest artists. Mention the dramatic conflicts raging within Beethoven, and he'll praise Beethoven's pastoral side, where the battle is stilled. Refer to the manner in which he merges piano technique and musical expression, and he'll uphold the virtues of scale practice. Goode's predilection for seeing more than one side of an issue is born less from a spirit of contentiousness than from one of completeness. The paradox scans the fullness of life—though, as Goode has learned in the course of his career, it can sometimes hold back the flow of life.

By the time we started back to the Inn at the Opera, it was one o'clock in the morning. The Schubert journey, one-third undertaken, would be completed Friday evening in Hertz Hall, at the University of California. A brisk wind had come up, and it had turned cold, but Goode's collar was unbuttoned, as usual. And, as usual, the heavy sack of music and books was slung over his shoulder. I had stopped offering to carry it for him a while ago, when I realized that he feels better having it near him.

TWO things strike one about Richard Goode the pianist: the depth of his achievement as an artist, and the time it has taken for him to receive due recognition. Goode gave his first New York recital in February of 1962, when he was eighteen, in an improvised concert hall in an Armenian restaurant in Greenwich Village. Over the next couple of decades, he became a consummate chamber-music player and a New York cult figure, with a reputation as a musician's musician. He was forty-seven years old by the time he gave his first concert in Carnegie Hall. Of that evening Donal Henahan wrote in the *Times:*

> It is difficult to understand why it took 29 years for Richard Goode to make his Carnegie Hall debut, but the event was worth waiting for. . . . In a perfect world all debutants would be so well prepared, musically and technically. . . . He commands, in fact, a wider spectrum of tone color than any pianist of his generation whose name comes quickly to mind. . . . Those who remember him as one of the founding members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center two decades ago can be assured that the quicksilver temperament and total immersion in the score that distinguished his playing then continue in force. . . . His aptly moody and mercurial performance of the Schumann Davidsbündlertänze won this listener's vote as the high point of a recital that lived throughout on an extremely lofty plateau.

Was the twenty-nine years' delay a misfortune or a blessing? The answer depends on your point of view. (When it comes to Richard Goode, you feel free to have several points of view running concurrently.) A longtime chamber-music colleague, the clarinetist Richard Stoltzman, says, "Can you imagine Richard if he had become a well-known soloist at twenty-five? He would have missed the depth and breadth of intensive meditation on music which only an enormous amount of time has made possible. His concentration is what separates him from most musicians." The pianist Denise Kahn, who has known Goode since 1970, says, "Every little bit of progress he made in his career was an incredible struggle, as opposed to those people who just trot out there like racehorses. There was no stopping his talent—it simply had to express itself. But, God knows, he did everything he could to sabotage his career." In the espousal of these two viewpoints Goode's friends fall into two roughly equal camps. He once summarized for me his own ambivalence in the matter of his career by reciting the lyrics of an old Jimmy Durante song: "Did you ever have the feeling that you wanted to go—still have the feeling that you wanted to stay?"



There was no ambivalence in Goode's primary musical impulse, which, he says, "was always vocal." His mother, Helen Kaiser Goode, told me that when he was three he began to sing along with Bing Crosby records, and that when he was taken to see the film "The Jolson Story," starring Larry Parks as Al Jolson, he came home overflowing with song. "The pathos really got to me," he recalls.

Richard's father, Samuel, was a piano tuner and had once played the violin, but neither parent had ever been a professional musician. The family lived in a three-bedroom second-floor apartment on Arnow Avenue, in the East Bronx. (The original family name was Guzman; it was Anglicized when Richard's grandfather, who emigrated from the Ukraine in 1912, became a citizen.) "The avenues had big apartment houses, mainly Jewish," Richard recalls. "The cross streets had little houses, mainly Italian. The ladies would sit out on their doorsteps; whenever you came home, you had to run this gantlet of elderly well-wishers. I still think that's how neighborhoods should be."

Richard, who was born on June 1, 1943, shared a bedroom with his elder brother, Robert, now a professor of biology at City College of New York. The boys' maternal grandmother, Anna, had a bedroom to herself. Her presence was powerfully felt in the small

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household. "As much as possible, my grandmother wanted to re-create in the Bronx the conditions of the old country," Richard told me. "She lived in her private world, as if removed from us in time, and devoted herself to reading—mostly prayer books in Hebrew, but also Tolstoy, whom she venerated. Her religiosity seemed a grim and dour thing to me. There was no joy in it. But I was impressed by her devoutness."

Samuel Goode hoped that Richard would take up the violin, and, by way of preparation for this, had him begin piano lessons at the age of six. After an unrewarding start with a neighborhood piano teacher, Richard was brought to Elvira Szigeti, whose nephew was the violinist Joseph Szigeti. This was a stroke of fortune: she proved to be the ideal person to nurture his talent. "Mrs. Szigeti's home had an Old World aura—lots of dark wood and heavy furniture," Goode recalls. "She was a majestic woman—stern and indulgent in the right mixture. She had arthritis, so she never demonstrated. But this may have liberated me. I was a fairly timid kid, and if I had heard impressive piano playing I might have felt inhibited. Music was an intense, emotional experience for her. She constantly used the word 'feeling,' and wouldn't let me rattle through scales and exercises unmusically. I was rather slow at learning—I'd get my fingers mixed up. But certain music had a magical effect on me, especially Bach."

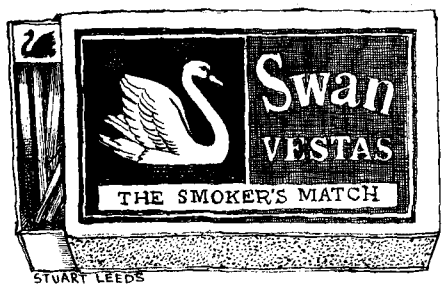
In fact, Richard progressed rapidly and soon found himself deeply responsive to the piano. When a neighbor of the Goodes, the beatific Rabbi Ginzburg, asked Richard's father why it was that the boy played the same thing over and over, Samuel replied, "Rabbi, haven't you been saying the same prayers over and over since you were a child?" Thereafter, the rabbi could often be seen walking slowly around the block, his hands behind his back, humming Richard's piano music to himself.

"My brother practiced then as he practices now, singing and swaying, his whole body becoming part of his music-making," Robert Goode recalls. "The atmosphere of our home was rather confining, and the piano became for him a kind of emotional release."

Release had also come in the form of the written word, even before Richard's hands touched the keyboard: when he was only four years old he obtained a library card from the Wakefield Public Library. "My favorite books had animal protagonists," he recalls. "In fact, I was obsessed with animals throughout my childhood. I fantasized about having an exotic pet, like a marmoset—an adorable Amazon monkey, the smallest known—or a fennec, which is a desert fox with big ears. I did manage to get a cat, but it proved too mischievous for us to keep. I'd spend hours in the zoo, sketching the antelopes. In 'Song of Myself' Walt Whitman wrote, 'I think I could turn and live with animals. . . . Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.' "

Something of a Victorian spirit prevailed in the Bronx in those days. Piano playing was thought to be an accomplishment fit for girls, and Richard was the only boy among Mrs. Szigeti's students when, at the age of eight, he made his first public appearance, playing Mozart's D-Minor Fantasy. "I was blissfully unaware of the fact that it was to be my last concert without stagefright," he says. His schoolmates identified him with Liberace, the reigning pianist of the culture; his schoolteachers lionized him, and a great fuss was made over his playing. Richard responded by dutifully fulfilling everyone's expectations while managing to remain unpretentious—immune then, as now, to self-aggrandizement. But the adulation cast a shadow. As Marcia Goode put it to me, "Richard somehow felt that he was being primarily valued for his musical talent rather than for himself. The focus on his playing was a driving force, yet a damaging force. He didn't have a chance to sort out what feelings were truly his own."

When Richard was nine, Mrs. Szigeti retired from teaching, and he was sent to the noted pedagogue Isabelle Vengerova. "Her studio was *really* dark," he told me. "But, unlike Mrs. Szigeti, she seemed as remote and austere as possible. She turned me over to her assistant, Olga Stroumillo, a Russian lady with a big, Brillo head of hair, who assigned me just one exercise: I was to raise the wrist at right angles to the keyboard and let it fall suddenly, so that a note would resound with terrific force. Five seconds later, I would attack another note. I had been used to playing wonderful music, and now I was reduced to a starvation diet. Mme. Stroumillo wasn't sadistic—she was just the concentration-camp guard. Mme. Vengerova apparently had good results with some people, but I never got to see her again, because when I was returning on the subway from one of the lessons I threw a tantrum and told my father that I'd never go back."



At this critical moment, a friend of Mrs. Szigeti's brought Richard to the attention of Rosalie Leventritt, the well-known patron of the arts. Mrs. Leventritt is remembered both for the foundation she created to help young musicians and for her personal devotion to their cause. Although not trained as a musician, she had fine musical intuition, and she sensed an unusual potential in the ten-year-old. She asked the advice of Rudolf Serkin, the pianist she most respected. Goode denies having been a child prodigy, but his playing was sufficiently compelling to move Serkin to say, "This boy is so gifted and quick that he'll be easy to teach. He needs only to be given the right piece at the right time." Learning of the Goode family's modest circumstances, Mrs. Leventritt made an extraordinary offer: she would sponsor the whole of Richard's musical and academic education. "It took me some years to feel completely at ease with this remarkable woman who seemed to have taken charge of my life," Goode recalls. "Mrs. Leventritt had a Southern graciousness and warmth, an air of distinction, a wonderful bearing, and a strong will."

On Serkin's recommendation, Richard began studying with Claude Fran[illegible] then twenty-seven and already a leading interpreter of the Central European repertoire. "Richard's musical intelligence was such that he could easily comprehend a five-voice fugue by Bach," Frank told me recently. "Whatever musical faults he had were typical of a boy of his years. He liked to make huge ritards and crescendos at the end of every piece. He needed to learn to love the right things. When

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he wasn't studying music, he was reading. I asked his father if Richard was getting enough rest, and he replied, 'Richard doesn't sleep at all. He thinks it's a waste of time.' "

"Claude was the first truly outstanding pianist I had heard from close up," Goode says. "He played in a really grand style and opened a new world of expression for me. It was overwhelming—and hard work. I was a sensitive plant and prone to burst into tears when any criticism became too severe."

When Richard was twelve, Mrs. Leventritt felt that he needed the stimulation of a conservatory atmosphere, and she arranged for him to work with Nadia Reisenberg, at the Mannes College of Music. Reisenberg, who was Russian by birth, had studied with Josef Hofmann and during the 1939-40 season had given the first complete series of Mozart piano concertos in the United States. She was a player of uncommon facility, and could routinely demonstrate difficult right-hand passages with her left hand. She put Richard through an exacting regimen of "kitchen work" in the form of études, her emphasis being on fluidity of line and beauty of tone. Colleagues of Goode recognize to this day the benefits of her teaching. "Nadia was terribly nice to me," Goode says. "And, incidentally, she introduced me to Schubert's sonatas. I recognized her distinction as a pianist—a sort of limpid perfection. Yet I never had a true temperamental compatibility with her playing. At that point in my adolescence, the emphasis on elegance seemed to thwart my feelings—to focus on what wasn't essential."

When Rudolf Serkin played Brahms' First Piano Concerto in Carnegie Hall in March of 1957, the thirteen-year-old Goode heard what he felt *was* essential. "The playing was titanic," he recalls. "The performance seemed a matter of life and death. The sweep, the drama, the sense of immediacy astonished me." Serkin had kept abreast of Goode's progress, and the following summer he invited him to take part in the Marlboro Music Festival, in Vermont. Along with Serkin's son, Peter, with whom he formed a lasting friendship, Goode was one of the youngest musicians ever to participate. After an initial period of bewilderment, he settled into Marlboro life, and he returned for the next six summers. Goode refers to his experience at Marlboro—in company with such musicians as Pablo Casals, Marcel Moyse, Felix Galimir, and Serkin himself—as "perhaps the most important part of my musical education." A film produced there for German television gives glimpses of Goode, at fourteen, playing a Beethoven trio with an organic connection to the keyboard indicative of his present approach, and singing a melody of Mozart to a young colleague with the concern for musical shape that he manifests today.

Goode appears in the Marlboro film as a neatly groomed, well-adjusted youngster; there is no hint of conflict under the surface. But during his early teens he was "profoundly dissatisfied" with life. As a sort of talisman, he kept in his pocket a volume of Flaubert's letters. "I felt alienated from the world around me," he says. "This was a secret I kept largely to myself. Flaubert basically asserted that life is raw material for art—that art is the only way to redeem and justify this messy existence of ours. There was something beautiful but grim in his outlook. He was enmeshed in his surroundings, and had a great deal of hate and spleen. These letters were a consolation to me—an outlet for my dissatisfaction as well as for the deep feelings I had about art."

Goode's relationship to the everyday world was not enhanced by the McBurney School, a private boys' school in midtown Manhattan that Mrs. Leventritt had selected for his high-school education. "I didn't let anyone know how deeply unhappy I was at McBurney," Goode told me. "There was a lot of sham. The emphasis was on athletics. Nude swimming was required once a week—and each week the prospect filled me with trepidation. The classes were mostly without interest, and I sleepwalked through them."

Around this time, Goode encountered "Moby Dick." He had already been fascinated by the seventy-six-foot model of a blue whale hanging in the American Museum of Natural History. "The book utterly entranced me," he recalls. "Not so much because of the Ahab story as because it tied in with my sense of awe at the power of nature. During that period, too, visual art began to mean a great deal to me: the great splashes of the Abstract Expressionists in the Whitney Museum; Paul Klee's paintings, with their mystery and their vivid sense of presence. I read French poetry, and I was taken

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with Rimbaud's wild imagery: he created a world as far away as possible from the world he lived in. A friend who was in college introduced me to 'Finnegans Wake'—this huge book written in a special language, with the punctuation missing and the end going back to the beginning. These extraordinary man-made things evoked in me something of the sense of wonder I had felt about animals and natural history."

THE impact of Rudolf Serkin's playing stayed with Goode. After his second summer at Marlboro, he asked Serkin if he might study with him at the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia, and he was accepted. "I had assumed that Nadia Reisenberg had somehow read my mind and knew that I wanted to go to Serkin," Goode said. "However, she was completely unprepared for this idea. I must have presented it rather badly. It was not a happy moment."

After graduating from McBurney, Goode took a year off and devoted himself to reading and to visiting Serkin's home in Philadelphia every so often to work with him privately. Lessons would begin in midafternoon and often continue after dinner. On walks, Serkin would reminisce about his studies with Arnold Schoenberg in Vienna after the First World War. In the fall of 1961, Goode moved to Philadelphia, rented a tiny studio apartment overlooking a fire escape, and entered Curtis as a full-time student.

None of Rudolf Serkin's students will ever forget the quality of Serkin's listening. Huddled in a corner with his eyes closed and his face buried in one hand, he would concentrate intently on whatever piece was being played. His main concern was interpretation; he said little about technique. He was uncompromising in his demand for textual fidelity. He rarely demonstrated, and he discouraged his students from taking notes. "You'll remember what I say if it's important to you," he would tell them. Lesson material had to be prepared to concert level. Any lack of commitment was blasphemy.

"On occasions when I did disappoint Serkin, as when I played Chopin's Barcarolle too vehemently, a grave and sad look would come over his face, as if to say that I had transgressed—that perhaps something had even been killed but maybe there was a chance of bringing it back to life," Goode told me. "In Serkin's teaching, the unspoken was what was most remembered. We learned most from the feeling with which everything was charged—from the totality of his dedication. Serkin never allowed himself the luxury of self-satisfaction—even the nourishing kind, à la Rubinstein. And if he couldn't be satisfied with himself how could he be satisfied with you? Much of the incredible tension Serkin communicated as an interpreter was related to the anguish—the inner resistance—he experienced in performing. There are, of course, artists who bring different qualities to the concert stage—a greater relaxation, an untroubled ease in communicating. But such musicians may have other shortcomings—perhaps a certain glibness in their facility, or a lack of idealism. It's difficult to separate the virtues and defects in an artistic personality. Either they come together into a convincing whole or they don't. In Serkin's case, they came together in a uniquely expressive way, and the suffering he endured was part of it."

Goode had to contend with his own sense of dissatisfaction. "Since my first student recital, a drastic change had come over me," he said. "During my Curtis years, I began to play a lot in public, and I suffered from such extreme stagefright that I didn't know how I could possibly continue performing. After a concert I gave in Wyoming, I wrote to Serkin about this—partly as a catharsis, partly pleading for his advice. He told me that my letter had touched him but that, regretfully, he didn't know what advice he could offer. I was disappointed, but I wasn't terribly surprised. I began to wonder, What's a lifetime of this going to be like? I definitely wanted to be a musician, but being a musician and being a performer are two different things."

The dichotomy was not restricted to Goode's waking hours. He still remembers a nightmare he had at the time: "I was playing the piano in the Allerton Avenue subway station, in the Bronx. Judges, who were seated in the shadows, announced that every time I played a wrong note I'd lose a finger." But there were other sorts of dreams: "Sometimes, wonderful music that I'd never heard before would come to me. I couldn't wait to write it down, but when I awoke it would be forgotten."

One day while Goode was at Curtis, he visited the Philadelphia public library and listened to Artur Schnabel's recording of Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata. "A light bulb went on in my head," Goode told me. "I said to myself, 'He plays the music as if he had written it!' He had a way of discovering meanings that might have eluded us—a delight in the articulation of the unexpected. It was a new vocabulary—a kind of sculpturing, such as you find in certain great paintings. Mantegna's Roman soldiers seem to be so real that you could almost grasp them. Schnabel did that when he played Beethoven: he made the contours of the music seem tangible."

I asked Goode what role his fascination with visual art plays in his approach to music.

"I don't think of colors—yellow, green, and so on," he said. "But I do think of spaces, textures, and moods. The more you pour into the hopper of the imagination, the better. Certain works do call up images, although these are, of course, entirely subjective. For example, at the beginning of Schumann's C-Major Fantasy I hear an enormous bell. The whole opening section seems enveloped in its reverberations. In the middle of the movement, after the trills die away, the spirit of the music seems to recede into the historical past: a shrouded forest image. In much music I feel shifts in time between the present and the past, especially in Schumann and Chopin—the Ballades, for instance. Or shifts in space, the music moving nearer or farther away—as in Beethoven's Diabelli Variations. Some painters achieved marvellous effects in their use of space—Piero della Francesca, for instance, in 'The Flagellation.' In Rembrandt you have all kinds of effects of depth, darkness, recession, uncertainty, mystery—qualities that exist also in music. And that's the challenge. The piano is the great instrument of illusion, of transformation. In the recordings of Rachmaninoff or Cortot, the piano becomes a voice, singing and speaking; it becomes an orchestra; it becomes nature. It doesn't remain itself."

Seven years after leaving Curtis, Goode returned there to give a recital. The day after the concert, Serkin took him into his office and, announcing

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solemnly, "Our ways have diverged," proceeded to chide Goode for the amount of rhythmic freedom in his playing. "Serkin's rigor sometimes made people react against it," Goode recalled. "For me, it was a question of working through his profound influence, fighting it at certain points, and later finding my way toward a synthesis. I've learned that too much liberty can disturb the unity of the large design. In the performance of any work, there's a constant dialogue between freedom and regularity. The first thing one thinks about is flow. If the freedom is right, it will help the piece generate itself; if the freedom is excessive, it will detract from the flow. The piece must always seem to unfold naturally."

Divergence notwithstanding, Goode's relationship with Serkin continued until Serkin's death, in 1991. A letter Serkin wrote to Goode in 1979 evidences the bond that existed between them on more than one level: "I wish we could see each other more often and talk about the really important things in life. . . . With fear and horror I am becoming aware that in two weeks I shall be playing in Lisbon." And he noted in conclusion, "Be happy, reasonably happy."

Goode graduated from Curtis in 1964, when he was twenty-one. It was at that point in his life—a crossroads for a young musician—that his inner dualism met conventional expectations head on. It was taken for granted that he would actively pursue a major solo career and begin to enter competitions—the traditional and most effective ladder toward success. As the pressure to succeed increased, so did his resistance. "I had a revulsion against the idea of ambition," Goode told me. "Sometimes I've felt that I was carrying out somebody else's wish. This, combined with my doubts about myself, resulted in a lack of confidence as a player. Serkin tried to get me to do more solo playing, but I needed other processes to take place before I was able to make that step. I've often felt that simply being on the stage is so difficult for me that my natural love of music forsakes me when I'm there. I always fantasized that I would quit one day. At the same time, I didn't want to give it up. The fact that I was involved in a career was something I almost kept secret from myself. My

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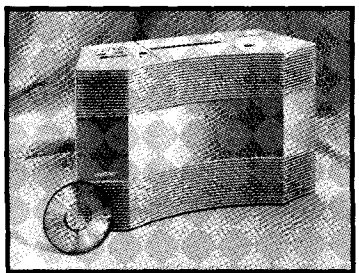

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way of ignoring it—until quite recently—was just to let it happen, and not admit consciously that it was shaping my life in any significant way."

A young musician in America today is confronted by a society that feeds on success—particularly, rapid success. But Richard Goode, by his very nature, was a misfit in the world of high-pressure competitions and managerial promotion. "I was anything but a salesman's dream," Goode says. "I wasn't a great virtuoso; I was a rather serious, intense, sweaty young musician. I played repertoire that many concert sponsors didn't love. And I was at odds with myself." In 1970, when he had been with a New York concert management for four years, the sales representatives called him in to a meeting. Their chairman said, "Richard, your image is still unclear to us. It's hard for us to market you. Are you a scholar with a touch of the poet? Are you a classical pianist with a romantic side? Who *are* you?"

Goode would have had few performing opportunities when he left Curtis had it not been for Charles and Susan Wadsworth. In 1961, Susan had founded Young Concert Artists, a non-profit organization designed to promote the careers of gifted but little-known musicians. Her criterion was artistic merit rather than salability, and she took no commission on her artists' performance fees. While Goode was still at Curtis, she presented him in her first New York series, and continued to find concert engagements for him until he was taken on by commercial management. In 1964, Charles invited him to play at the Spoleto Festival, and five years later he engaged Goode as a founding member of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center.

By this time, Goode had made a decisive turn toward chamber music. "It's a shared experience—a friendly thing to do, because of the company onstage," he says. "I still did occasional solo playing, but I was acutely uncomfortable with it." In 1967, with Serkin's encouragement, Goode had made his London début in Wigmore Hall, with a Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann program. The London *Times* headed its review "UNUSUALLY SUCCESSFUL RECITAL BY YOUNG PIANIST," and commented, "One predicts for Mr. Richard Goode an exceptional career." Goode was furious. He was deeply disturbed that anyone should have words of praise for the travesty he thought he had committed.

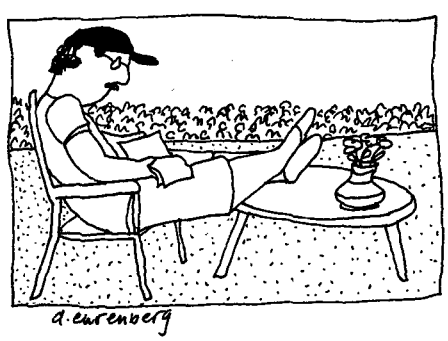
"It was helpful to learn the chamber-music and vocal repertoire so early," Goode told me. "I wasn't boxed in, in a pianistic sense. Thinking in terms of other instruments can immeasurably change the way you play. Take the beginning of Mozart's D-Major Sonata K. 576—a dialogue between horns and flutes. Or the last song of Schumann's 'Frauenliebe und Leben,' a blow of fate—three trombones."

In the Wadsworths' New York apartment, Charles played me a tape, from the 1966 Spoleto Festival, of Schumann's Fantasy Pieces for cello and piano, in which Goode was joined by Jacqueline du Pré. The two had met in Spoleto and formed a close friendship. Their music-making there generated a white heat of excitement. Du Pré afterward called Goode "a life force."

Charles, for his part, was impressed with Goode's way of incessantly exploring the possibilities of interpretation. "A page of music is a living thing to Richard," he told me. "It was typical of him, just before going onstage, to turn to page fourteen and whisper to his colleagues, 'You know, we really make too much crescendo here. We should save it for the next bar—and why don't we take a little more time at the top of the phrase?' "

When I mentioned this to Goode, he said, "I know I can be annoying—very annoying. I once pestered a member of the Boston Symphony Chamber Players about so many details that he told me, 'Richie, this is chamber music. You play your way, I'll play my way.' "

A year or so after graduating from Curtis, Goode returned to Mannes, in order to continue to deepen his understanding of music. He studied conducting with Carl Bamberger and theory with Carl Schachter, with whom he had also worked during the Reisenberg years. "Schachter showed me how each piece is permeated by certain characteristic musical ideas and generated by its own specific kinds of laws," Goode recalled. "For instance, in the 'Pastoral Symphony' there are places where the harmony doesn't change for many bars at a time—Beethoven's intimation of the long, slow cycle of nature. When you view a work from a variety of perspectives and ask 'What is it that makes this piece unique?' you begin to see connections that you wouldn't have thought of before. I had often felt awash in a sea of feelings that music aroused in me. This fuller realization of music as an intellectual object freed me, in a way. It didn't dissolve the mystery of the beauty—it intensified it."



At Mannes, Goode came into contact with Karl Ulrich Schnabel, and, in master classes and private lessons with him, he was drawn into a historical continuum: Mr. Schnabel has preserved the heritage of his father's musicianship without sacrificing his own musical individuality. "He combines an Old World geniality with a scholar's passion for detail," Goode told me. "Like a good Talmudist, he showed me how to understand the text, and how to communicate it. His attitude was that, despite his greater experience, we were both students. One felt that the music had limitless possibilities." Schnabel, too, recalls those lessons. "All great music contains two ingredients—expression and form," he said. "Richard and I worked on combining the two. It's not that he destroyed form—he was just not yet building it. Over the years, his playing has become more substantial and authoritative. Form has become one of his greatest strengths."

In a historic BBC interview in 1935, the composer Ethel Smyth, then in her late seventies, gave this firsthand account of Brahms' piano playing: "Overwhelming in power, it was never noisy, nor what today is called percussive. And when presently, with what he called his tenor thumb, he lifted some warm, tender passage out of the tangle of sound, the look on his face was a thing one never forgot. Best of all, I like to think of his playing Bach's mighty organ fugues, sometimes accompanying himself with a sort of muffled roar, as of Titans moved to sympathy in the bowels of the earth." Goode's playing shares much with this description, and sometimes the roar has gone unmuffled. "Had I not been a pianist, I'd have liked to be a singer,"

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he told me. Anyone who takes Goode's statement as merely figurative should hear him practice. The singing in question would do no credit to Pavarotti; it is an ecstatic humming, a moaning, a keening, a crooning. Little wonder that while Goode was practicing backstage shortly before he was to perform a Beethoven concerto in Naples in 1984, he remained unaware of an earthquake that caused near-panic among the public and the orchestra.

"Singing along was always something of a problem for my father, and it has been for me as well," Mr. Schnabel told me. "One sings along for two possible reasons. First, you still imagine something that is better than you can realize at the keyboard. Second, you don't like what you hear from the orchestra. In Richard's early days, if anything was wrong it was the appearance, not the substance."

The primal freedom of Goode's approach to practicing was carried over in large measure to the more formal precincts of the concert stage. "He is . . . in constant motion, rolling, pouncing, shaking his head, rocking," Harold C. Schonberg wrote in the *Times* in February of 1966; and the London *Times* commented in September of 1973, "A pianist more agreeably heard than seen, so ardently does he exteriorize his feelings—but audibly too."

"Richard's gestures and vocalism were a huge problem," a friend says. "They were distracting to many members of the public and injurious to his career. He was very annoyed when people mentioned this to him. It almost drove him further into it. He felt that people were focussing on the wrong thing."

Other friends take the point of view articulated by the pianist-composer Franklin Latner: "Creativity sometimes demands a rough edge. If Richard had suppressed that jaggedness, his playing might not be what it is today. I'd be respectful of this part of his personality. There's a truthfulness behind it that's frequently lacking in a world that rewards uninhabited music-making."

Bruno Walter tells of the gradual evolution of Mahler's gestures as a conductor from the "astounding mobility" of his early years in Vienna to the "almost uncanny calm" of his late years "with no loss in intensity of effect." Today, Goode's approach to the keyboard has become simpler. The roar, though manifestly yet within him, is generally muted. The change can be credited in part to the demands of recording—which have forced him to control his singing and the piano bench's squeaking—and in part to an economy, a fullness in concision, that comes with maturity.

"I agree that my manner at the piano may have held back my career," Goode said when I raised the point with him. "I think the supreme accomplishment is stillness—not frozen stillness but quiet stillness that's supple and can move in any direction—although I doubt if I could achieve that ideal in *this* life. And it's more gratifying to see somebody doing something with ease than with effort. Stagefright may have played a role: with those gestures, I've tried to throw off a sense of oppression. Sometimes I've felt that it's difficult enough to perform at all—to do it in the approved manner is intolerable."

"BREAK with the outside world, live like a bear," Flaubert wrote. During the sixties and seventies, Goode appeared to have something of the sort in mind. His friends still speak with incredulity of the state of the small West Side apartment he was living in then: the bed in swirls; clothing, music, records, and magazines on art, theatre, and poetry strewn everywhere; and, of course, books, a number of them years overdue at the library. "A tempest of life," says Harry Jensen, who studied with Goode for fifteen years. "The order in Richard is in the intensity of his experience. When he was involved in music, I didn't exist, he didn't exist, time didn't exist. Once, when we had been working on a few measures of Bach for over two hours, we heard a loud crash. A cabinet had fallen off the kitchen wall, and all the crockery lay broken on the floor. Richard continued teaching as if nothing had happened. When I went for my next lesson, two weeks later, the mess was still there, untouched."

"I was intransigent by neglect rather than by design," Goode says. "People looking at me might have thought I was engaged in a certain form of revolt, but I didn't think of myself that way. It's just that I'm horribly disorderly. A lot of what I do is surrounded by chaos."

One casualty—or, depending on one's point of view, distinction—of Goode's

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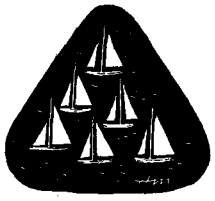
bohemianism was the state of his dress. He is remembered from his bachelor days as "an inspired tatterdemalion" and as being "in the great tradition of clothes crumplers." Appearances on the concert stage with shirttails hanging below his evening jacket or with a safety pin affixed to his music-reading glasses did nothing to dispel such impressions. On one occasion, he had to be sewn into his trousers, which, just before a concert, had split open at the fly. The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center received letters from subscribers wondering why Goode had to sit on the Manhattan telephone directory while he was playing, or wear anklets with his dress suit. "As a performer, one has to appear in reasonably decent attire on certain evenings," Goode says. "That was not impossible for me, but it was a bit of a burden." Some of Goode's efforts to achieve sartorial splendor have passed into legend, such as the time he ran the bath (without pulling the plug) to steam the wrinkles out of his tailcoat and was notified an hour later that the ceiling of the apartment below had collapsed. Or the time he washed his white bow tie, put it in the toaster oven to dry, and then covered the singed places with talcum powder.



Goode's attitude toward money has also been a cause of concern to his friends. Harry Jensen recalls, "I'd pay for my lessons with a check, and he'd ask me to put it in a drawer. The drawer was filled with checks that had never been cashed, some from years back. I tried to pay him with groceries, but he never ate what I left." Children visiting the apartment found money lying about on the floor, and decided that Goode must surely be a very rich man.

GOODE's career as a pianist almost came to an end in 1970, when he and a girlfriend were in an automobile accident in Mexico. The car they were in turned over twice and landed upside down in a riverbed. Miraculously, both escaped serious permanent injury. Goode's injuries included two fractured vertebrae, which required him to wear a back brace for several months, and a severed extensor tendon in his left hand; the glass had just missed cutting two other tendons. "My fourth finger is still a bit of a bother to me," Goode says. "It doesn't always clear the keys in a satisfactory way. With the combination of the hand and the back injuries, I had to train myself to become more economical in my movements when I was playing. Imagine what I was like before 1970!"

A few years earlier—telling almost no one—he had entered his first international competition: the Busoni, in Bolzano, Italy. "I played with cold hands," he told me. "I felt miserable—always the same story, ever since I was ten. But being in the competition was not as painful as I'd expected, because every concert I'd given had required so much psychic energy as to seem virtually like a competition. In the end, I was awarded the second prize. Garrick Ohlsson won the first prize. Having got that far, I was deeply disappointed not to win, but I didn't admit that to myself for several months."

In 1973, at the urging of the eminent pianist Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Goode relented one more time, and entered the Clara Haskil Competition, in Vevey, Switzerland. At thirty, he had almost reached the competition's age limit. ("He had to be dragged there in chains," a friend says.) He played the Mozart D-Minor Concerto in the finals, and this time he won the first prize; Mitsuko Uchida was the runner-up. Thereafter Goode was awarded a number of European engagements, but by that time the odds were against his achieving a major career: he had been before the public for over a decade and was no longer a bright new face. Relatively few knew of the soloist living within the chamber-music player—a situation that his friends tried to remedy.

In 1977, the pianist Shirley Rhoads asked Leonard Bernstein to hear Goode. She told me of the meeting: "After Richard performed Beethoven's Sonata Opus 110 and Brahms' Fantasies Opus 116, Lenny said that Richard's playing was the 'classiest' he had heard in years, and asked him why he wasn't performing Brahms concertos all over the world. Richard was nonplussed. Lenny undoubtedly sensed that Richard himself hadn't yet decided that he wanted a solo career."

"It was a curious interview," Goode told me, even now somewhat abashed at the recollection. "Bernstein's reaction to my playing was encouraging, but I was taken by surprise when he seemed to throw the responsibility back to me. I was very shy about getting into a discussion of psychological problems, which I felt were probably at the root of the whole thing. So we didn't have much of a conversation."

The previous summer, Goode had spent ten days at the Grand Teton Music Festival, in Wyoming. "I felt a sense of freedom, being up in the mountains," he recalls. "I realized that life, hemmed in by the next concert, had become too narrow. I couldn't face it anymore—I had to get off the treadmill." Now he acted on this awareness, and for ten months in 1978 he played no concerts at all. "For much of the time, I was lying fallow," he told me. "I read a lot, went to auctions and art exhibitions, found a new apartment, and practiced without being under constant pressure." While lying fallow, Goode made what was for him a painful decision. He withdrew from the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, despite the intense loyalty he felt toward the colleagues with whom he had worked for a decade. "I realized that chamber music had become a refuge from pursuing something that would be more difficult for me," he said. "It had been the path of least resistance." Bernstein's challenge was beginning to strike home.

In fact, Goode's withdrawal from the Society was only partial—his participation continued, with a reduced commitment, for another decade—but he now began to direct time and energy toward a new goal. Significantly, in 1980 he was awarded the Avery Fisher Prize, which carried with it a solo appearance with the New York Philharmonic. "The prize is given in the nicest possible way," Goode told me. "You don't have to *do* anything to get it—you're just nominated."

EARLY in 1983, Goode and Jay K. Hoffman, who had recently become his personal representative, were returning from Westchester County after looking at a concert hall that Goode had been asked to inaugurate. As they drove along the Saw Mill River Parkway, Hoffman asked Goode which works he would choose if he were given the opportunity to record absolutely anything he wanted. Goode laughed, and said, "Oh, all the Beethoven sonatas." Hoffman said, "Why

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don't I give it a try?" He approached Book-of-the-Month Records with the proposal, and, to Goode's astonishment, it was accepted.

Goode made the first of the Beethoven recordings in the fall of 1983. Because of his critical standards and his unwillingness to regard any performance as definitive, the project wasn't completed until this year, by which time it had been taken over by Elektra Nonesuch Records. "I stretched everyone's endurance to the limit, including my own," Goode says.

During the early stages of the recordings, Goode made a decision that was to have a vital effect on his career: he committed himself to playing all thirty-two Beethoven sonatas in public in a single season. He postponed the project once, but achieved his goal during the 1987-88 season, in a series of seven concerts, which he gave both in Kansas City and at New York's 92nd Street Y.

Learning and performing all the Beethoven sonatas was a watershed in Goode's development. From the first concert, there was a sense among his dedicated New York public that something momentous was taking place. The *Times* described the series as "among the season's most important and memorable events." Hoffman, who had followed Goode's career for many years before they formed their professional relationship, told me, "The fact that Richard had to learn and play all the Beethoven sonatas in a time frame—to make the necessary psychic decision to compress time—forced out certain extraneous things, and gave him, if you will, more power. I contend that with this power came a moment that transformed his career, and that moment was the Sunday afternoon of his first Beethoven recital in New York. The review came out, and suddenly, as if people understood that something important had happened, his management started to get calls from all over the country."

I asked Goode what effect the year's dedication to Beethoven had had on him.

"When you're immersed in Beethoven, you feel that he's right in the center, and everything else is radiating out from him," he said. "There's an enormous sense of room in him. He gives strength to people, because of the hugeness of his heart and his will, his refusal to give way. There's a redemptive force in his music. Its strong shaping power focussed my energies in a way that I hadn't known before. If a composer is great enough, he forces the interpreter in a certain direction. Beethoven forces you in a direction where the parts can't take over the whole. He was fanatically occupied with coherence of design. Like a Roman architect, he made the structures profoundly right; his works are less destructible than those of other composers. If you build a Roman wall, the individual bricks, strong as they are, might not be so important in themselves. Beethoven avoids details that can be diverting—the kind of fantastic, purple detail that one finds so often in Schubert. The spirit is so monumental, the structures are so austere, that I sometimes felt a bit of a sensuous deprivation, and wished there were a little flower growing nearby."

During the series, Goode performed many of the sonatas for the first time, including the "Waldstein" and the "Appassionata." "A benefit of playing so much chamber music was that certain staples of the solo repertoire remained fresh to me," he said. "I had to learn many of the early sonatas. In each of them, Beethoven explored new territory. There's a daring unpredictability in the inspiration. Beethoven's dynamics are often confrontational. He rarely allows his lyric quality, compelling as it is, to go unchallenged for long. He'll often interrupt with a brusque statement, as if to place the surrounding serenity in greater relief. One shouldn't soften those corners. The boldness of these works is most apparent in halls small enough for the powerful passages to sound loud, and not recede into a framework. The *essence* of this music is the bursting out of a framework."

I recalled his May, 1989, Beethoven recital in London's Wigmore Hall, which seats only five hundred and forty. The hall had rocked with the energy of the music, and the response of the audience was a roar, an explosion. "I gather that it was pretty powerful for Wigmore Hall," Goode said, smiling sheepishly. "It may not altogether have been to the English taste."

Sibelius once said that "every note must be experienced." The words are simple; the application—whether by composer or performer—is difficult. In master classes that Goode gave at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver in January of 1991, he was constantly asking questions: "Why do you think Beethoven has marked a sforzando here?" "Where is this chord going to lead?" "What sort of mood do these notes imply?" A student began Beethoven's Sonata Opus 22 with physical bravura, but the music itself lacked character. Goode said, "You have energy in your playing, but not enough comic spirit. It's a question of rhythm—the sort of thing that can't be written down." He then played the passage himself, gathering together the six notes of the opening motif into a more concise group and creating a sense of expectancy during the short rest that precedes the next group. The change was almost imperceptible, but a new rhythmic poise was present. One suddenly understood the idea behind the notes and, hence, behind the movement. Mantegna's Roman soldiers came into focus: they were standing by their wall and were in high spirits.

Goode's way of evoking the mood of each piece, of speaking softly—almost hypnotically, and often forgetful of his auditors—and of finding simple, creative analogies helped free the musculature and the imagination of the young players, even during the short period of time available for the lessons. "Don't think of the fingers at all, but of the movement of the hand and forearm as they take you over two measures," he suggested while teaching one of Schumann's Davidsbündler Dances. "It's a spring song—something gossamer, softly textured, not precisely focussed. Feel the sound as relaxed and serene from within. Imagine the legato line as if it's on a long violin bow, and translate that into whatever gesture will make for the greatest smoothness of flow. The piano will dictate to you unless you tame it. In other words, you create the motion first—a motion that mirrors the musical idea. Then the notes follow."

"Finger playing per se is anathema

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to me," Goode explained to me later, as we trudged through the snow blanketing the campus. "Some pianists' fingers seem almost to be separated from their bodies. The gestural quality gives me the sense of proportion in shaping a phrase, and provides an expressive basis for the whole technique. For me, the actual playing has to come from a somewhat larger gesture than is strictly necessary, because when you aim precisely at the mark you get something smaller and more inflexible than you want."

"He possesses all different touches imaginable," Mme. Auguste Boissier wrote of Liszt, in 1832. "His hands are so limber and pliable that they maintain no definite fixed position. They contact the keys in all manners and forms." Goode follows in a worthy tradition. In the Allegro finale of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 26, his hands will glide almost weightlessly over the keys; in the D-minor Largo of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 10, No. 3, they will seem weighted down, as if, he says, "subject to the gravity of Jupiter." In the fugue of the "Hammerklavier," they stab the keys, dagger-like, from above. As Goode explores the immense range of Beethoven's creativity, no two walls are similar, no brick remains unexperienced.

After a concert in Houston in 1987, a member of the audience came up to him and exclaimed, "Mr. Goode, you *are* Beethoven!"

Goode leaned forward, cupped his hand to his ear, and asked, "What did you say?"

San Francisco was hazy in the winter sunlight as the Goodes and I were driven across the Bay Bridge by the conductor Robert Cole, who is the director of Berkeley's Cal Performances series. It was 11 A.M. on Thursday. Schubert's heavenly lengths had extended beyond the A-Major Sonata's conclusion the previous night: Cole was talking about the melody of the finale, and for Marcia it had replaced the Benedictus from Beethoven's Missa Solemnis. Richard, however, said that he was already thinking in C minor and B-flat major, the keys of the Schubert sonatas for his Berkeley concert.

We arrived at the campus at eleven-thirty and went directly to Hertz Hall, because it would be free that day only until noon, and Goode wanted to choose between two pianos that were available for the concert. One was distinctly brighter in tone; he chose the other, which he called "warmer and gentler." Cole took us on to Zellerbach Hall, where, two flights down, in a storage room at the farthest extremity of the basement, in which many pianos were crammed together, Goode could practice in peace for the next five or six hours. He appeared content to be so safely sequestered.

"The artichoke gives me all the energy I need."

• •

"When I met Richard, I didn't know much about careers," Marcia told me later, over lunch. "I assumed he was doing just what he wanted to do. It was only gradually that I became aware of his desire to do more and yet his fear of it. His ambivalence was like a seesaw. I jumped on one end of the seesaw, and became an advocate for the part of his personality that wanted him to express himself fully. I thought, He can always reject a solo career if he wants to, but why not see what it's like to have the opportunity?"

Marcia's appearance is striking. She is slender and somewhat shorter than Richard, with long, straight dark-brown hair, an almond-shaped face, and a classical Roman nose. If Goode is something of a Rembrandt self-portrait, she is a Duccio Madonna—but a Madonna with a sense of humor. Born Marcia Weinfeld, she was raised in Buffalo, went to Smith College, and, in 1973, took a master's degree at Yale in music performance. She and Richard became acquainted in February of 1983, in Ottawa, when, as a violinist in the National Arts Centre Orchestra, she participated in a chamber-music concert in which he also performed. "At the first rehearsal, Richard came into the hall and greeted us," she told me. "There was something about his voice and his presence—this sounds corny, but I just fell in love with him, even before he began to play. I didn't know how to flirt with him. I saw that he had come with a plastic bag full of books, so the next day I brought with me something I'd been reading by Elias Canetti. After the rehearsals, we would go with the other musicians for a bite to eat. As the week went on, the number of people going out together dwindled, until Richard and I found ourselves alone. He flew up to visit me several times during the next few months. In August, I sold everything and put myself on a plane for New York. I had never met anybody connected with Richard, nor had I ever seen where he lived. I loved him—what more did I need to know? He tells me that he made a huge effort to clean up his apartment for me but that my face fell when I saw the kitchen. That was immaterial. Richard was there, and all this richness surrounding him. I still haven't explored all the books and records. I

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still don't know quite what's going on there."

The consensus among Goode's friends had been that he would probably never get married. His relationships with women usually ran in seven-year cycles. (No matter how dishevelled Goode became, he was always successful in attracting women.) And Goode—who was not known for being decisive, or for allowing himself to be imprisoned by the traditional forms of things—remained irresolute. One of his previous girlfriends had given him an ultimatum, with the result that he backed out of the relationship. "I found that instructive," Marcia said. "I wasn't going to make the same mistake. It was already a huge commitment for him when we decided to live together. He had never before invited anyone to share his apartment. I wasn't worried about marriage; I was sure that things would work out." (Later, when I raised the subject with Goode, he said, "Even though I knew I had met the right person in Marcia, marriage was very hard for me to accept. But resistance has its own law: you can hold on just so long. Among other things, marriage was a great relief to me—the relief of throwing off the burden of resisting it.") "Richard didn't want a big wedding," Marcia said. "The production aspect of it would have been almost as frightening as the marriage itself." On April 10, 1987, they embarked on two adventures: a first-time ferry ride to Staten Island, and marriage in its pleasant borough hall.

After lunch, I took a stroll and happened to look into the University Press bookstore. There was Goode, in his overcoat and woollen cap, quietly absorbed, as he always is while he scans bookshelves. I was surprised to see him, yet his presence seemed inevitable. He looked at me rather guiltily and said that he had only come out for a cup of coffee but hadn't been able to resist the bookstore when he passed it on his way. Armed with *The Yale Review*, a book for Marcia about the Missa Solemnis, and a double espresso, he returned to his practicing.

That evening, a friend of the Goodes joined us for dinner at the Chez Panisse Café. Richard ordered a bottle of Lamborn Zinfandel, and sampled something from each of our plates. Presently, he began talking about one of the more arcane of his wide-ranging interests. "Swamps fascinate me," he said, and a glint came into his eyes. "I guess the personal parallel isn't hard to find. For some reason, whenever I propose a tour of the swamps of New Jersey, Marcia always has something else to do. But don't laugh. Swamps happen to have the highest concentration of life—plant, animal, amphibian—of any environment on the planet."

I asked if he had ever visited a swamp.

"No—actually, I haven't," Goode said. "I just think about them. After all, I married a woman named Marcia. There must be something in that."

He changed the subject to Schubert and the voice: "If we come down to it, people love to play Schubert because they love to sing. One associates Schubert with the lied, and Chopin with Italian bel canto. It's terribly important to imagine ideal vocal shape, and not to fall into the habit of equalizing things that aren't meant to be equal. When I was ten, I was tremendously taken with recordings of Cantor Rosenblatt. In fact, at Curtis they said that when I sang solfège exercises I sounded like a cantor."

"So that's why you sing when you play," his friend said.

Goode seemed less than pleased at this and fell speechless for a long moment.

"At least you play when you sing," I ventured, and he exploded with laughter.

On Friday morning, during breakfast, Goode received a call from his agent in London, who was pressing him to agree to perform all the Beethoven sonatas there and in several other European cities. Goode would not commit himself. "A legacy of my chamber-music career is that I haven't yet caught up with the solo repertoire," he told me. "There are still so many works I'd like to play; I need time to learn them."

At the hall, later that morning, Goode checked the lighting and the positioning of the piano. The concert was sold out, and stage seats were being set up. Marcia asked that they be arranged so that nobody would be in Richard's line of vision. The day would be consecrated to Schubert: the Sonata in C Minor, which Goode had characterized as "intensely dramatic," and the one in B-flat, "a lyrical transformation."

ON July 3, 1822, the twenty-five-year-old Schubert had a dream so impressive that he took the unusual step of writing down his recollection of it. It is a unique document:

> I was deeply and lovingly devoted to [my family]. Once my father took us to a feast . . . and bade me enjoy the delicious dishes. But I could not, whereupon he became angry, and banished me from his sight. . . . I wandered into far-off regions, my heart filled with infinite love. . . . The news of my mother's death reached me. . . . We followed her body in sorrow. . . . Then my father once more took me to his favorite garden. . . . Did the garden please me? I denied it, trembling. At that, my father struck me, and I fled. . . . I again wandered far away. For many years I sang songs. Whenever I attempted to sing of love, it turned to pain. And again, when I tried to sing of pain, it turned to love.
>
> Thus were love and pain divided in me.
>
> And one day I had news of a gentle maiden who had just died. And a circle formed around her grave in which many youths and old men moved as though in everlasting bliss. . . . Heavenly thoughts seemed forever to be showered on the youths from the maiden's gravestone, like fine sparks, producing a gentle rustling. . . . I went to the gravestone with slow steps and lowered gaze, filled with devotion and firm belief, and before I was aware of it, I found myself in the circle, which uttered a wondrously lovely sound; and I felt as though eternal bliss were gathered together into a single moment. My father too I saw, reconciled and loving.

I have quoted the essential narrative of the dream not to suggest that any Schubert composition adheres to it programmatically, or to set forth any psychological hypothesis, but because, more than any source I know, it expresses in words the kind of journey on which Schubert takes us in his last sonatas.

That evening, as I walked in the darkness with Goode across the university campus toward Hertz Hall, he stumbled and almost fell. Obviously disconcerted, a moment later he dropped his bag of music and books on the ground. "When I'm on tour, I'm forced to hold myself together in a certain delicate equilibrium," he had said to me that morning. "It's when the tour ends and I return to normal life that I realize how enormous the tension has been." We arrived at the hall without further incident, and I left him to carry out his pre-concert rituals.

The C-Minor Sonata begins with a forceful, Beethoven-like gesture—Goode seized on it impetuously—but then the music sets out in directions quite unlike Beethoven: slithery pia-

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nissimo chromatic scales, which Goode has likened to "a fast ride in a sled on a chilly wintry night, with some sort of fearful pursuit"; an agitated, unsettlingly fragmented Menuetto; a finale in the relentless rhythm of the tarantella, sister movement to the finale of the "Death and the Maiden" Quartet. Sinister forces invade even the requiem-like slow movement. Goode's performance plumbed a dark disquietude that often rose to a pitch of harrowing confrontation.

After the intermission and Debussy's preludes came Schubert's last sonata, the one in B-flat major. Goode had told me of Karl Ulrich Schnabel's description of its opening theme: "There are some melodies that float, and some that are on the earth. This one is perfectly poised between the two." The liedlike melody, which Goode set forth as though it had no bar lines, is interrupted by long pianissimo trills deep in the bass, which are followed by enigmatic rests. These trills are not mere ornaments; they are more like the murmurs of lurking furies. Goode led us unerringly through this strange dialogue of light, shadow, and silence. Because the movement is unusually long, pianists rarely make the optional repeat of its opening section. But Goode did, and it was a choice determined less by musicology than by high drama. There is an extraordinary transition passage—it remains unplayed if the repeat is not observed—in which, for the only time in the movement, the trill is declaimed fortissimo. Goode brought this transition to an abrupt, alarming climax and then let loose the furies in all their terrible grandeur. The silence that followed seemed a colossus astride an infinity. When the lied melody returned, it seemed even more consoling than before, and the whispered trills more ominous. With the repeat, the spatial dimensions became almost those of a Bruckner symphony, but we had become wanderers with Schubert and gladly travelled the terrain again. Goode held the architecture together by means of a subtle rhythmic flexibility that flowed with the dramatic gradients. The sense of organic growth reminded me not so much of any other pianist as of the conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler.

The slow movement was a rite of passage, sublime and mysterious. The Scherzo was angelic and childlike; the finale, hovering between minor and major, juxtaposed menace and radiant song. When the journey had come to an end, Goode received a standing ovation. But, more than ever, he was not there. The audience, knowingly or not, was applauding not the unassuming, bearlike pianist but the bespectacled man of five feet two inches who on November 19, 1828, in his thirty-second year, seven weeks after completing this last instrumental essay on the division of love and pain, turned to the wall and said, "Here, here is my end."

IN its days of grandeur, the building in which the Goodes live was the home of Mary Pickford. Much of the ornate molding from 1910 still exists, but the floors have long since been divided into apartments; the Goodes live in two rooms and an eat-in kitchen. It takes a certain determination for two musicians to function successfully in such a relatively small space. "I practice in the bedroom, and often we practice simultaneously," Marcia told me recently, when I visited them there.

"This took some getting used to," Goode said, and he added, "What we really need is a two-bedroom apartment over a fantastic restaurant where the owner knows us, loves us, and feeds us for the price of a recital or two a year."

Goode gave me a tour of his books. Most (aside from seven trunkloads in the building's basement) are not only shelved but categorized. "Since my marriage, the book collecting has become both more virulent and more ordered," he said. An L-shaped entrance hallway is lined with bookcases devoted to fiction (double shelved), essays, biography, theatre, cinema, travel, science, and history. Moving into the living room—or what could more aptly be called the piano room—one finds poetry, music, and art. In the bedroom there's a shelf for literary criticism, and most of the kitchen cabinets are filled with musical scores. Every horizontal surface, including the piano, is covered with a miscellany of music, books, and art works. "Richard is often attracted to some object but doesn't bother to think about where it might go," Marcia said. "He has wonderful taste in individual things but no concept of the total." Goode's favorite among his eclectic art collection is a nineteenth-century Japanese ceramic piece, which he bought twelve

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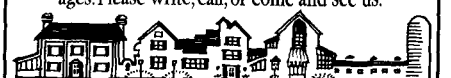

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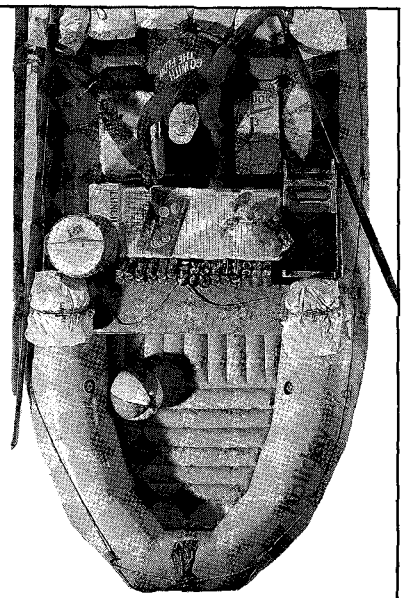

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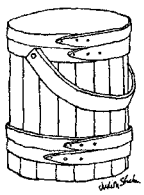
years ago. It's a brooding monk about seven inches high, cradling one knee, with a somewhat simian aspect and fashioned with precision and delicacy. "Nobody else seems to like him," Goode said. "He's half human, half animal. Perhaps he's a mythological figure. He's eloquent, in a way; he has a look of remorse—of sorrow for what might have been."

These days, Goode plays recitals in the major halls of the world, but he still prefers a church in Litchfield, Connecticut, to Carnegie Hall any time. In reference to his forthcoming tours, his first thought is not of concert halls but of bookstores: Powell's, in Portland; the Tattered Cover, in Denver; Blackwell's, in Oxford. "Do you want to know what the high point of my career was?" he asked, the glint appearing. "It was in 1981, when I went to Rio de Janeiro for the first time. I was soloist with the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. As soon as we got there, I came down with a fever and had to go to bed. When I awoke, it was evening. I felt groggy, but I thought I'd go out for a walk. I went through a dark alleyway and suddenly came upon a large, illuminated square. Magical lights were twinkling everywhere. It was a book fair. I thought I had died and gone to Heaven."



Although Goode seldom finds time for chamber music now, he takes special pleasure in giving recitals with the soprano Dawn Upshaw when their schedules permit. "The song texts—for instance, in Schubert and Wolf—give a whole world of imagery that's reflected in the piano parts," he told me. "The challenge is to create the largest range of feelings in three or four minutes. I've always been attracted to concision, to density, to having every note charged with feeling. That's also the way I read lyric poetry. The most fulfilling thing you can do is to create these different worlds of expression. After all, we pianists need all the help we can get, the piano being a miraculously limited instrument—limited in such fundamental ways that it stimulates the imagination no end."

I asked Goode what advice he would give a young musician. He thought for a moment or two, and replied, "I don't know how helpful it may be, but I'll give the only answer I can: Pay attention to your deepest response to music, get as close to it as possible. I don't think there is an external path to something like that. Your strength as a performer comes from where your need is—from saying the things in music you really have to say. Audiences will respond to that—they hear the accent of honest feeling."

Goode is an aficionado of old recordings, and they are amassed in his piano room. If he still venerates the masters of the past, he has come to realize over the years that he has something to say in his own right. "I've felt it best to get back to my basic instincts about music-making, about how to get the piano to sing like a human voice," he told me. "This really started happening about ten years ago. I've found that I can go out onstage and speak through the instrument in a very direct and simple way. When that happens, giving concerts is wonderful, and I feel that this is really what I should be doing. But at other times—even now, when, as they say, my career has been taking off—the stagefright comes to me as strongly as ever. Often, it's a horizon of darkness, tension, and anxiety. But you have to try to let the music express itself even when you don't feel up to it. As Serkin said, 'It's no trick to play well when you're not nervous.'

"A few years ago, I dreamed that I was standing before a large bookcase. From a vast collection of books on music, I chose biographies of three composers—Berlioz, Mahler, and Sibelius. Actually, I love Sibelius, but I have very mixed feelings about Berlioz and Mahler. However, it's striking that all three of these composers have one thing in common: they never wrote anything significant for the piano. I've always fantasized that one day I'd quit playing in public. Every three weeks or so, I tell Marcia that there must be a better way to live. After all, why should we always be under the shadow of this experience? We could go to a small town and open a bookstore. But then I'd have to part with the books. I don't know if I could do that."

—David Blum

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POPULAR MUSIC

Girl Trouble

THE literary critic Elaine Showalter has divided women's writing into three eras: Feminine, Feminist, and Female. The Feminine phase, from 1840 to 1880, included the various women who took on male pseudonyms—George Sand, George Eliot, Acton, Currer, and Ellis Bell—and who, Showalter says in her essay "Toward a Feminist Poetics," "wrote in an effort to equal the intellectual achievements of male culture, and internalized its assumptions about female nature." In other words, these writers accepted the status quo, so that the feminist content of their work has to be read "between the lines, in the missed possibilities of the text." The Feminist stage, lasting from 1880 to 1920, could be epitomized by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, the American writer who, in the gothic novella "The Yellow Wallpaper," told of a woman driven to insanity by the restrictions imposed on her by male-dominated society. The Female phase, ongoing since 1920, rejects "both imitation and protest—two forms of dependency—and turn[s] instead to female experience as the source of an autonomous art."

It would be hard to place today's vast array of music by women under any one of those rubrics, especially since progress in this field has not been particularly linear. And, besides, for every self-determined singer/songwriter/producer/musician, like Sinéad O'Connor or Debbie Gibson, there's a Galatea, like Whitney Houston, who would probably not have a career if her producers were to abandon her. And what are we to make of MTV babies like Paula Abdul and Janet Jackson, who don't have much of a hand in songwriting but otherwise seem completely in charge of directing their wide-ranging, videogenic careers? Any assumptions we might make about a given female act's politics—to say that this one is truly feminist, while that one is just kowtowing to male desire—seem easy to dismiss when one of the dream girls from the sunshiny singing group Wilson Phillips can say of its new album, "I think it's important that we really come from a place of strength in our songs. Especially now, with all the upheaval about women being taken advantage of in the workplace, sexual harassment and everything that's been going on recently." That these soft-spoken crooners can assert themselves in political terms while the agitprop artist Tracy Chapman sings on her new album, "If there's a battle, I hope my head always defers to my heart," should indicate that when it comes to women in music one size certainly does not fit all, and that even the scope of a single artist's work has more variations and inconsistencies than any simple label can encompass. And despite the anger and outrage expressed in so much of the work of female musicians these days—especially that of the folky protest singers and the hard-core thrash bands with names like Dickless and Bikini Kill—I'd like to think that by virtue of sheer numbers and range women's music is at last in its Female phase, which is to say that it is unapologetically and without explanation an art form of its own.

Despite what is legitimately seen as a backlash against women in all of society, and despite the sense one frequently gets that MTV is just one long advertisement for silicone breast implants, woman artists within rock music seem to have achieved a confidence among themselves that goes well beyond the need to shout slogans. In the mid-seventies, Joni Mitchell, in her epic "Don't Interrupt the Sorrow," recorded the oppressiveness of thousands of years of patriarchal culture ("Don't interrupt the sorrow/Darn right/He says 'We walked on the moon/You be polite' "); today, Johnette Napolitano, of the post-punk Los Angeles band Concrete Blonde, can cover James Brown's "It's a Man's, Man's, Man's World," giving it an ironic interpretation that emphasizes the second half of the chorus—the part that says "But it wouldn't mean nothing without a woman or a girl"—and turns Brown's misogyny into a feminist anthem. In this way, Joni Mitchell's discouraged sorrow has been replaced by a dynamic and full-bodied sense of rage (and humor) that is absolutely womanly without falling prey to the desperation or whininess that some say is typical of women's music. Instead of being male-centered (Feminine) or male-bashing (Feminist), it is, above all, pro-female.

While the many impressive women who front their own bands prove how far we've come, an even stronger index of change is the number of women who just play in other people's bands, strumming their rhythm guitars, banging their drums, or plucking their basses—acting in supporting roles and not trying to draw special attention to themselves as women. Being a bit player who avoids the bright lights may not seem revolutionary, but for women in rock and roll it is a great accomplishment. Despite all kinds of discrimination, there have always been a few exceptional women leading their own bands—the tough girl as front woman is a rock icon of long standing, as a Patti Smith or a Chrissie Hynde proves—but when women can just blend in as the foot soldiers and working musicians that make up the bulk of the rock-and-roll industry, it's a sign of true, understated progress. While Kim Gordon, of Sonic Youth, and Kim Deal, of the Pixies, occasionally take the vocal lead, what they mostly do is play bass; Georgia

The Haves and the Have-Nots

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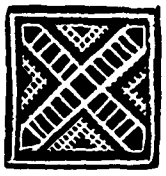
Hubley, of the Hoboken-based Yo La Tengo, and Janet Beveridge Bean, of Eleventh Dream Day, have lovely voices, but they seem to prefer to pound on their drum sets. Certainly most rock musicians are still men, but back in the sixties just about the only woman playing an instrument other than an acoustic guitar was Moe Tucker—the very name recalls the pseudonyms George Eliot and George Sand—who worked as the Velvet Underground's drummer.

While individual female instrumentalists are finally moving up in the music business, this has been a very good year for all-female or mostly female bands. In a recent article in *Newsweek* about the feeding frenzy to sign grimy punk bands from places like Cincinnati and Lawrence, Kansas, in the wake of Nirvana's unexpected and alarming success, three groups highlighted as being wooed for the big bucks were Hole, L7, and Babes in Toyland. (They signed with DGC, Slash, and Warner Brothers, respectively.) Because these bands are loud, abrasive, angry, obnoxious—and still, somehow, kind of *girlish*—their movement has been dubbed "foxcore" by Thurston Moore, of Sonic Youth. The women in L7, who are the first of this unholy trinity to make their major-label début, with the recently released "Bricks Are Heavy," have expressed more than a little displeasure with the term "foxcore." "All these girl bands are cropping up, which I think is cool," Jennifer Finch, L7's bassist, told the Los Angeles *Times* last summer. "It's a shame we all get lumped together as 'foxcore,' because stylistically, we're very different. It's like lumping black bands together or Mexican bands or bands with Asian people in them. It's sexist, it's narrow-minded, and it stinks."

Finch may have a point about sexism—"fox" is, after all, a demeaning term for women. But there may be some justification for throwing these groups into the same lot: after all, it has generally been the case that women's impulses when it comes to music have not been to get onstage and thrash, scream, and smash their guitars, so the few who do so probably share at least some of the same recessive genes. There have been all-female punk or metal bands in the past—X-Ray Spex, Girlschool, the Raincoats, the Slits, and the Runaways, to name just a few—but none of them ever got beyond the margins to make major-label deals (although two former members of the Runaways, Lita Ford and Joan Jett, have enjoyed scattershot successes as solo artists). Traditionally, if an all-female band wanted to sign on the dotted line for big money its members had to doll themselves up a bit first: while legend has it that the Go-Go's and the Bangles got their starts in the sweaty, pink-haired demimonde of the Los Angeles punk scene, by the time they were singing "We Got the Beat" and "Walk Like an Egyptian" they were pretty girls with snappy hit songs who looked good on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. The recent deals made by L7 and its cohort mark the first time that the record industry has allowed its women to stay ugly on their way up.



In the case of L7, who are also from Los Angeles, part of the reason the band's integrity has not been much compromised is that their pop instincts are better developed than any of the members are likely to admit. "Wargasm," the first track on "Bricks Are Heavy"—which includes a sample from Yoko Ono, who is often cited as an influence by many of these hard-core women—dismisses the Gulf War with a sort of sharp wit and caustic bop that's more likely to be palatable to the opposition than the earnest antiwar songs that most of us are used to. "Wargasm, wargasm 1-2-3/Tie a yellow ribbon round the amputee/Masturbate, watch it on TV/Crocodile tears for the refugee," Donita Sparks sings at the song's start, and she concludes with "Body bags and dropping bombs/The Pentagon knows how to turn us on." "Pretend We're Dead," which sounds like a hit single, bemoans the apathy and despair of youth culture with a chorus of harmonizing vocals, sneering whispers, and a kazoo-like guitar riff that is surprisingly pretty for this otherwise rough-edged album. "Shitlist" is Sparks' warning about what she does to people who get on her nerves. "Diet Pill" is a bitterly humorous study in escapist female rage ("Calgon can't take me away," Sparks screams), a topic rarely touched on in rock music or anywhere at all. (Female sorrow, female suffering, female desperation, and P.M.S. in its many varieties have all been overdone, but rage of the destructive, nasty kind seems to be a male preserve.) These songs set the tone for all of "Bricks Are Heavy": it is full of tuneful, catchy numbers with memorable choruses and verses that rhyme—which just happen to be played out to a din of grungy, fast guitars.

On the surface, L7 may seem to be a female version of Nirvana, the most successful of the Seattle-based grunge bands. The two groups have worked with the same producers, and even the large, hollow, reverberating sound that is a big part of Nirvana's appeal (and was supposedly achieved by putting the microphones *behind* the speakers) comes through in "Bricks Are Heavy." But the similarities between L7 and Nirvana—particularly the knack of disguising angry, subversive messages in appealing pop formulas—should help highlight once and for all just what an unusual and inimitable find Nirvana was, and just how understandable that group's success really is, despite attempts to pin it to marketing ploys or to dismiss it as chance or voodoo. I know that many people find Nirvana loud and unlistenable, but to my ears the band actually has much more in common with master tunesters like the Beatles than it does with the punk tradition that seems to have spawned it. As some radio promotion man trying to sound clever might say, Nirvana's album "Nevermind" has more hooks than all the fishermen in Puget Sound put together. As good as L7 is, it's no Nirvana. While "Pretend We're Dead," "Wargasm," and "One More Thing," which is sung by Jennifer Finch (who has a surprisingly soft and lovely voice), all have hit potential, nothing here is irresistible. There's no song on this album with an instrumental break that's likely to be playing over and over again when Olympic highlights are broadcast on late-night TV this summer. On its last EP, "Smell the Magic" (Sub Pop), L7 had a song called "Shove," which really could have been a hit along the lines of Nirvana's No. 1 song, "Smells Like Teen Spirit." Like the Nirvana song, "Shove" is catchy in a way that grabs you off guard; it's a little too fuzzy and distorted to sound like something millions of people could sing along to, and yet if it had been released by a major label that could perhaps have happened. "Shove" is also about that neglected subject female rage, and has a recitation of complaints and some chants of the word "Shove!" which follow a riff that sounds

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very much like the Chambers Brothers' psychedelic sixties hit "Time Has Come Today." It also has a screechy guitar lead, and a garbled vocal workout from Suzi Gardner that shows real conviction, to say the least, and proves beyond any doubt that girls can rock just as hard as any macho heavy-metal band. In the final verse, Gardner rants, "Some guy just pinched my ass/Drunken bums ain't got no class/The club says we won't get paid/It's been months since I've been laid/Get out of my way or I might shove/Get out of my way or I'm gonna shove."

These are not idle threats you'd get from a singing Barbie doll, and the simple fact that L7 feels free to state (or overstate) its aggression marks progress of a sort, but sometimes the band seems to be trying much too hard to prove that it's not the Go-Go's, just as Kat Bjelland, of Babes in Toyland, often seems to be trying to prove through her onstage caterwauling just what a big noise a very little person can make. When L7 recently played at the Marquee here in New York, the band members spent a lot of time cursing and trying to sound snide and clever between songs: after arriving a half hour late, Suzi Gardner screamed, "Sorry I'm late, but I'm not an alarm clock, I'm just a fucking entertainer," and after other members threw in various sarcastic apologies for wearing half-torn T-shirts or taking too long to tune their instruments Jennifer Finch got in the last word by saying, "Sorry for being here at all." Not only is this sort of anti-audience byplay an insult to the wrong people—the fans—but it's also been done far too often to seem anything but staged. "Bricks Are Heavy" is such a good—and tough and brave and angry—album that it should be allowed to speak for itself.

THE greatest strengths of L7 as songwriters are also the band's weakness. Almost all of its songs have an amazingly consistent smart-ass humor—these women never seem to run out of angry, pointed punch lines. Their repertoire consists entirely of anti-establishment protests and witty portraits of characters living on the edge of the edge of life. ("She wakes up wet in a shower stall/So together, bangs her head on a wall. . . . He's got a car that goes real fast/He's got a life but it won't last," Sparks sings in "Deathwish," from "Smell the Magic.") But the women seem to draw a complete blank when it comes to personal matters; in fact, their most personal song is a funny bit about masturbation ("I've got my broomstick, baby/I've got my paperback novel"). Still, there's really nothing wrong with this—the Sex Pistols and the Clash weren't exactly introspective types—and it seems perfectly reasonable that L7 wants to focus its energies on the public world rather than the private self.

On the other end of the spectrum is Hole, a band whose material seems completely absorbed in the macabre and morbid details of the personal life of the band's lyricist and singer, Courtney Love. While L7 is definitely a group effort—Donita Sparks seems to dominate, but she hasn't developed any cult of personality, nor does she seem to want one—Hole is pretty much all about Courtney, who comes onstage in her thrift-shop rags, flirts with the audience, and gladly plays up her burned-out-platinum-blonde sex appeal. What she seems determined to do is not so much to rock as hard as the guys as to prove that by virtue of being a woman she already does rock harder than any group of men, most of whom are just rehashing old riffs, because there's hardly anything new and exciting for a male rocker to do in 1992. For Courtney Love, being a girl—and she would enjoy being called a girl—is an advantage that no one in her right mind would fight against. So, while anyone's first instinct would be to say that L7 and Hole are operating in the same genre, I actually think that Courtney Love has more in common with Joni Mitchell—whose "Both Sides Now" Hole covers, grunge-style—or any of the other traditional singer-songwriters than she does with the women of foxcore. Her subjects tend to be relationships, drugs, abortion, and pain, and she explores the place of fallen women—the sluts and bad girls and junkies—with an unapologetic bluntness that offers both a voyeuristic thrill and an extreme sense of catharsis. By the time you've listened to all of "Pretty on the Inside" (Caroline), you're likely to go from thinking that Courtney Love is a freak of nature who needs to take voice lessons to having a real sense of empathy with her.

In fact, "Pretty on the Inside" is such a cacophony—full of such grating, abrasive, and unpleasant sludges of noise—that very few people are

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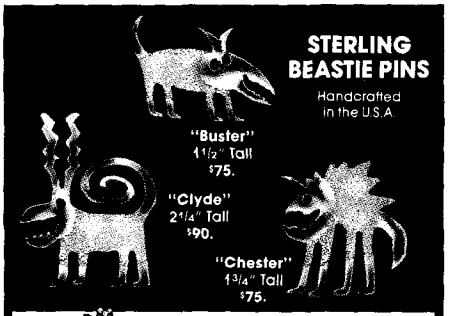

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likely to get through it once, let alone give it the repeated listenings it needs for you to discover that it's probably the most compelling album to have been released in 1991. It's no wonder that Madonna, who now has her own record label, was one of the many executives who courted Hole. All the experiences that Love describes in her smoky holler are presented with a characteristic nonchalance, which makes a large part of the horror just the fact that there is no horror. In "Mrs. Jones," a doctor, after botching an abortion ("It takes an hour like this to make me want to live"), promises his bleeding patient, "Don't worry, don't worry baby, you will never stink so bad again." On "Loaded," when Love talks about putting on "the crown that you get for falling down," like the Sissy Spacek character in "Carrie," once again it seems that, in the conflict between pride and shame, pride definitely wins out.

Of course, none of this is new. If the message about being a bad girl and proud of it has not penetrated the collective consciousness in any other way, ten years of Madonna has rid most of us of our ability to be terribly shocked. Still, Hole strikes a fresh chord. It may have to do with a very powerful innocence that comes across on "Pretty on the Inside." Even though the songs are about so many jaded experiences, you never quite lose the feeling that Courtney Love, like the naughty heroines of such films as "Rambling Rose" and "Poison Ivy," really does just want to be loved. This feeling may be partly the result of knowing that Courtney Love recently married Kurt Cobain (the songwriter and lead singer of Nirvana) and is now pregnant. They are buying a Victorian house in Seattle, and while it seems premature to be celebrating their domestic bliss there's something romantic about a pair of wild and unmanageable rock-and-rollers trying to settle down in such a normal, conventional way. It seems almost quaint. A cover story about Love and Cobain in the April issue of the magazine *Sassy* says, "It is so nice to see a multiplatinum rock star in love with an opinionated, feminist, ambitious rocker, not some supermodel in a boob tray." It gives you the sense that maybe they're just middle-class kids from broken homes (both are children of divorce) who are looking for a safe haven and a real sense of family now that they're adults. Whatever the psychological underpinnings of the Cobain-Love union, something about it gives everything that both Hole and Nirvana do a strangely normal gloss of hopefulness. In speaking about "Pretty on the Inside," Courtney Love has said, "I censored myself. I didn't put any songs on the LP that I knew were pretty." Maybe love and marriage will add a new dimension to Hole's major-label début.

IF I had to pick the girl group that is most likely to succeed on its own terms, it would have to be the Breeders, a quintet led by the Pixies' bass player, Kim Deal (this time on guitar and vocals), and including her twin sister, Kelley Deal, on guitar; Tanya Donelly, of Throwing Muses, also on guitar; Josephine Wiggs, of Perfect Disaster, on bass and cello; and a lone guy, Mike Hunt, banging the drums. Anyone who has been following the career of the Pixies, a Boston-based garage band, for any length of time knows that their most interesting and underused asset is Kim Deal. By far the best song the band ever recorded is "Gigantic," on "Surfer Rosa," an interracial love story that uses a combination of genuine bewilderment and hysterical whimsy—along with a heavy, grungy guitar sound that contrasts with Deal's soft, sweet, almost innocent vocals—to create a song that's still fresh and appealing a good four years after it was first recorded. It has often occurred to me that the Pixies could surpass their status as alternative-radio darlings and become the big hit band they deserve to be if Black Francis, the lead singer, would just hand his job over to Deal. In the Breeders—the band was named both for a grade-Z horror movie and for a gay slang term for straight people—Deal finally gets her chance.

While the band's début album, "Pod," was good but unremarkable, its new four-song EP, "Safari" (4AD/Elektra), has the kind of eccentric, exotic pop sensibility that's so infectious and so much fun to listen to that everyone I've played it for asks to hear it over and over again. Like that of most great rock and roll, the ecstasy of the Breeders is hard to describe in words, but perhaps the band's strongest quality is a curiosity that is conveyed in all the songs—a childlike interest in how the world works, why guitars make the sounds they do, why fools fall in love, why drums can be loud and voices can be soft. The same wide-eyed wonder that made "Gigantic" such a memorable song for the Pixies is in everything the Breeders do. This is apparent right from the first cut on the EP, "Do You Love Me Now?," which is full of questions about how to handle a relationship that's over. As a swirl of sonic impulses plays, Deal's voice comes across with a cuteness that makes it easy to forget that she's describing a broken heart, and this disguised emotion adds to the pathos: the little bit of sorrow peeking out is much stronger than any overwrought onslaught would be.

The Breeders' talent is most potently revealed through their use of the simplest chords, and of occasional bursts of crackly guitar fuzz mixed with very pretty lines of melody, all of which produce an original sound that is likely to confound people who think you need synthesizers and samplers and MIDIs and drum machines and ninety-six tracks in the studio—none of which would create songs nearly as hypnotic as what the Breeders do with just the basics. One of the things that garage rock tends to prove—even in the case of the Breeders, who are thoroughly pop—is that talent still supersedes technology. Because the Breeders have such an unusual sound, it would be hard to peg the band to any one influence—you can hear the jangle of Buddy Holly and the Crickets, the pop psychedelia of Tommy James and the Shondells, the dark side of the Ronettes, and the light side of the Who—but, like Nirvana, their ability to mix facile pop with provocative rock strongly recalls the Beatles. (The Breeders actually cover "Happiness Is a Warm Gun" on "Pod.") At any rate, though the women of the Breeders say they'd be perfectly satisfied if they were viewed as another silly girl group, like the Bangles or the Go-Go's, they are more likely to be seen as pioneers of a new hybrid: garage-pop, or grungy music that's still plenty of fun.

THE singing trio Wilson Phillips has struck me from the first as far too easy a target. Although more than

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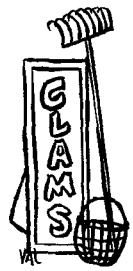
eight million people bought the California girls' 1990 début album, "Wilson Phillips," the group was disparaged and roundly dismissed by music critics, and Sinéad O'Connor—who herself refused to appear on the Grammy Awards, because she felt they were part of the commercial, capitalist system that was responsible for things like the Gulf War—expressed disgust that "Wilson Phillips" was nominated for Album of the Year. The vocal mixture of Chynna Phillips and the sisters Wendy and Carnie Wilson was thought to be too produced, too "studio" slick, too gooey, too easy, too pretty—in short, just too Lite FM. Christopher Connelly wrote in a *Rolling Stone* feature that Wilson Phillips seemed to come from a place "where all the leaves are green and the sky is always blue." But before Wilson Phillips even recorded a note, the nepotistic nature of their origins—they are the daughters of a Mama and a Papa and a Beach Boy—made their whole career a bit suspect. Having heard the album too early in its release to know just how uncool it was to like it, I always had to admit that I liked it a lot. While the women of Wilson Phillips would never be the funky divas of the all-girl dance-pop group En Vogue or the Latina sirens of Sweet Sensation, their gift for harmony, even if it was souped up in the studio, was as strong as anyone might expect from the descendants of two of the premier California dream-rock bands of the sixties—groups for whom the use of whirly vocal prettiness was more important than any of the fancy, fast-handed electric-guitar leads or extended drum solos that were being pioneered by so many other bands at the time. The album "Wilson Phillips" was just a collection of predictable pop songs about boys and girls, but it was soothing in its lushness—the perfect album for summer sunshine, and also a not half-bad cure for the summertime blues. As a suicide-prevention anthem the hit single "Hold On" might have been too lighthearted for anyone way over the edge, but as a Top Forty radio pick-me-up it worked fine. While it was an obvious reflex for people in the know to dismiss Wilson Phillips as frothy babes in La-La Land, they seemed to be forgetting that the rest of what was on the pop charts at the time—C + C Music Factory, Gloria Estefan, Vanilla Ice, Mariah Carey, M. C. Hammer, Whitney Houston—was not exactly what you'd call deep stuff. Sometimes I wonder what people expect from pop music.



As for the unbearable lightness of Wilson Phillips' subject matter, this seems to be one of those situations in which a girl can't win no matter what: sing about boys and love, and you're branded a bubblehead; sing about peace and love, and you're called politically correct, strident, humorless. Again, I'm not quite sure what people expect. The standard song formulas for what are now considered the great girl groups—the Phil Spector-produced Wall of Sound ingénues of the early sixties, like the Ronettes and the Crystals, or the Motown-bred Supremes—were as simple and stupid as could be. There was the Boy and he was the World. The feeling now seems to be that Wilson Phillips has more to offer than that—and, indeed, the new album is much more sombre and topical than the first. On "Shadows and Light" (SBK/EMI Records Group), the women of Wilson Phillips make attempts—and some are quite successful—to plunge into the emotional depths of divorce, lousy parents, child molestation, psychosis, and—no kidding—the plight of Central American immigrants who do menial labor in Southern California.

The album opens with the swoony vocal blather of the lyricless "I Hear You" and then goes through the grating, raspy sound of "It's Only Life"—which proves how the addition of horns and other fancy production gimmicks has not been for the better—before arriving at the first single, the already ubiquitous "You Won't See Me Cry." With its thoroughly practical and anti-emotional message ("You know I decided/That I'm gonna pull myself together/And find a way to fight it/Even if I have to hide it./You won't see me cry"), this song is supposed to indicate a stronger, harsher Wilson Phillips than the sweet-voiced girls of the first album. Carnie Wilson makes a big point of explaining in the press material, "It's saying, 'I'm not going to give you the satisfaction of you bringing me down, seeing me cry, and being weak. . . . Yes, I probably will cry, but you aren't going to see it!' Ha!" But, despite the bold rhetoric, this song isn't really much of a departure from the first album, which was full of lines about taking responsibility for your problems, not allowing yourself to be anyone else's doormat, and refusing to turn yourself over to a higher power no matter how many times you're told to do so at A.A. meetings. Even the love songs on the first album were surefooted and assertive, a world apart from the victimized, desperate, boy-crazy women in the girl groups of yore.

Therefore, the fresher and more interesting songs on "Shadows and Light" are the ones that the girls have written for and about their estranged or distant fathers. "Flesh and Blood" is Carnie and Wendy's attempt to get in touch with Brian Wilson, whom they haven't spoken to for years, because his psychiatrist-Svengali, Dr. Eugene Landy, has instructed him to banish his daughters from his life. "All the Way from New York" is Chynna's way of asking Papa John Phillips, whose rehab stories have already filled a couple of "Donahue" shows, to come visit her in California. My initial response to the subject matter of both songs was a natural skepticism: Really, what's the difference between this and, say, Patti Davis writing a book about what awful parents the Reagans were? Why should tell-all songs have any more integrity than any other exploitative exercise? Everyone is now so accustomed to seeing celebrities from Drew Barrymore and LaToya Jackson to Roseanne Arnold manipulate the media with their to-hell-and-halfway-back stories about drug abuse and incest and insanity that it's hard to imagine there is any genuine human tragedy left in these folks once the *People*/Oprah circuit has been covered.

In the case of Wilson Phillips, however, it's hard to blame the women for drawing on their own experiences—even if their youth and kitschy musical values mean that their work can get somewhat maudlin. And whether or not the trio are exploiting their family dramas for public recognition, the fact remains that these two songs are still good. According to the Wilson sisters, "Flesh and Blood" was written because Carnie and Wendy don't have their dad's phone number and have no other way of reaching him. "For years I've been following your case/It's the only time I see your face," they sing in duet—and, for a moment, if you're the sort of person who cries at wed-

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dings and at movies like "Terms of Endearment," you really will feel sorry for them. And while the lyrics have their share of anger, the song pays homage to Brian Wilson's creative legacy, opening with a crash of ocean waves and the kind of harmonies that the Beach Boys used on their sad, summer's-over songs. Like the Beach Boys, whose countless beach-party tunes concealed plenty of twisted behavior behind the scenes, the Wilson Phillips singers make it easy to just ignore the sorrow of "Flesh and Blood." Likewise, "All the Way from New York," by far the best song on the album, could really be about asking anyone to fly across the country to be with you. But perhaps the fact that Chynna is speaking to her dad, and not just some guy she's crushed about, is significant—or, at the very least, makes her a better role model than a woman who can sing only about her boyfriend.

Even so, despite all Wilson Phillips' attempts to be timely and lyrically provocative, the real success of "Shadows and Light" comes from the plain fact that, like the first album, it's pleasant. The girls' ranges as singers have expanded greatly, and the string arrangements, the increased vocal variety, and other musical experiments are, for the most part, a marked improvement over the first album. And, unlike the first album, this one proves that Wilson Phillips can be pleasant in an assortment of styles: while most of what's here is soft-pedalling pop-rock, the B-52's-inspired "Fueled for Houston" has the brassy, sixties-mod feel of something the Mamas and the Papas might have done once they got all their California dreaming out of the way. Like the girls' famous progenitors, Wilson Phillips seems to be a machine for producing radio-ready popular music.

THE sad coda to this story about female bands is that it's been written several times before—every time a fresh crop of tough mamas has appeared on the rock-and-roll scene. Neither Hole nor L7 nor any of the many other current babe bands—Scrawl, the Lunachicks, 4 Non Blondes, Bikini Kill, Shonen Knife, Cycle Sluts from Hell, and Bratmobile, among others—is the first to try to make a go of music without men, so there's really no reason to believe that this bunch won't run the way of the Runaways. Still, in a triumph of hope over expe-

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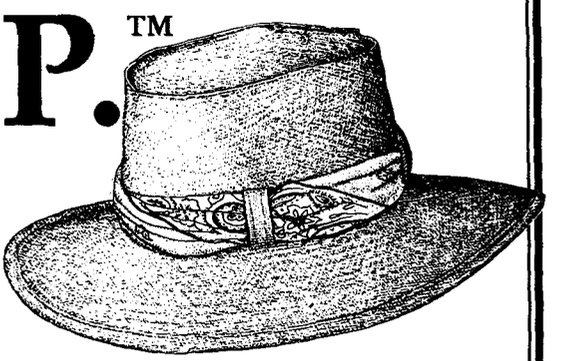

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rience I'm venturing to claim that things really are different now, and that an all-girl group, while still unusual enough to invite comment, does not represent the complete novelty that it did when the Slits were trying to be taken seriously. Not only are feminism and the notion of women's equality no longer new but a whole generation of women and men who were raised with these values in a world of working moms is now the right age to become rock stars.

While it has always been a given that women who want to play the electric guitar are pretty comfortable with their feminism, the real change seems to be that even guys in bands have got to the point where they feel that the recidivist sexism of rock music is not only unacceptable but laughable. Later in their careers, the Rolling Stones, the Who, Lou Reed, and John Lennon could all write songs that paid at least a nominal tribute to women as people—as opposed to sex toys or bitches or vamps or virgins—but nowadays young male bands actually start from the premise that women are their friends and partners. Kurt Cobain calls himself a feminist. Can anyone even imagine Mick Jagger doing that in 1967?

The one troubling aspect of what appears to be an industry-wide acceptance of hard-core women's bands is the self-negating attitude that many of these women must take in order to insure that they're viewed as musicians first, chicks second (or third or fourth or fifth or not at all). "I've never thought of myself as this gender," Kat Bjelland, of Babes in Toyland, told *Options* this spring. Marcy Mays, of Scrawl, complained to the same magazine, "I think it's weird that, for the whole forty years male rock has been in existence, there's never been a definition of a boy rock band. How can you possibly put a definition on an entire gender?" This is certainly true—and I understand the frustration with and fear of being marginalized—but being a woman is different from being a man, and by trying to ignore this fundamental fact the foxcore bands' inherently disconcerting music is denied its revolutionary potential. By trying to just fit in, a band like L7 misses the opportunity to create a music of its own. Women playing hard-and-fast rock music do bring something to the style that is different from—and often, I think, better than—what the men, who have been doing it forever, bring. Why hide from who and what we are? If women in rock are only going to prove that they can do the same things that guys have always done, why bother? (For instance, was it really a great moment in the history of feminist rock and roll when Inger Lorre, the lead singer of a band called the Nymphs, got angry and urinated on a Geffen Records executive's desk—thus proving that you don't have to be male to be disgusting and anti-social? I think not.)

Of course, the problem is not with the music itself; it's with the philosophical underpinnings and the attitudes that these women project to their fans. The only girl band that seems genuinely proud to be part of the second sex is Bikini Kill, a quartet from Olympia, Washington, whose lead singer, Kathleen Hanna, a former neighbor of Kurt Cobain (him again), is said to have inspired Nirvana's big hit by writing some graffiti about how Cobain smells like Teen Spirit deodorant. The women of Bikini Kill—their guitarist, Billy Karren, is the token guy—advocate something called Revolution Girl-Style and publish their own fanzine, which is filled with feminist articles about how women's roles in rock and roll have been distorted over the years. ("What your boyfriend teaches you is that Yoko Ono broke up the Beatles," one piece says. "But besides being the victim of the girlfriend-is-distraction thing, Yoko was so fucking ahead of her time.") As a group of old-fashioned radicals, Bikini Kill actually marks the next step up the evolutionary ladder of women's music, because, unlike L7 and Babes in Toyland, who see their gender as incidental or just a matter of cosmetic difference, Bikini Kill knows better. "What those bands do is go, 'It's not important that I'm a girl, it's just important that I want to rock,'" Hanna told *Options*. "And that's cool. But that's more of an assimilationist thing. It's like they just want to be allowed to join the world as it is; whereas I'm into revolution and radicalism and changing the whole structure. What I'm into is making the world different for me to live in."

Sounds good. Now, if somebody would just give these girls a record contract. —ELIZABETH WURTZEL

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

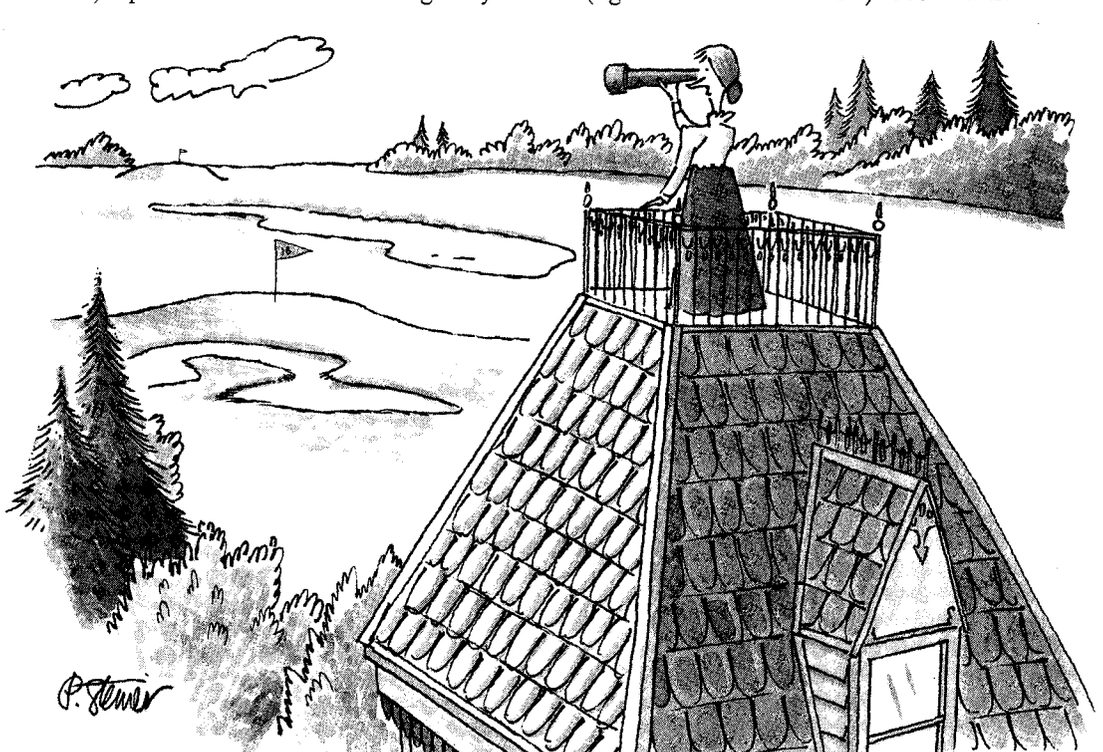
Masked Ball

THE comic-book hero Batman, who is the costumed alter ego of a lonely millionaire named Bruce Wayne, made his first swoop across the pop-culture landscape in a 1939 issue of *Detective Comics*. The character's appeal, like that of most pop archetypes, seems inevitable only in retrospect. The artists who sweated out a living in the low-rent districts of the entertainment business—churning out comic books, newspaper strips, animated cartoons, B movies, pulp fiction—weren't working with an eye to posterity. They just cranked out material as fast as they could and hoped that they'd get lucky—that something they dreamed up would latch on to the audience's imagination and refuse to let go. Guys like Bob Kane, who created Batman, plied their not entirely reputable trades in the toughest neighborhoods of the cultural metropolis: the law-of-the-jungle areas of the imagination, where speed, alertness, and adaptability are the essential skills. And durable mythic figures like Batman are, in a sense, the survivors of a kind of natural-selection process that's as pitiless as the evolution of species, and probably even less predictable. Kane brought into being (almost, it seems, by spontaneous generation) a creature that seemed to belong equally to the enchanted realm of fairy tales and to the mean-streets urban battleground of pulp crime fiction. Batman is a hardboiled crime-fighter who operates independently of the police, in the manner of the maverick private eyes who were featured in the magazine *Black Mask*. The *Black Mask* heroes—they included, in the twenties and thirties, Hammett's Sam Spade and the Continental Op and Chandler's Philip Marlowe—did not, however, feel a powerful sense of kinship with nocturnal flying animals. (If Marlowe ran into someone named Moose Malloy, the character didn't have *antlers*.)

When the director Tim Burton mounted his big-budget movie version of "Batman," in 1989, he managed to give the material a luxurious masked-ball quality and a sly contemporary wit without violating the myth's low, cheesy origins. The movie respected the arbitrariness, the sheer out-of-the-blue berserkness, of Kane's conception. And Burton found a style that seemed to consolidate fifty years' worth of Batman legend, a body of lore which is, in the pop-culture way of things, the end product of countless modifications and embellishments—of constant slapdash tinkering by the writers and artists charged with maintaining the prototype's bizarre allure. Most of these efforts were pretty silly; periodically, the editors at DC Comics (custodian of the Batman franchise) would realize that the stories had become inert and frantically mannered, and an attempt would be made to rediscover the hero's essence, to restore the purity of the character's beginnings. The genius of Burton's approach to Batman was that it revelled in impurity, celebrated the anything-goes recklessness of comic-book art, and made that quality seem as beautiful—as *right*, in its way—as the honed, shapely narrative power of the most affecting fairy tales.

Burton is an artist who isn't fazed by contradictions—who's comfortable with both the higher aspirations and the lower instincts of his nature as an entertainer. (This is, after all, a filmmaker whose first feature was a 1985 vehicle for Pee-wee Herman, and it turned out to be one of the most original and inventive American comedies of the past ten years.) He and Batman are an ideal match. In "Batman Returns" Burton gives us more of the same good thing he provided in the first picture, introduces a handful of fresh elements, and makes a few adjustments in the formula. He proves that he can keep the series going, and that's not meant to be faint praise. This new Batman story doesn't try to top the previous one, either with splashier special effects or with loftier pretensions to significance; nor does it simply go through the motions, repeating the surefire stuff with a self-satisfied air of professionalism. It's a blend of playful novelty and reassuring familiarity. Getting that mixture right is a difficult trick—perhaps the ultimate test for the pop-culture artist. "Batman Returns" takes care of business reliably but exuberantly; on the evidence of this energetic second installment, there's reason to believe that a series of Batman movies could supply the sort of regular, dependable mindless fun that James Bond's adventures did in the sixties.

In "Batman Returns," the hero (again Michael Keaton) does battle



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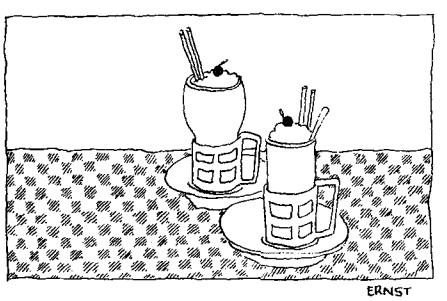
with a greedy businessman named Max Shreck (Christopher Walken) and the roly-poly arch-criminal known as the Penguin (Danny DeVito). Shreck—his name is an allusion to the actor Max Schreck, who played the title role in F. W. Murnau's great silent vampire movie "Nosferatu"—is a relatively conventional villain; his goal in life is simply to suck all the profit he can out of the docile, credulous inhabitants of Gotham City. The Penguin, who made his first appearance in a Batman comic in 1941, is typical of the flamboyant grotesques that Kane and his successors loved to pit their hero against. The movie's Penguin is more alarming than the dapper, dumpy, orotund figure of the comics. (When you read the Penguin's lines in the comics, you hear the voice of W. C. Fields.) DeVito gives the character his trademark spitting meanness, and the screenwriter, Daniel Waters, provides him with a background story to motivate all the vile-tempered outbursts: the villain, born Oswald Cobblepot, was abandoned as a baby by his wealthy parents, was raised by penguins in a grotto underneath the zoo, and has resurfaced in order to claim, by any means necessary, what he considers his rightful place in Gotham City society. Shreck tries to exploit the Penguin's bottomless reserves of violence for his own purposes, but the Penguin's personal agenda makes him a rather untrustworthy partner.

These sleazy evildoers are a fine pair of adversaries for Batman: he is kept mighty busy zooming around the city to foil their schemes. The Penguin has a gang of henchmen composed of murderous circus performers, and Batman has to deal with them, too. And whenever the "weird menace to all crime" (as the hero is described in one of the early comics) ventures out on a mission, he runs into a mysterious woman who dresses like a cat and carries a whip. He can't tell whose side the new animal in town is really on. The audience knows, however, that the Catwoman is Selina Kyle (Michelle Pfeiffer), the jittery, put-upon secretary of Max Shreck, who treats her like dirt and then literally pushes her too far. She reinvents herself as a feline feminist avenger, taking to the streets and the rooftops in a skintight black cat suit (which she's stitched from the shiny material of a rain slicker), and gleefully humiliating bad men wherever she finds them—that is, everywhere. At one point, she accounts for herself with the tersely eloquent formulation "Life's a bitch; now so am I." She is, of course, the perfect feminine counterpart of the hero, whose costumed forays into the night are also fuelled by an obsessive desire for vengeance. In their daytime drag, as Bruce Wayne and Selina Kyle, they seem to recognize something in each other; in their bat and cat getups, the sparks really fly. This hilariously twisted relationship—an apache dance in animal costumes—isn't just an improvement on the hero's romance with deadly-dull Vicki Vale in the first picture; it's the glory of "Batman Returns," the source of the movie's best gags and most striking visual ideas. There's a lot of high-powered talent in "Batman Returns," but Pfeiffer dominates the movie. The cat clothes seem to release something strange and wild in her, as they do in Selina Kyle: this performance is ferociously sexy and uninhibitedly, over-the-top funny.

The design of Gotham City is perhaps a bit less elegant and more whimsical in this picture than it was in the first. (Anton Furst, the brilliant production designer of "Batman," died last year; this movie's look is the work of Bo Welch, whose previous credits include the Burton films "Beetlejuice" and "Edward Scissorhands.") But Burton's narrative technique seems more confident this time around, his rhythms smoother. The story doesn't go flat in the intervals between its showpiece sequences, as "Batman" did. The herky-jerky storytelling of "Batman" made a fascinating contrast to the picture's sleek design; in "Batman Returns," the pace is even but the settings have a funky, irregular quality. The balance of incongruity comes out about the same, and preferring one kind of contrast to the other is strictly a matter of taste, or mood: a dark bat symbol against a light background, or vice versa.

The menagerie that Burton has assembled in "Batman Returns"—bat, cat, penguin—suggests a possible reason for the unlikely persistence of the pop myth that sprang off the top of Bob Kane's head fifty-three years ago. To survive in the nether regions of the pop-culture world, with its quick-and-dirty aesthetic, you can't let yourself be troubled by reflection or calculation: you have to rely on resourcefulness and reflexes. There's something predatory about the whole endeavor of mass entertainment—an impulse to feed off the audience's imagination. The weird conviction of Kane's early stories may have come from deep in the Batcave of his unconscious, as a disguised acknowledgment of the necessary unscrupulousness of his own artistic kind. And the power of Tim Burton's Batman movies shows that he, too, has looked into himself and found the delightfully unwholesome qualities that make a great popular artist: the knowledge that there are lots of ways to skin a cat, and the willingness to do it over and over again. —TERRENCE RAFFERTY



Family Values

"CRISSCROSS," an emotionally penetrating portrait of a divorced mother (Goldie Hawn) bringing up a twelve-year-old son (David Arnott) in Key West in 1969, left most screens before Dan Quayle had a chance to attack it. It wasn't even previewed for the press. The film, adapted by Scott Sommer from his novella "Crisscross," is worth seeking out in neighborhood theatres or, after a few months, in video stores. The director is Chris Menges, the great cinematographer of "The Killing Fields" and "Comfort and Joy," who made his directorial début with the powerful "A World Apart" (1988). Here he creates an engulfing psychological environment: the volatility of the Vietnam War era mingles with a languid coastal-Florida atmosphere. Menges makes you understand how people can struggle mightily to move on and still get stuck. Sick of the small change she gets waitressing, Hawn's character takes a night job as a stripper, trying to make enough money to buy "a little house." Menges and Hawn convey the bruising she took when her Vietnam-vet husband abandoned her, and the pressure of caring for a scrappy, enterprising, sensitive kid. The narrative meanders toward a hasty, jarringly

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melodramatic climax, but the filmmaking is charged with feeling. A sequence set during the Apollo moon walk recalls the eloquent dislocations of the "Pop/Mom/Moon" section of Updike's "Rabbit Redux." Arnott is unusually affecting; everything he does has unpredictability and freshness, and his uncultivated, pubescent vocal quality enlivens that overused device the voice-over narration. Hawn demonstrates the grit and raw-edged courage she smoothed away through most of the eighties. She hasn't been this potent and honest since 1974's "The Sugarland Express." When she starts to peel, the expression on her face lays bare a mother's humiliation.

IN "Housesitter," Hawn is another figure with a sixties aura—a nonconformist, a free spirit, a kook. It's a smug, lame comedy, directed by Frank Oz from a script by Mark Stein (and a story by Stein and the producer, Brian Grazer). Hawn plays a waitress again, this time a wanderer named Gwen, who takes charge of a floundering Boston architect named Newton Davis (Steve Martin). Her role resembles a seasoned version of her bikinied dancer from "Laugh-In," but Hawn doesn't rely only on wide-eyed, chattering Goldie-isms. Gwen is an accomplished liar, and Hawn spins her biggest whoppers with sweeping confidence. She keeps the audience on her side—a surprise, considering that Gwen commandeers a dream house that Newton intended for his childhood sweetheart, Becky (Dana Delany), and soon assumes the pose of Newton's wife. Gwen has genuine screwball potential—too bad it goes totally unrealized. She falls hard for Newton's idyllic home town, Dobbs Mill, in all its Colonial glory. This movie isn't anarchically egalitarian, like the great screwball comedies; it's upwardly mobile. Gwen's yarns gain her and Newton an honored niche in a pristine corner of New England. Martin hasn't lost his timing or his slapstick grace, but his inspiration is at low ebb. Mostly, he plays the straight man, both to Hawn and to Peter MacNicol, as Newton's ass-kissing office mate, who fashions his own pocket of furtive craziness. Christopher Durang contributes a bright, subversive cameo, but the rest of the picture is reflexively conventional: at the crisis point, Newton's dad (Donald Moffat) assures Gwen that she's still family. "Housesitter" is no more than a little white lie—very little and very white.

AS New England eccentrics go, that plaid-shirted stage-sitter Spalding Gray is the opposite of Gwen and Newton Davis. He cannot make things up—or so he says. As usual, in "Monster in a Box" he addresses us from a chair behind a desk. The monster is a nineteen-hundred-page manuscript about a man whose mother commits suicide while he's on vacation. The monologue is about Gray's effort to complete this work, an autobiographical first novel entitled "Impossible Vacation." (In fact, it has just been published, at a mere two hundred and twenty-eight pages.) Gray saves most of the family drama for the book. The performance piece simply chronicles what he did when he experienced non-writer's block. It's an unearned "8½." The comedic high point is his trip to an American-film festival in the Soviet Union; the low point is a panic over AIDS. Unlike "Swimming to Cambodia," much of "Monster in a Box" shows Gray confronting a culture that's just as self-absorbed as he is: Hollywood. "No one walks in Los Angeles," he says. "It's an old story, but I'll tell it again—no one walks in Los Angeles!"

Actually, it's all an old story. When Gray recounts a research trip he took to Nicaragua for Columbia Pictures, you can't help thinking that he did this sort of thing better in "Cambodia." And, as filmed by Jonathan Demme, "Cambodia" was an exciting movie. Demme gave us Gray's best possible performance and, through uncanny editing and camera choices, Demme's thrilled response to it. Nick Broomfield, the director of "Monster in a Box," gets prosier effects. And Gray's manner of recitation has grown broader, more insistent. (I thought so when he did "Monster" live, but chalked it up to his attempt to adjust to a theatre larger than the Performing Garage, where he had done "Swimming to Cambodia.") Gray's talk of resisting talent-agency blandishments and of hoping to finish his book reminded me of a line from Walt Disney's wonderful "Pinocchio." "I'd rather be smart than be an actor," Pinocchio declares. In "Monster in a Box," the smarter Gray tries to be, the more like an actor he becomes. —MICHAEL SRAGOW

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LETTER FROM HONG KONG

THE scheduled arrival on July 9th of Hong Kong's twenty-eighth and, presumably, last British head of state ends an awkward half year, which has seen a lame-duck government headed by a lame-duck governor. The London press speculates that Lord David Wilson, who has held the post since 1987, was sacked—or, more formally, elevated to the House of Lords—because he had been unable to persuade the People's Republic of China to soften a particularly Chinese demand: if Hong Kong wanted China's approval to build a new airport, which is the priority project in the Territory before it reverts to China, on July 1, 1997, then the Prime Minister of Britain would have to go to Beijing and ask for it himself. Prime Minister John Major did go to China last September, and did reach an agreement of sorts over the airport, and on the last day of 1991 Sir David's forthcoming departure and baronetcy were announced. His successor as governor will be Christopher Patten, the former chairman of the Conservative Party of Great Britain and the strategist of the Tories' victory in the April parliamentary elections. Mr. Patten didn't do so well for himself at the polls—he lost his Bath constituency—but here his appointment is seen as not so much a political reward as an attempt by Prime Minister Major to strengthen ties with Hong Kong by installing one of his close associates in the post. However, the selection of a politician instead of a Foreign Office diplomat is a break with recent tradition. Well, why not? Diplomats haven't done much for Hong Kong lately, and the more strongly Lord Wilson asserts that the Territorial Government will remain in complete charge of Hong Kong through June 30, 1997, the less clear that proposition becomes.

These days, the initiatives of Her Majesty's Government usually get no further than the secret deliberations of the Joint Liaison Group, a panel of five Chinese officials and five representatives of Britain and Hong Kong which was established by China and Britain in 1984 to discuss "matters relating to the smooth transfer of government in 1997." The J.L.G.'s mandate forbids it to become "an organ of power," but a Territorial Government program now rarely, if ever, proceeds if its announcement is followed by a suggestion from Guo Fengmin, the J.L.G.'s senior Chinese member, or Lu Ping, the director of the Chinese State Council's Office of Hong Kong and Macao Affairs, that the matter requires discussion at the J.L.G.'s next meeting.

The growing influence of the J.L.G. has been concurrent with the declining prospects of Hong Kong's Legislative Council, or Legco—a body of sixty members comprising representatives of geographical constituencies, representatives of so-called functional constituencies (such as accountants and medical workers), members who were appointed by the governor, and ex-officio members, who have positions in the Territorial Government. Britain had been building up the power and influence of Legco, intending that it should become an organ of power after 1997—this year, for the first time, eighteen of the sixty members were elected from geographical constituencies, and the number of members so elected will rise to twenty in 1995—but the 1999 elections, if any, will be in the hands of the People's Republic, which refuses to recognize Legco as anything more than an advisory body. The avowed ground for this refusal is that all but one of the eighteen who were elected in geographical constituencies were aligned with a Hong Kong organization that, in 1989, in the local demonstrations of sympathy with the students in Tiananmen Square, had called for the overthrow of China's Communist rulers. Apparently to emphasize the point that Big Brother is still watching such matters, China's Minister of Public Security, Tao Siju, said in March that the Hong Kong branch of Xinhua, the New China News Agency, which is China's de-facto consulate here, has been "accumulating information about people who are against the Chinese government." Xinhua's Hong Kong director, Zhou Nan, maintains that his office is only compiling newspaper clippings and general information, but that statement raises the question of what is occupying a staff of more than six hundred people, including some two hundred Hong Kong Chinese, who work in a twenty-one-story building opposite

"I'd really rather not get involved at the moment, but I can give you some people to call."

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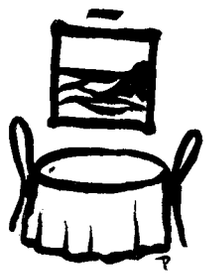
the racetrack in Happy Valley. Certainly it isn't journalism: the Xinhua news bureau, employing approximately twenty journalists, works out of a separate office nearby.

Construction of the new airport is just one of the loose ends that Britain proposes to tie up before leaving Hong Kong. As 1997 approaches, however, the Territorial Government has been acquiring a reputation for what Ian Perkin, the chief economist of the General Chamber of Commerce, calls "rubbery" budget figures: the recently opened but still uncompleted University of Science and Technology, originally budgeted at the equivalent of two hundred and forty-five million American dollars, cost nearly twice that, and *Wen Wei Po*, a pro-Beijing newspaper here, warns that the new airport, which is to be built on the levelled island of Chek Lap Kok, could become a "bottomless pit." Since the project was announced, in 1990, the estimated costs of both the airport itself and ancillary projects, such as connecting highways and bridges, a tunnel, and a rail line, have risen astronomically, to more than fourteen billion American dollars. Suspicions voiced by Chinese leaders that the project is a farewell rip-off of the Territory, for the benefit of Western corporations, have doubtless been confirmed in those leaders' minds by a disclosure in March that twenty-seven of the first thirty-eight consultancy contracts were awarded to British-backed corporations or consortiums.

To raise its own working capital for the airport, the Territorial Government has proposed to issue bonds, to sell off its naval base and other military properties, and to "privatize" various parts of its operations here. One of the departments that were reported to be under consideration for possible sale was the Post Office, but while this proposal apparently never reached the J.L.G. level, the privatization of Radio Television Hong Kong did. In 1928, Hong Kong began operating its own radio station; that station's successor, RTHK, now operates one bilingual, two Cantonese, and two English radio outlets. The proposal to offer RTHK facilities and electronic franchises for sale to private owners has been deferred, perhaps permanently, in the deliberations of the J.L.G.; the Chinese say that they prefer to retain all the outlets for their own future broadcasts. Guo Fengmin promises, though, that the post-1997 transmissions will not become a part of the People's Republic propaganda network but will accord "with Hong Kong's rule and way of doing things." Also being held up in the J.L.G. is the sale of the expensive real estate underlying Britain's eighteen military facilities here—most notably the naval base, H.M.S. Tamar, on Victoria Harbor. A temporary naval base is currently under construction on Stonecutters Island, off Kowloon, and China has said that it has no objection to Britain's relocating its naval facilities there and filling in Tamar's mooring basin for commercial development. But China has also said that it chooses, as "a matter of national sovereignty," to use the adjoining Prince of Wales Building, which houses Britain's present naval headquarters, and most of the seventeen other bases for its own forces. A few years ago, Deng Xiaoping, China's Senior Leader, dismissed as "absolute rubbish" suggestions by lesser Chinese officials that the People's Liberation Army might not be stationing troops here after 1997.



Faced with all this potential loss of income, the Territorial Government has had to cancel—or, at least, postpone—many other programs it had hoped to initiate in Hong Kong before 1997. (Government information officers charged with announcing the cutbacks are said to be under instructions not to respond to suggestions that these might be linked in any way to the airport construction.) The project most urgently needed is a modern sewerage system for Hong Kong's badly polluted harbor. This program, whose cost was estimated at approximately 2.6 billion American dollars, was "indefinitely postponed" last year. Despite this, and despite such other scrapings from the bottom of the Territorial barrel as a one-per-cent cut in the budgets of government departments—achieved in the public schools by raising class sizes in the lower grades from thirty-eight to forty—there still exists a shortfall of more than three billion American dollars. Hong Kong hopes to cover it by issuing to its Airport Authority and to the Mass Transit Railway, which will be building the rail link to Chek Lap Kok, financial instruments known as "callable equity," redeemable only in the event that either entity is drained of construction or operating funds. In Western accounting methods, this is classified as a "contingent liability." The Chinese, however, call it *zhai*, which means "debt," and Zhou Nan, Xinhua's Hong Kong director, says this, too, must be approved by the J.L.G.

Not only must the Territorial Government share power with the Joint Liaison Group over the airport and its financing but it has now been confronted, outside the J.L.G., with something that it said years ago it would never tolerate—a shadow government. In March, the People's Republic appointed its own Hong Kong "advisory body." Among the members are many of Hong Kong's most successful businessmen. ("The biggest arch-capitalists in town" is how they were described in the *South China Morning Post*.) "Socialism," Lu Ping explained to reporters, "is not our policy toward Hong Kong." (Another remarkable feature of this panel is that its members number forty-four: forty-four is a particularly unlucky figure in Cantonese-speaking areas, where the word for "four" sounds like the word for "death.") It turns out, however, that China has no intention of sharing its power here with Hong Kong arch-capitalists, and that its new advisers might better be called advisees. In a formal induction ceremony in Beijing in mid-March, they were fêted, presented with embossed certificates, and informed that their function was to explain to the people back home the policies of the Chinese government. How the concerns of Hong Kongers would be represented to China appears not to have been discussed. However, Gordon Wu, one of the panel's prominent industrialists (his company is building new highways in China), told me that he, for one, had already established a link with a vice-director of the Chinese State Council's Office of Hong Kong and Macao Affairs. I asked what advice he had urged the vice-director to pass on to China. "I told him of our concern with law and order," he said. "I told him that China can't allow robbers to come

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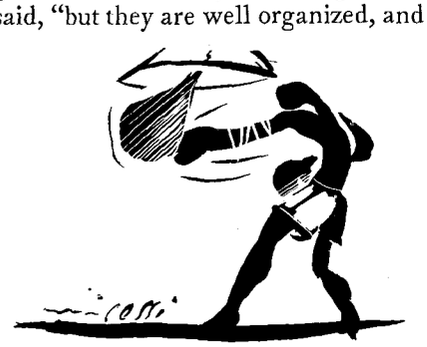
across and throw grenades. I told him, please help Hong Kong stop this flow."

WHETHER or not it was in response to this advice, China has now accepted an invitation extended by the Hong Kong police commissioner to establish a police presence here and a permanent link between the Territory's police department and the Ministry of Public Security, in China. I'm sure that the appearance here of the first Chinese Public Security officers, even though they will be unarmed and have no power of arrest, will disturb many Hong Kongers, but then Chinese bandits, believed to come from Guangdong Province, on Hong Kong's northern border, are already disturbing them. The number of robberies of jewellers' and goldsmiths' shops increased seventy per cent last year, to almost two a day, and so far this year at least seven robberies accompanied by violence have been committed by gangs armed with Chinese military weaponry—assault rifles, machine pistols, and hand grenades. The speculation is that the perpetrators came here in speedboats from coastal towns in Guangdong and escaped the same way.

Throughout Hong Kong's hundred-and-fifty-one-year history, Guangdong officials are believed to have tolerated—some say colluded in—smuggling from the Territory of both stolen property and legitimately purchased goods. Over those years, Hong Kong has assigned Marine Police, customs forces, and an anti-smuggling task force to counter this traffic, but it is clear from the political and tactical restraints they all operate under that the Territory has no more interest than Guangdong has in collecting customs duties for China's Treasury. An electronics-industry executive speculated recently that half the television sets, videocassette recorders, and air-conditioners sold here are being smuggled into China; he calculated the annual value of such smuggled goods to be more than six hundred and fifty million American dollars, which is about thirty times the estimated value of last year's customs seizures of all China-bound contraband, from cigarettes to luxury limousines. (The cars are smuggled across the water in speedboats custom built to contain them.) In the first three months of this year, two hundred and sixty-two Mercedes-Benzes and Toyota Crowns vanished from the streets, and expensive cars have become almost uninsurable here.

The past few years have seen the emergence of virtual flotillas of speedboat smugglers crisscrossing the Territorial waters—some seven hundred square miles. During a visit to the Marine North Division headquarters of the anti-smuggling task force, I was told that on routine evenings Hong Kong's Marine Police identify at least ten and sometimes as many as thirty smuggling craft on their radar screens. Bazil Lim, the commander of the task force, says that the smuggling crews also have radar—and night-vision binoculars and "a very sophisticated network" of intelligence besides. "They are in constant communication on mobile telephones and citizens-band radios," a senior marine policeman told me, "and they don't start out until they have pinpointed the position of our vessels." He also gave the smugglers from Guangdong high marks for seamanship: "They come in at night, hugging the shore without lights, and when they see us coming they split up like a starburst. Everybody heads in a different direction, so which one do you chase?"

A recent development in this increasingly one-sided contest in naval tactics has been the deployment by smugglers of a craft that even when it's fully loaded can run rings around the fastest police boats. This is the *tai fei*, a fibreglass-hulled boat about forty-five feet long and powered by five (sometimes six) three-hundred-horsepower engines, which are capable of propelling it at eighty miles per hour. "The seaborne version of a tank with a Ferrari engine" is what the Marine Regional Commander, B. J. Deegan, calls it. Although not even the *tai feis* can outrun bullets, police policy is not to fire at them and, because of the danger involved, not to interdict them at high speed. "We have to try and grab them when they're loading," Lim said, "but they are well organized, and our window of time is only two or three minutes." Hong Kong has hundreds of miles of accessible shore to patrol: a smuggling gang of thirty or forty can off-load at least four hundred videocassette recorders or television sets from a truck onto a *tai fei* in that time. Given that Chinese customs duties on these items are eighty per cent of value, police estimate that each run could net as much as a hundred and thirty thousand American dollars' profit.



Some smugglers are intercepted—occasionally their boats break down or collide—but Hong Kong courts rarely sentence them severely. Only about a third of more than eleven hundred smugglers prosecuted last year were jailed, and only two received sentences of more than a year. Hong Kong officials say privately that at least some of the vessels appear to be operating under the authority of law-enforcement officers in Guangdong. On several occasions lately, men wearing the green uniforms of Chinese policemen or soldiers pointed automatic rifles at Hong Kong Marine Police moving in to investigate suspected smugglers, and a telephone hot line has been established to reduce the danger of a possible gun battle between police forces. Although Guangdong authorities are routinely advised on the origin and presumed destination of smuggling vessels, no action appears to have been taken there against the incursions.

A DESCRIPTION that the Hong Kong press likes to apply to Guangdong is "freewheeling." By that, I suppose, is meant that the province has an attitude of laissez-faire, particularly in the economic sense. The development of Guangdong over the past ten years can be attributed almost entirely to the successful circumvention by its leaders of the planned economy that operates in the rest of the People's Republic, and the province's independence stands in ironic contrast to the inability of Hong Kong's Territorial Government to pursue its own (or Britain's) agenda. Early this year, Deng Xiaoping came out of his nominal retirement and made an inspection of communities lining the Pearl River estuary, which extends about sixty miles south from the provincial capital, Guangzhou (Canton), to Hong Kong, on the east bank, and Macao, a Portuguese-administered territory, on the west bank. To the Chinese Communist leader-

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ship, this region must appear revolutionary—or, more precisely, counter-revolutionary. Topographically, economically, and in some respects politically, Guangzhou and other cities in the province now resemble suburbs, modelled on some of the so-called New Towns that have been built in Hong Kong's New Territories over the past twenty years. The Special Economic Zone of Shenzhen, occupying a hundred and twenty-seven square miles just north of the New Territories, already seems to be attaining the goal set for it by Deng of becoming a "socialist Hong Kong," except that socialism has been abolished there in all but name. In the past decade, capitalist investments have brought the inhabitants of Guangdong and the Pearl River Delta—eighty million of them—per-capita annual incomes of six hundred dollars, double the national average, as well as Western life styles, Hong Kong television, and the understandable envy of the rest of China's more than one billion subjects.

In the drive against "bourgeois liberalization" that followed "Six Four"—a Chinese expression, in English, for the June 4, 1989, Tiananmen massacre—Guangdong's economic reforms and political independence came under increasing Communist Party criticism. Last January, according to a report in the Hong Kong *Standard*, thirteen "veteran leaders" petitioned the Party Politburo to abolish all the Special Economic Zones. In addition to Shenzhen, these are Zhuhai, across the border from Macao; Shantou, also in Guangdong, a hundred and eighty miles northeast of Hong Kong; Xiamen, opposite Taiwan, in the southeastern part of Fujian Province; and Hainan, which the Chinese call their "second-largest island" (after Taiwan), and which, like Hong Kong, is off Guangdong, in the South China Sea. In response to the veteran leaders, Deng Xiaoping came out in defense of the zones and the free-market reforms that former Premier and general secretary Zhao Ziyang instituted throughout the country before 1989, under the slogan "Socialism with Chinese characteristics." Deng, physically enfeebled, at eighty-seven, and theoretically a private citizen, holding neither a government nor a Party office, travelled to Guangdong on January 19th to inspect Shenzhen and Zhuhai. He spent ten days visiting various capital cities and

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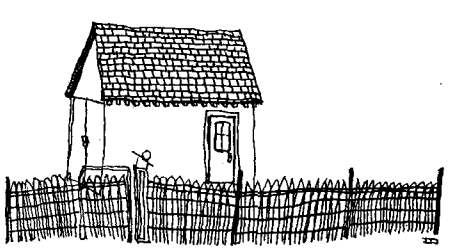
county seats, toured a number of factories, rode a golf cart through an amusement park, and summoned China's President, Yang Shangkun, and other national leaders from Beijing to share his vision: he had seen China's future in the province, and it worked. In another twenty years, he told them, Guangdong would become Asia's "Fifth Small Dragon" (joining Hong Kong, Singapore, Taiwan, and South Korea). He also warned pointedly that "China must be on guard against the right. Yet its main task is to counter the left," and said that leaders standing in the way of extending for a hundred years the free-market reforms pioneered in the Special Economic Zones "must depart the stage."

Yet there were those at the highest levels of China's government who then seemed to think it was time for the Senior Leader himself to depart the stage. In the past two years, since Deng retired from his last official post (chairman of the Central Military Commission), his appearances in the official press had become less and less frequent, and neither his trip to Guangdong nor his support for the five Special Economic Zones—though both were reported in the press outside China and on Hong Kong television, which is the medium of choice throughout most of China's south coast—was at first mentioned in the official press of the People's Republic. Accounts that were leaked to Hong Kong newspapers quoted hard-line conservatives with connections to the Ministry of Propaganda as promising to "resolutely safeguard our principles and line" and to "fight on till the last man." One of the conservatives cited was Gao Di, the director of the Beijing *People's Daily*. "I have to make clear that the publicity of Mr. Deng's directives will come to an end for the time being," he is reported to have told his staff, and, in fact, the blackout on Deng's trip held for more than a month in the Chinese press, and even longer in the *People's Daily*. A paper for "intellectuals," the *Guangming Daily*, published in Beijing, carried the first extensive account, but no reports appeared on Beijing television until pictures taken of Deng on his tour were aired—on a ten-minute program timed to coincide with the arrival in the capital, late in March, of some twenty-seven hundred delegates for the annual session of the National People's Congress. "In reform . . . we must be bold and dare to experiment," Deng said. "Do not be like a woman with bound feet."

Deng did not attend the session of the National People's Congress, but a seven-thousand-word summary of his remarks in Guangdong advocating the adoption of "some capitalist methods" was printed up, and this became the basis for a hundred and fifty amendments (an unprecedented number) made by the Congress to the work report of Premier Li Peng. Notably, one of them was a restatement of Deng's more-to-be-feared-from-the-left-than-from-the-right hypothesis. Li quickly fell in line, promising "fundamental changes in an economic structure which has shackled the development of productive forces," but that was not the end of the battle. Hard-liners—including Chen Yun, an economist; Wang Renzhi, the new propaganda chief; and Deng Liqun, who is called Little Deng and is a member of the leadership's powerful Central Advisory Commission—continued to mount a strong ideological opposition, though some of them were constrained to couch their opposition in terms of the Senior Leader's own post-Tiananmen campaign against those (particularly Westerners) who would bring about the "peaceful evolution" of China to capitalism.

Deng Xiaoping then took the extraordinary step of going outside the government to enlist support. He promoted his reform program in an unusual visit to China's Academy of Sciences, and at Beijing University he is said to have asked students and teachers to inform on university authorities who opposed him. Vice-President Wang Zhen and Beijing's Mayor Chen Xitong were among the hard-liners who came over to his side, publicly admitting their past failure to "understand fully" the Deng teachings. In the government itself, "working groups" were reported to have been assigned the task of rooting out leftist thinking in the Ministry of Culture and the State Education Commission. Ultimately, the *People's Daily* yielded, but only by degrees. On February 23rd, the paper carried a page-one editorial that was headlined "OPENING TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD AND MAKING USE OF CAPITALISM" and called for "appropriately expanding the domestic capitalist economy." Several weeks later, Gao sent a memo to staff members calling on them to "root out leftist elements with as much enthusiasm as we hounded rightist elements soon after the June 4th incident." More formally, Deng's victory inside the government was made apparent when it was announced in May that a sixth Special Economic Zone, the first outside South China, would be established in the Manchurian border region between Russia and North Korea.



It now appears that Deng, like Mao in the Cultural Revolution, has been successful at snatching power back from the government he himself established. However, just as Mao's ideology did not long survive the Great Helmsman, it is possible that Deng's reforms may not long outlast the Senior Leader. The hard-liners he hoped to root out of the Ministry of Culture and the State Education Commission remain in place, and Little Deng, his most vocal opponent, was recently reported in the *South China Morning Post* to have made a South China tour of his own—visiting cities and counties that had not become prosperous, to campaign against "peaceful evolution" and for a continuing "class struggle" against "rightism" and Western ideals. So far, though, the two Dengs agree on one point—that any new political freedom in China could result in "turmoil," the traditional anathema of Chinese rulers. The first time the Senior Leader was supported by name in a *People's Daily* editorial, on April 27th, it was to quote his promise—or threat—that "as soon as elements of turmoil appear, we will not hesitate to take any measures whatsoever to eliminate them as quickly as possible."

IN March, representatives of the Foreign Affairs Office of the Hong Kong branch of Xinhua—that is to say, the consulate people, not the journalists—organized a tour of correspondents to the same parts of the Pearl River Delta that Deng had visited six

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weeks before. Although China has been encouraging business travel to the region, this was the first general invitation to reporters since June of 1989, and I joined twenty-four other members of the Foreign Correspondents Club here in accepting it. Such excursions are expected to be profit-making ventures for China, so each of us paid nearly six hundred American dollars for six days of unrevealing "tours" of factory assembly lines and translated "briefings" by county and municipal officials. As we travelled between these functions, however, I was able to gather news of changes that had taken place in the Delta since I last visited it, in 1988. The population of Shenzhen, for example, has been growing at a rate of about two hundred thousand people a year, and now exceeds 2.3 million; its economic-growth rate averages sixteen per cent a year. A newly opened "international" airport competes with Hong Kong's, but so far only for flights within China. There is now a stock exchange in Shenzhen, and also a racetrack. (What would Mao Zedong have said about the condoning of either of these anywhere in his People's Republic?) Twenty- and twenty-five-story office buildings that had impressed me in Shenzhen four years ago have now been dwarfed by modern towers with as many as fifty stories.

Nineteen square miles of Shenzhen remain to be developed, and we passed many tracts there that appeared to be likely spots for commercial development or for housing, so I was surprised to see that blocks of factories and dormitories have now been constructed just outside the zone's perimeter. I asked Chen Yu Lin, one of our Xinhua escorts, what the incentive was for building there, since those enterprises would not be eligible for the zone's preferential policies, which include a corporate income tax of only fifteen per cent. Chen replied that land and construction costs were cheaper outside the zone, and that those enterprises were for the most part municipal- or county-owned businesses, which would not have benefitted from the preferential policies anyway. His answer was correct as far as it went, but it left out a factor that was perhaps more important: wage rates outside the zone are less than half Shenzhen's average of a hundred and ten dollars a month for unskilled workers. This discrepancy, however, will soon be erased. A week after our tour ended, it was announced that the area of the Shenzhen Special Economic Zone is going to be increased fivefold, extending preferential rates and higher wages into the entire six-hundred-and-fifty-three-square-mile county of Bao'an, to the north.

Expanded though Shenzhen may soon be, so far it has not been able to obtain from the National People's Congress the legislative authority that Deng Xiaoping is said to have told its leaders it deserved to have. The Special Economic Zone's relationship with Guangdong Province, in which it is an enclave, mirrors Guangdong's own formal subordination to Beijing, and also Guangdong's informal independence. Essentially, both Shenzhen and Guangdong have been putting programs of their own into effect and waiting for signals of disapproval from above; occasionally, the signals they have received have been mixed. Shenzhen's stock exchange and racetrack were established without objection from Guangdong; Beijing did not stop Guangdong from opening a track in Guangzhou, but so far it has prevented the functioning of a stock market there.

Another Guangdong initiative that may have been suppressed by Beijing—or may have been stricken from the province's five-year plan out of fear of Beijing's reaction—was a proposal that the province form "a single economic entity" with Hong Kong. In putting this proposal forward, Guangdong planners were suggesting that the province and the future Special Administrative Region not wait until 1997 to begin coördinating their infrastructure and their overseas-marketing plans for the region as a whole. Ye Xuanping, who became Guangdong's governor in 1985, is the brother-in-law of Zou Jiahua, one of China's Vice-Premiers, and Ye is credited with having wrested from Beijing many aspects of provincial autonomy, but apparently not even he felt ready to endorse what some were calling the first step in the "Hongkongization" of Guangdong. His official report asked only for more "economic coöperation" with the Territory.

THE Hongkongization of this part of China—and, to some extent, the Chinification of Hong Kong—are already taking place, however. Hong Kong corporations have invested ten billion dollars in China, and now control two-thirds of the twenty thousand factories that have

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been constructed in Guangdong since 1980. As many as three million people in the province work directly or indirectly for Hong Kong corporations, and twenty per cent of the Territory's currency circulates across the border. China, in turn, has invested eleven billion dollars in four thousand Hong Kong corporations, and the Chinese government is either the majority or the sole shareholder in many of the Hong Kong "joint venture" companies that have invested in Guangdong enterprises.

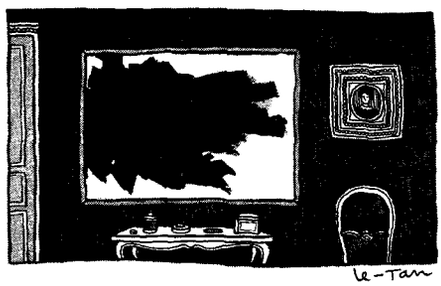
An obvious incentive for Hong Kong to shift its factories across the border is that wage rates in Guangdong average only ten per cent of those prevailing in the Territory, with an additional ten per cent having to be paid to the city or county that provides the workers' living accommodations. Another reason for moving may not be cited by any Hong Kong industrialist but is probably of equal importance: Hong Kong has begun to enforce a number of anti-pollution statutes, and excessive industrial discharge into the air or into the harbor is punishable by a substantial fine. (Unfortunately, that has not diminished the Territory's air-pollution problem: this year, airborne particulates believed to have been emitted by some of the factories that moved across the border set pollution records.) Between 1985 and September of last year, Hong Kong manufacturing employment declined by twenty-three per cent—from 849,000 jobs to 654,662—and the exodus of its traditional industries is continuing. Ten years ago, the Territory had thirty-two hundred toy factories; now ninety-seven per cent of such manufacturing takes place across the border. So does almost all manufacturing of electronics and clothing, for which Hong Kong was also known. The so-called Land of the Umbrella doesn't even produce umbrellas anymore; of seventy factories that once assembled them, most have relocated in or around Shenzhen.

Guangdong's Governor Ye has now been promoted (involuntarily, it appears) to the mostly honorary post of vice-chairman of the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference. His successor, Zhu Senlin, was said to be out of town when our tour reached Guangzhou. Zhu's deputy, Gua Zhang Li, did put in a courtesy appearance, but stayed only long enough to add a new twist to Deng Xiaoping's slogan "Socialism with Chinese characteristics." As Gua's translator rendered it, it became "Socialism with Chinese characteristics in the light of Guangdong economic conditions." It struck me that many of our hosts seemed intimidated by the fact that some of the information we sought was *neibu*—that is, its dissemination to the public, and particularly to foreigners, was forbidden. For this reason, I believe, we were given presentations only about programs already announced, such as Guangdong's breaking of the "three irons." (No longer will the province's workers have "iron rice bowls," or lifetime employment; managers will lose their "iron chairs," or tenure; and both have been deprived of "iron wages," or protection against pay cuts.) Price controls have been lifted on all but ten per cent of the province's industrial goods and on all but three agricultural products—grain, tobacco, and silk. Large-scale government factories are being transformed into share-issuing corporations; they will be owned nominally by the province but will pay dividends to stockholders. "We will adhere to the principle of state ownership," Jiang Zhixin, a deputy director of the province's Foreign Affairs Office, explained, "but government does not retain the right of management."

"How can this be called socialism?" he was asked. "Why not go all the way and let the managers have the incentive of ownership?"

"The difference is whether the benefit goes to the majority of the people or to the fewer hands of the capitalists," he replied. "In our reform, we are going to set ceilings for the number of shares a person can hold. In order to avoid polarization and extreme concentration of wealth, no more than one-half of one per cent of the total shares of a company will be held by one individual."

While I can't be certain, it appeared to me that in their responses Jiang and other officials drew upon a publication that is known to have been disseminated to government units in China in order to provide Party-line answers to difficult questions that foreigners are considered likely to ask. Possibly these answers are tailored to the nationalities of the questioners. At one point, I pressed Jiang on how Guangdong's record of double-digit economic growth might be affected if the United States should withdraw most-favored-nation status, which grants advantageous tariffs on Chinese products.



"As far as I understand," he said, without a pause, "the American economy is not so desirable, and your country's purchasing power is not so good. Most people, I think, want reasonable prices, and I think increased trade barriers would not be conducive to American consumers. And we would appreciate it if you would convey our concerns to the appropriate authorities."

A similarly defensive response—"I think the same thing is happening in your country, too"—was furnished to a British correspondent who asked about Guangdong's problems with illegal immigrants. Ultimately, though, Jiang admitted that the province did indeed take "very strict measures" in dealing with hundreds of thousands of *mangliu*, or drifters from other provinces, who come to Guangzhou every year just after the New Year celebrations, in the belief that they can find work there. For most, the hope has been illusory; the vast majority simply camp at or near the railroad station until they are rounded up and sent home.

Out in Guangdong's countryside, officials seemed more relaxed, lacing their briefings with a mixture of statistics and boosterism. We learned, for example, that Shunde County's dragon-boat racing team had participated in nineteen international meets and won sixteen of them. Shunde, with approximately nine hundred and thirty thousand residents, is on the west side of the Pearl estuary, about forty miles north of Macao. Since 1978, five hundred and seventy-one enterprises involving external investment have been established there, and Shunde's contribution last year of nearly two hundred million yuan (more than thirty-six million American dollars) to the Treasury of China made it "the No. 1

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county in the country." Something that the strictures of *neibu* kept Wu Xiu Hao, whose card identified him as the "Vice-County Head," from telling us, because it had not yet been announced in Beijing, was that Shunde had just been promoted for this success to the status of a city.

A routine part of every tour I had previously taken in China was a walk-through of at least one "typical" dwelling, and while we were being driven around Guangzhou's Economic and Technical Development District, where a hundred and forty factories are now clustered, I hoped that we might be taken inside one of what we had been told were eight-story walkups containing three-room apartments for married workers and four- or five-man (or -woman) dormitory rooms for the unmarried. Instead, our escorts chose to show us through two single-family residences—living quarters that are far from typical. (Workers in the district average eighty-one dollars a month, which is more than the average salary elsewhere in Guangdong proper but is still about twenty-six per cent lower than the Shenzhen average.) I am not sure what point they were trying to make, except possibly to show us that it is possible to become rich in Guangdong and to live, or speculate, accordingly. The first of these dwellings, in a rural area of Nanhai County, on the west bank of the Pearl, was a three-story semi-detached brick house bought two years ago, for the equivalent of twenty-six thousand American dollars, by Pan Bairong, who told us he owns a factory that recycles plastic waste. However, since only the first floor and a single room on the second floor showed signs of actual occupancy, I gathered that the house was an investment, which Pan hoped soon to resell at a profit. But I didn't doubt that a family was living—and living well—in the urban residence we were taken to see in Zhongshan, a city of one and a quarter million residents some thirty-five miles north of Macao. In a low-rise development of five-story buildings, two apartments and a terrace had been combined into a two-thousand-square-foot condominium, which Situ Baoming, the owner of a foam-cushion factory and a former director of Zhongshan's Industrial Bureau, had recently bought for approximately thirty-six thousand dollars. Situ, his wife, his parents, and an *amah*, or maid (who told us she is paid about sixty dollars a month), occupy eight well-appointed rooms containing teak furniture, a stereo, several television sets, two refrigerators, a microwave oven, and air-conditioners. "I'm just middle class," Situ told his incredulous guests. "There are people a lot richer than I am."

Unfortunately, it appeared that pollution has more than kept pace with prosperity in the four years since I last visited the Pearl River Delta. Plastic foam and other plastic scraps now litter many farms; in the cities, many vacant lots have become virtual garbage dumps, which overflow onto the streets; water in the rivers and in smaller streams flowing into the Pearl was often gray, with occasional patches of purple; and what was most noticeable of all was the degradation of the air quality in municipalities like Zhongshan. A surgeon there volunteered the information that the fastest-rising causes of death were tumors of the nose and the pharynx.

Guangdong leaders—like officials everywhere, I suppose—would rather talk about what they're doing to build prosperity than about how they plan to combat pollution, but, on being pressed, some offered an apparently scripted response: "We do not allow polluting projects; it is part of our regulations." I followed this up with Lee Fook Pong, an administrator of Nanhai County, and he conceded, "Two years ago, we noticed this problem, and now we have undertaken measures to control wastes."

"What sort of measures?" I asked.

"There are three steps, and the first is to warn polluters to address the problem," he said. "If they still keep on, we fine them, and then if they persist we can shut down their operations." In 1991, he said, seven factories were fined three thousand yuan—five hundred and forty-five American dollars—but none of the violations were so serious that their work had to be suspended.

If what we saw in the city of Zhuhai is an example, polluting effects are not yet being factored into plans for future development in Guangdong. The Special Economic Zone of Zhuhai is the

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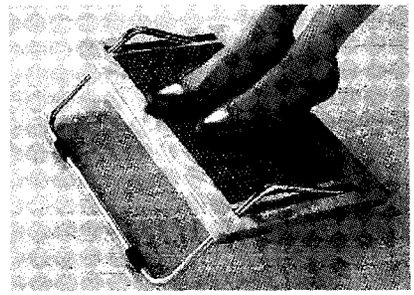

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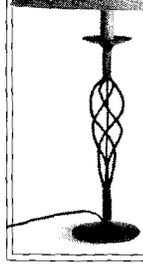

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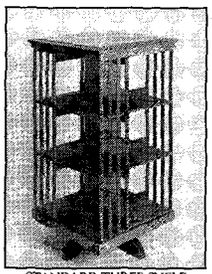

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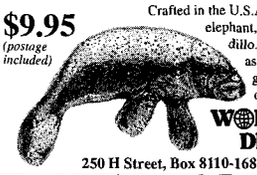

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north-of-Macao counterpart of Shenzhen; it extends about thirty miles west, to a vast mud flat, where there are plans to invest eleven billion dollars in the construction of a center for heavy industry. A two-hundred-and-sixty-million-kilowatt coal-fired power plant, several factories, and an "iron-and-steel complex" are to be built about fifteen miles west of Zhuhai's so-called Golden Seashore—a tourist resort already under development. At the resort, thirty-three hills have been levelled behind a newly constructed dike more than two miles long, and a community of A-frame beach houses and several stores appears almost ready for occupancy. Yet the Golden Seashore is downwind of the heavy-industry center, and smokestack effluents will inevitably be blown there. The seashore proper—a two-mile stretch called Golden Beach—is also in the path of waterborne effluents from the harbors of Macao and Hong Kong. Clare Hollingworth, a correspondent for the London *Sunday Telegraph*, recalled having been taken to this same region three or four years ago. "The beach really *was* golden then," she said. "I picked up lots of shells. Now you don't see any."

At lunch the day after our visit to the Golden Seashore, I was seated between an interpreter and Zhan Chongli, who is both a director of Zhuhai's Foreign Affairs Office and a vice-chairman of the zone's administration, and I pursued the question of the effect that heavy industry will have on the projected resort. "You're right," Zhan admitted frankly. "It is too close. That this district attracts tourists now is an irony." However, he said, anti-pollution devices would be installed on the smokestacks and presumably elsewhere before the factories started up, "and if they fail to meet standards we will stop their operations."

Even if they did meet standards, I said, I didn't see how Golden Beach could survive as a resort.

"Thank you for your valuable contribution," Zhan said, his tone indicating that he felt he had been badgered long enough. "I shall report what you said to our bureau for its consideration."

In Guangdong, however, authorities do give consideration to one form of contamination—a condition that the Chinese call "cultural pollution." This pollution consists, as nearly as I can understand it, of a preference for foreign movies and other diversions, imported products (particularly those advertised on Hong Kong television), interracial companionship, and, most notably, a relaxed (and very un-Chinese) attitude toward sex. Prostitution has long been counted the foremost of China's Seven Evils (the others are pornography; the abduction and sale of women and children; drug consumption and trafficking; gambling; feudal superstition, by which is meant religious reverence, particularly for the Dalai Lama; and triads, or crime syndicates), but Guangdong authorities charge that Western attitudes and Hong Kong currency have attracted at least thirty thousand prostitutes to the province, and that they work in, or out of, what the Chinese government calls "black spots"—that is, night clubs, karaoke bars, and discothèques.

This is a form of freewheeling that not even Guangdong will tolerate, and two months ago its Communist Party launched a drive against this "disgrace to our socialist country." Fang Bao, a senior Party leader, announced that criminal penalties would be extended to the prostitutes' customers, who now face terms of as much as two years of "reëducation." In Guangzhou alone, more than twelve thousand arrests were made on Seven Evils charges between April 1st and May 20th, and a Shenzhen municipal-government propaganda official announced a ban on Hong Kong and Taiwanese music in the zone's three-hundred-odd karaoke bars and night clubs, where so-called Cantopop is said to have completely supplanted "the outstanding songs from the mainland, which are of Chinese cultural characteristics." Certainly this proved to be true of establishments that some of us stopped into during our evenings in Guangdong. In one night club, the singer, a pretty young woman in red shorts, asked for musical requests, and someone requested "The East Is Red," China's Cultural Revolution anthem. After a surprised pause, the singer began, "The East is red; the sun rises; there appears in China a Mao Zedong." At this point, she broke off, laughing. "I'm sorry," she said. "I don't know the words."

—Fred C. Shapiro

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BOOKS

Muse of Fire

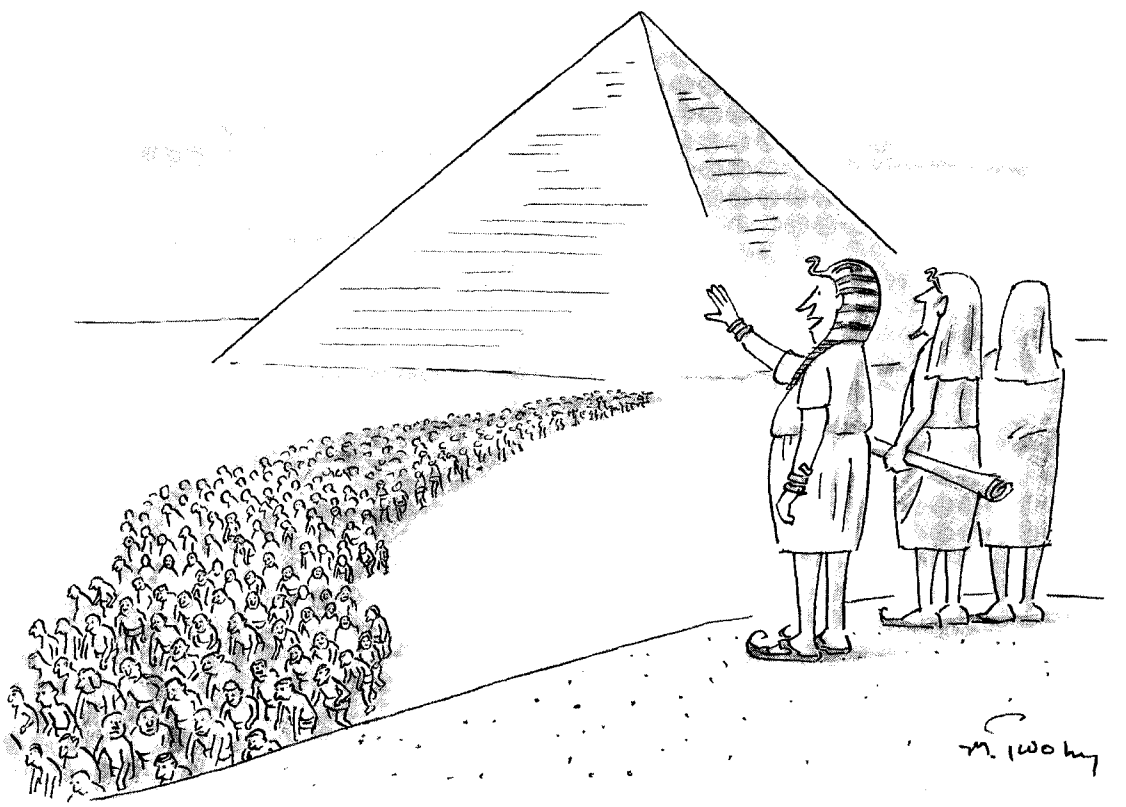
"NOBODY," Alfred Hitchcock famously remarked, "can really *like* an actor." Hitchcock was the subject of a biography by Donald Spoto in 1983, and the remark could serve as an epigraph for Spoto's latest book, "Laurence Olivier: A Biography" (HarperCollins; $23). Olivier emerges as vain, selfish, and emotionally unsure of himself, without much talent for friendship or intimacy. "Striving for the widest variety of identities, he had run the risk of being no one and consequently often felt he had failed to locate the contours of his own adult character," Spoto writes. He then quotes Olivier on the matter: "I don't like myself."

Despite some mildly scandalous revelations about Olivier's sex life—marriage to a lesbian; an affair with Danny Kaye—"Laurence Olivier" isn't a cheap-thrill-a-minute exposé. Spoto is making a serious attempt to link a great actor's life and character to his art. The author has painstakingly constructed a history of Olivier's work in the theatre—from his stage-juvenile days, when he was apt to lose his concentration and giggle in the middle of a performance, through his early Shakespearean roles, to his years as a full-blooded tragedian. (Though Spoto conveys a real sense of Olivier's art developing, it's disconcerting that he writes about performances he knows only at second hand—from interviews and contemporary reviews—exactly as he writes about film performances he's seen. You have to keep turning back to the notes to find out how many people's opinions you're getting.)

Connecting the man to the actor, Spoto writes, "Actors often wonder, as they assume one personality after another, just which might be their own; library shelves groan under the weight of theatrical autobiographies redolent of self-doubt, of performers confused about their identities. Having devoted a lifetime to the convincing assumption of different manly personae, Olivier had become a man ever more remote even from himself. . . . His emotional history reveals a pattern of timidity, insecurity and withdrawal that he constantly sought to overcome onstage." This isn't a new insight. The director William Gaskill said of Olivier, "I think it's sentimental to expect him, because he is an outstanding actor, to be a man of great feeling and emotional depth. Not many actors are." An actor's life involves maintaining continuous emotional openness in the face of rejection, a warp to the strongest temperament. Was Olivier really trying "to overcome" his emotional hollowness onstage? Or was he seizing the chance to live a complex emotional life in the only way he could—in a make-believe environment that lasted only a few hours a night?

Olivier admitted that he reserved the core of himself for his art. Writing of Vivien Leigh (who became his second wife), he explained, "It was . . . hard to make her understand, at those times when she was sadly disappointed in the results of my intimate passionate endeavors, that all *that* had gone into my acting." He went on to discuss the old saw about athletes' having to conserve their precious bodily fluids if they are to perform at peak. An earlier remark seems more to the point: "Selfishness is almost like a gift with me." But selfishness in a cause. "Compared to the ordinary man with ordinary ambitions Larry was a deep-sea monster," Peter Glenville, who directed him in "Becket," told an interviewer. "He thought about nothing but the great classical roles and how he wanted to play them. He also wanted to appear with Vivien Leigh because he was very much in love with her. But his love was second—a close second, but still second to his obsession with acting the great parts. He didn't have the lesser ambitions that befog the issue. He didn't want to make a lot of money and he didn't want to be a filmstar. Although he would welcome affluence he didn't concentrate on it. Although he would welcome headlines he didn't seek them. His only ambition was to be a great classical actor."

With the exception of Oedipus,



"Thanks, guys. Looks great!"

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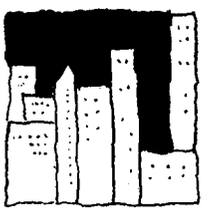
"classical roles" in Olivier's case meant Shakespearean roles. Seven of them survive on film: Orlando, Richard III, Henry V, Hamlet, Shylock, Othello, and Lear. Although you're looking at the equivalent of a Xerox of a live performance, if you've seen a lot of Shakespeare you can provide the missing context for these portrayals; it's possible to imagine the extra dimensions that would have existed on the stage. Merely as screen performances, they have an off-balance, slightly distant quality. You admire Olivier's vocal skill in a medium that doesn't demand it, his physical plasticity in a situation where a closeup can reveal information that an actor's posture would have to convey in the theatre. Yet his acting in these roles contains electric flashes unlike anything he ever did specifically for the movies. No one under forty-five is very likely to have seen Olivier perform live, but watching his Richard or Shylock on film enables you to understand, in a way you don't when you watch his Heathcliff, that he was a genius.



Olivier also took on modern roles that require a lot of power: Solness in "The Master Builder," the Captain in "The Dance of Death." And he was renowned as a comic actor, his most famous theatrical trick being to perform Mr. Puff in Sheridan's "The Critic" and the title role in "Oedipus Rex" on the same bill. Years later, he alternated "The Dance of Death" with "A Flea in Her Ear" (a combination that John Guare, who saw them back to back, says inspired him to finish "The House of Blue Leaves"). Many of Olivier's contemporaries felt that his greatest talent lay in comedy. "I love him in comedy," Alec Guinness once said, "and am *not always* sure about him in tragedy." Guinness, of course, never triumphed in tragedy himself. His forays into serious Shakespearean roles (including Hamlet, and the Fool to Olivier's 1946 Lear) were not successes. Yet he is a superb actor, and has given a greater number of memorable film performances than Olivier. Guinness is the perfect illustration of how classical acting demands more than brilliance.

Sir Peter Hall said recently, in *Vanity Fair*, that he regards Ralph Richardson as having been "an actor of genius," while Olivier was "a *performer* of genius." This is a subtle jab at Olivier, but it misses the point, which is that Richardson wasn't successful in any of the tragic roles and made a hash of a couple of them (notably Macbeth, of which he admitted, "I couldn't do it for nuts"). It was Olivier who went at the big Shakespearean parts one after another, playing them (to paraphrase Kenneth Tynan) till he won. For that kind of role, it's not enough just to sink your baskets; you have to look good on the court.

The realistic tradition in American plays and also the constraints of film and television performance require that an actor minimize his technique, appear to "behave normally." But the classical roles, written in verse, and before the fashion (or even the discovery) of psychological realism, demand something else: a stylization that, if it isn't to appear ludicrous, depends not just on physical power but on a kind of physical tact—a grace, an assurance, a sense of line. Somehow, through the medium of his body and voice, the classical actor must translate a nonrealistic text into something an audience that is used to realism recognizes and responds to. Olivier took this aesthetic translation into new areas in 1935, when he was twenty-eight, with his first Shakespearean role of any consequence—Romeo. He originally played Romeo opposite John Gielgud as Mercutio; then, six weeks later, as had been prearranged, they switched. Possibly because of Gielgud's supremacy in speaking verse poetically, Olivier was determined, he later recalled, "to make Shakespeare as modern as possible," and he explained, "I don't mean in production: I mean to the ear. In my early days I was attacked for this—'Can't speak the verse'—but I was arrogant and confident enough to ride out this criticism, and I think I have been proved right. When 'Henry V' happened, the audience knew what I was talking about. They weren't listening to someone singing an aria; they were hearing me set a man's thoughts before them as clearly as I could." Still, the thoughts are in verse, and in the film of "Henry V" Olivier plays the words like notes. He belonged, he once admitted, to the brass rather than the string section, and in the great heroic speeches his voice does ring out like a trumpet. In "Richard III," he tried something else—a sound he described as "a mixture of honey and razor blades." When Antony Sher did his acclaimed Richard III for the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1985, he was haunted throughout his pre-rehearsal preparation by "that voice."

Typically, Olivier used Richard's vocal style to enter the character, instead of working the other way around. "It was a sound that helped me formulate the character. . . . But I had to exercise a lot before I started to know if I could take the big stuff on that voice without losing it." The last sentence is typical of Olivier's physical approach to acting. He analyzed the decathlon of a Shakespearean role in terms of stamina and technique required. (One of the things he found difficult about playing Othello is that the part is one high point on top of another, with no space, as it were, for the actor to catch his breath.) His athletic bravura is clear in the film of "Richard III," one of only two films he made with both John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson; in it, you can see the differences in each man's technique. Gielgud, playing Richard's brother the Duke of Clarence, is physically subdued. His performance is all in his voice: in Clarence's speech about his dream of death—"Lord, Lord, methought what pain it was to drown!"—he shows why he didn't need to do much from the neck down. Richardson plays Richard's ally the Duke of Buckingham. He has an amazing scene in which, while telling Richard how certain schemes of theirs have gone wrong, he wanders around the room (a dining chamber) putting together a little something to eat. His precise spearing of various morsels as he gives half his mind to the problems at hand is both comic and, appealingly, weird: he's like a Teddy bear with the digital delicacy of a surgeon. His hands, his eyes, and his great gift of appearing, while solidly present, to be psychologically somewhere else—these are the tools Richardson uses.

Olivier, in contrast, appears to be using everything, from the sinews of his feet on up. His Richard is a very contained performance, but it's charged. Even when Olivier isn't emphasized in a scene, you watch him apprehensively: the artificially deformed curve of his body telegraphs held-in power. His limp is menacing, his slouch is insolent, the cock of his head is alternately amused, alert, malevolent. He uses his heavy lids for irony, and his eyes flirt with the camera, drawing us

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into his confidence. He seems always ready to drop those lids like a curtain over his evil thoughts, until the point when he stares straight at the child prince he intends to kill, and the eyes are suddenly as empty and cruel as a hungry animal's.

Olivier regarded his body as a tool, commonly referring to it with impersonal detachment. "The body is an instrument which must be finely tuned and played as often as possible," he wrote in "On Acting" (1986). "The actor should be able to control it from the tip of his head to his little toe. He must be able to send messages to any part of it with the speed and skill of a computer. We are living in a machine. . . ." (When the actor Michael Gambon was asked to describe Olivier, he replied, "He was like an acting machine.") This attitude toward his body may have had something to do with the fact that he didn't much like it. He thought that his calves were skinny, and for years he padded them whenever he had to wear tights. He was convinced that the backs of his hands were ugly. He criticized "the displeasingly thin hard line of my upper lip." Like Orson Welles, he was enamored of elaborate makeup and false noses. (Like Welles, too, he had a tendency to injure himself while he was working: a torn knee cartilage, a dislocated shoulder, scars from onstage duels. He also wounded other actors.)

AS a young actor, Olivier felt that he had "some shyness behind my gaze," which he described as "a weakness." He claimed that this feeling "lasted until I discovered the protective shelter of nose putty and enjoyed a pleasurable sense of relief and relaxation when some character part called for a sculptural addition to my face, affording me the shelter of an alien character and enabling me to avoid anything so embarrassing as self-representation." Why was he hiding? Spoto notes that in his memoirs, "Confessions of an Actor" (1982), Olivier repeatedly wrote of his guilt, and that later he was given to such odd locutions as "the cancer which I have been guilty of having." "Confessions of an Actor" opens with "Bless me, Reader, for I have sinned"—a phrase that, as Spoto points out, paraphrases the opening words of the Roman Catholic confession.

This is a theatrical flourish on Olivier's part—a bit of dressing up. He was not Roman Catholic but Church of England. His borrowing from the oldest, most powerful, most mystery-filled of the Christian churches was probably not an accident. Olivier's father, Gerard, was an Anglican priest with a High Church bias—a stern, cold, distant figure, to whom his son always felt himself to be a disappointment. The first chapter of "Confessions" opens with examples of Gerard Olivier's stinginess (shades of James Tyrone), such as tiny helpings at mealtimes and constant scrimping on everyday commodities (including toilet paper). He also conserved water, by insisting that his two sons bathe after him, all three using the same water. As the youngest, and therefore the last in line, Laurence always bathed in his father's and his brother's dirty, tepid water. Unpleasant enough in itself, this practice appears to have had special meaning for Olivier. He repeated the bath story all his life, and in "Confessions" he reveals that he took the trouble to check what the water rates were fifty-nine years earlier, in order to figure out that "the amount that any one bath could have cost [my father] was incalculably low." It's hard not to see some significance in Olivier's beginning his autobiography with an account that connects his father with the idea of the son's never being quite clean. Spoto convincingly pinpoints Olivier's adult guilts—his failed relationships, his affair with Kaye, his distance from his children, his responsibility (as he saw it) for Vivien Leigh's emotional and mental problems. But the primary guilt seems to have started with that forbidding father, who Olivier felt regarded him with "disgust."

Olivier's homosexual experiences began in his school days, and Spoto speculates that "he may have approached young adulthood in mild, unexamined conflict about his fundamental orientation." His only known adult homosexual affair was with Danny Kaye, but, considering that his first marriage was to a lesbian and his second to a woman—Leigh—whom he was to complain of as too physically demanding, it may well be that his fundamental orientation was not heterosexual. This could explain both the early guilt and the need to hide behind a false face, another character. In a recent interview in the *Times Magazine*, the English actor Ian McKellen, discussing his own sexuality, told Lawrence

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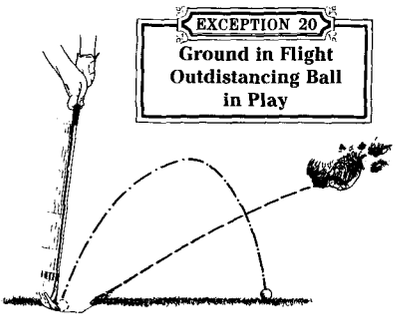

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O'Toole, "The fact of being gay in this country . . . is that acting, like being gay, is about being secretive. Acting is about disguise. To put on a costume and makeup, and to adopt somebody else's voice and words and at the same time express oneself in a very heartfelt way, then that is a release from the constraints of 'normal' life. So maybe that's why some gay men are good at acting." Neither Gielgud nor Michael Redgrave, among Olivier's contemporaries, labored to hide his homosexuality. But neither of them had a clergyman for a father.

Olivier is famous for his Oedipal "Hamlet," in which the Prince exhibits a more than filial affection for his mother. The other side of the Oedipus complex is murderous aggression toward the father and a desire to replace him. Spoto passes quickly over the moment when Olivier decided to become "the greatest actor of all time." This was after he saw Randle Ayrton's Lear at the Biltmore Theatre in Los Angeles, in 1931. Olivier was twenty-four. He went backstage with his then mother-in-law, and heard her tell Ayrton, "You were just like the Old Man." She was referring to the great nineteenth-century English actor Henry Irving. "Listening to the compliments flying, I came to a decision," Olivier wrote in "On Acting." "I vowed to eradicate all knowledge of the Old Man from the public's memory forever. I was determined to become the Old Man myself. Let them impersonate me fifty years after my death. My will was granite." Gerard Olivier lived for seven more years, and after he died his son recalled the occasion with the remark "The death of one's old man feels something like a blunt biff to the nose." Yes. But there are, possibly, compensations.

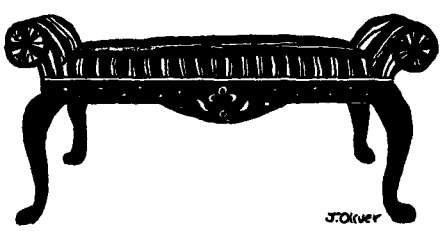
Leaving aside Kaye, the most widely rumored liaison of Olivier's life was his perhaps-affair with the critic Kenneth Tynan. There is no proof of any romantic or physical relations between them, but Spoto writes that it was "common knowledge in London theatrical circles" that they had been lovers at one point. Certainly Tynan's writing about Olivier has a rapturous quality:

> Sir Laurence Olivier's Titus, even with one hand gone, is a five-finger exercise transformed into an unforgettable concerto of grief. This is a performance which ushers us into the presence of one who is, pound for pound, the greatest actor alive. As usual, he raises one's hair with the risks he takes. Titus enters not as a beaming hero but as a battered veteran, stubborn and shambling, long past caring about the people's cheers. A hundred campaigns have tanned his heart to leather, and from the cracking of that heart there issues a terrible music, not untinged by madness. One hears great cries, which, like all of this actor's best effects, seem to have been dredged up from an ocean-bed of fatigue. One recognised, though one had never heard it before, the noise made in its last extremity by the cornered human soul. . . . All the grand unplayable parts, after this, are open to him: Skelton's Magnificence, Ibsen's Brand, Goethe's Faust—anything, so long as we can see those lion eyes search for solace, that great jaw sag.

Tynan wrote this in 1955; eight years later, when the National Theatre of Great Britain opened, he persuaded Olivier, its director, to hire him as literary manager. Olivier was initially hesitant; Tynan had written spitefully (jealously?) of Vivien Leigh's acting, and Olivier blamed him for at least one of her breakdowns. But his third wife, Joan Plowright, persuaded him to take Tynan on, and the two were partners at the National until Olivier was edged out by the board (officially, he resigned), in 1973.

Spoto gives Tynan rather short shrift, citing his predilection for sexual spanking, and calling him "the Ultimate Fan." Tynan, to be sure, was an odd man, and his tenure at the National, though fertile, was controversial. He was an enthusiast, and the fan description is true as far as it goes. But we owe to him Olivier's James Tyrone and his Othello, both Tynan suggestions. And, as the passage quoted above illustrates (and as longtime readers of this magazine will remember), he was a vivid and passionate writer. Except for the Shakespearean films, Olivier onstage is best preserved for us in Tynan's prose. Here he is on Olivier's Coriolanus in 1959:

> At the close, faithful as ever to the characterization on which he has fixed, Olivier is roused to suicidal frenzy by Aufidius's gibe—"thou boy of tears." "*Boy!*" shrieks the overmothered general, in an outburst of strangled fury, and leaps up a flight of precipitous steps to vent his rage. Arrived at the top, he relents and throws his sword away. After letting his voice fly high in the great, swingeing line about how he "flutter'd your Volscians in *Cor-i-o-li*," he allows a dozen spears to impale him. He is poised now on a promontory some twelve feet above the stage, from which he topples forward, to be caught by the ankles so that he dangles, inverted, like the slaughtered Mussolini. A more shocking, less sentimental death I have not seen in the theatre; it is at once proud and ignominious, as befits the titanic fool who dies it.



Tynan also caught something vital in Olivier's acting: the sense of danger. "Watching Olivier, you feel that at any moment he may do something utterly unpredictable; something explosive, possibly apocalyptic, anyway unnerving in its emotional nakedness; the lion's paw may lash out. . . . Deep in his temperament there runs a vein of rage that his affable public mask cannot wholly conceal." Olivier's contemporaries had some sense of this as well. Richardson referred to his "splendid fury," and called him "very bold," adding, "He's very, very bold." William Gaskill spoke of his "energy," saying, "He hurls a line as if it were a javelin." Olivier told the editor Logan Gourlay that he cured his own prostate cancer in 1967 by becoming "so angry that the malignancies took fright and disappeared." Vivien Leigh felt his wrath at least once—when, during one of their battles, he threw her into a table so hard that she cut her face open. Spoto writes of this quality in Olivier and its relevance to his acting, saying that Olivier's Oedipus, Richard, and Hamlet were "so compelling" because "in them were all the explosions of anger, rage and cruelty he never allowed himself to confront in real life and to integrate within his own personality: the rage at his mother's death and his father's remoteness and remarriage; his anger at his bisexual inclinations; and his calculated proprietariness about his primacy onstage that, he intuited, removed him from so much human communion." Olivier may have been less angry at his bisexual inclinations than primally enraged at having to conceal and suppress them, at being forced guiltily to "hide," at *having* to live his full emotional life only in the safely artificial environment of the theatre.

Whatever its sources, Olivier's wrath is the soul of his acting. Anger is traditionally the emotion that actors find it hardest to tap and express, but in Olivier's performances you feel that he's plugged right into it, burning on its current. His raging grief when Shylock learns of his daughter's betrayal can make you shift uneasily in your seat even when you see it only on a small television screen. His Othello,

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whom he chose to play—insensitively or vulgarly, according to some—as an African, is one explosion of power after another. Olivier has almost literally got out of his own skin, and, once free, he takes the role to its limits of pathos and fury. Even when a character isn't angry, Olivier the actor is on the attack. Of the experience of working with him on the film "Sleuth," Michael Caine recalled, "He overwhelmed me! It was frightening the way he bore down on me—and just kept coming! He was like a force of nature." Olivier can carry this ferocity to the point where it turns back on him, and the character he is playing perishes spiritually not in fire but in ice. This happens in his cauterizingly unsentimental Lear, in which the old king learns no lessons about humanity except that he's going to die. And it happens in his ruthless portrayal of Archie Rice, the seedy has-been song-and-dance man of John Osborne's "The Entertainer." Archie betrays his wife, causes his father's death, loses his son at Cyprus, yet he continues to prance out onstage with banal, upbeat songs that he can't even perform very well. His desperate smile has a feral edge, as if he'd like to rend the audience with his teeth. But he just goes on with his inane patter. Archie himself says, "I'm dead behind these eyes." And Olivier, speaking of the role, said, "It's really me, isn't it?"

Spoto writes, "Human relations and emotions, access to wonder and mystery, the tangle of possibilities: all these were available to him only through plays he saw, studied and acted in. But little of that human depth was filtered through his artifice, and every intimate relationship was marked by loss, deception, frustration or deliberate termination. Gradually estranged from trust and intimacy, he depended only on the current disguise, the next role, the freshly designed face. 'In my heart of hearts,' he admitted late in life, 'I only know that I am far from sure when I am acting and when I am not, or, should I more frankly put it, when I am lying and when I am not. . . . I suppose to some degree I am liberated only when acting.' " This passage is from Spoto's discussion of the dermatomyositis that struck Olivier in 1974, when he was sixty-seven. A rare connective-tissue disease, it hospitalized him for sixteen weeks and nearly killed him. One of the symptoms was a hideously painful sensitivity to touch. Spoto calls this "a strangely apt medical condition," and thinks that the whole experience turned out for the best: "Prior to this devastating illness, his needs were expressed in his art, as he moved from outward details to inward discovery, his personality shaped by the roles. After his recovery, his needs were expressed in his life, as he moved from fresh internal perceptions outwards, his own character shaping the roles—and more than the roles, shaping his life and relationships. . . . He laid aside the elaborate makeup of great roles and began to be—most fully and with true grandeur—only himself."

To a reader less inclined than Spoto to read moral progress into a life, Olivier's final years may not sound so emotionally redemptive. His marriage to Plowright disintegrated. "Joan expected me to die when I was seventy," he once said, adding, with the ear for the histrionic of a man who has played all the great parts, "Unfortunately I didn't." He relied for friendship on a few much younger couples he had met through his work (among them Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner, with whom he had made a television film of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof"). It sounds like a pathetic situation. Spoto quotes a friend of Olivier as saying, "His aloneness was huge, like his talent." He does seem to have remained close to his son by Plowright, Richard.

Yet for a man who didn't like himself he did very well. A lot of people can't make their relationships last and are lonely in old age; few of them are also great actors. "I am a moral and a physical coward," Olivier once wrote. But he was brave in his art. Bold, as Richardson said. Very, very bold. Richardson predeceased Olivier by six years, and not long before his death he was asked by a friend what Olivier was really like. He replied that he had no idea. —LLOYD ROSE

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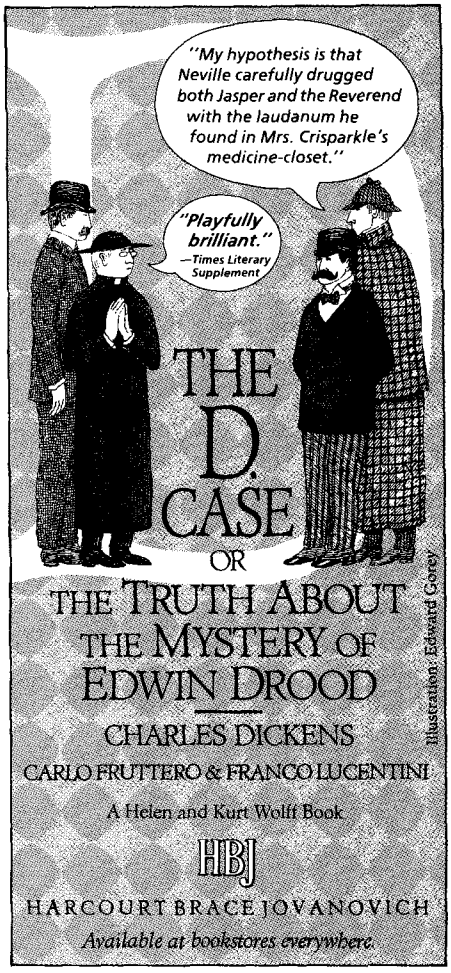
[*From Ireland of the Welcomes, published by the Irish Tourist Board*]

When all else was stripped from him, the great Cyrano de Bergerac, with his dying breath, was able to say, "But I had my panache!" Though there is nothing of the dying breath about the Irish Museum of Modern Art, there is nevertheless a fundamental and very obvious dilemma facing its board and director: how does a new museum of modern art come into existence, in the last decade of the twentieth century, and find for itself pictures to hang on its walls?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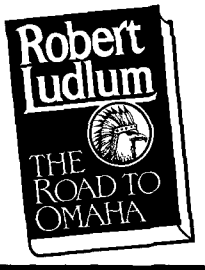

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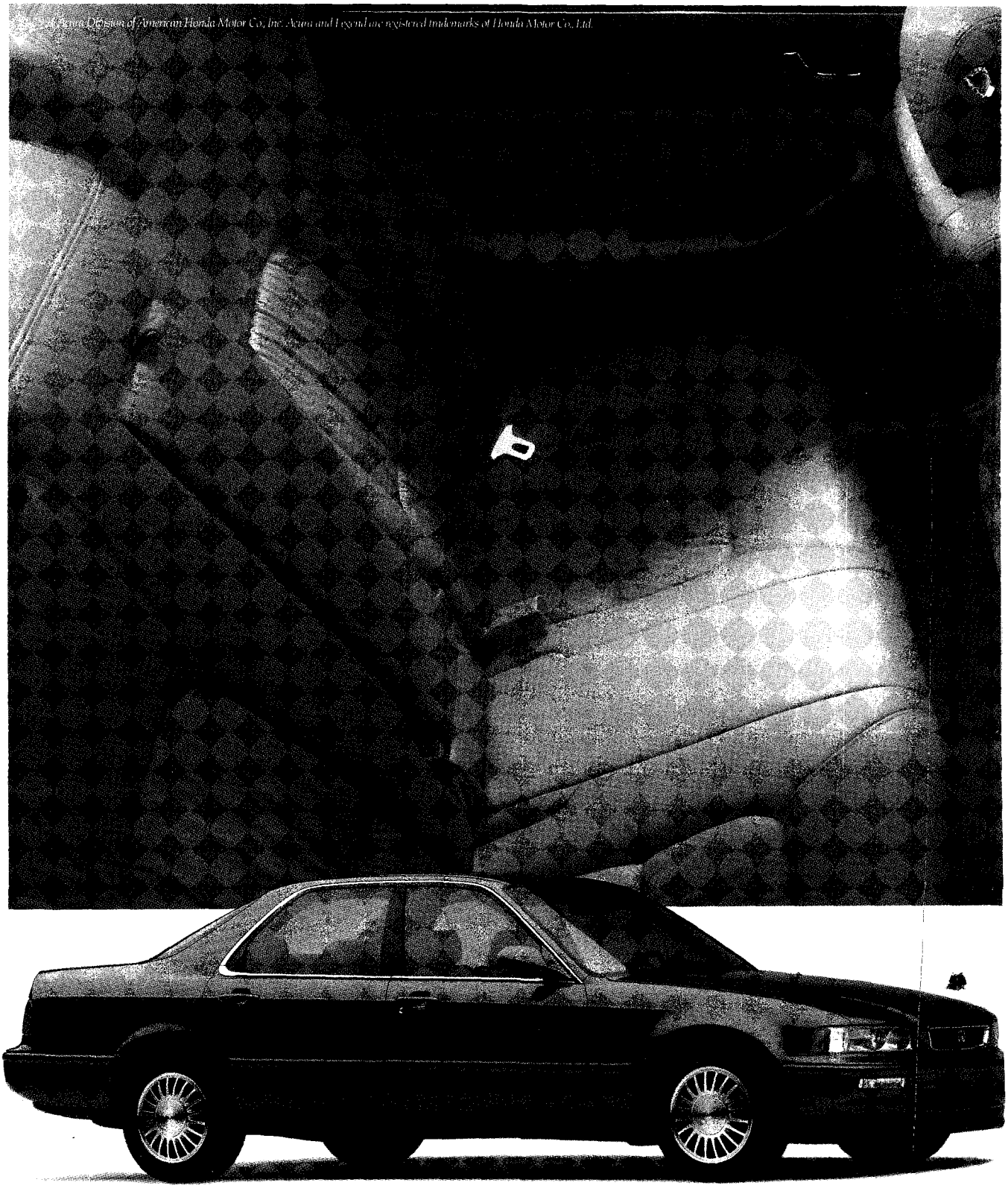

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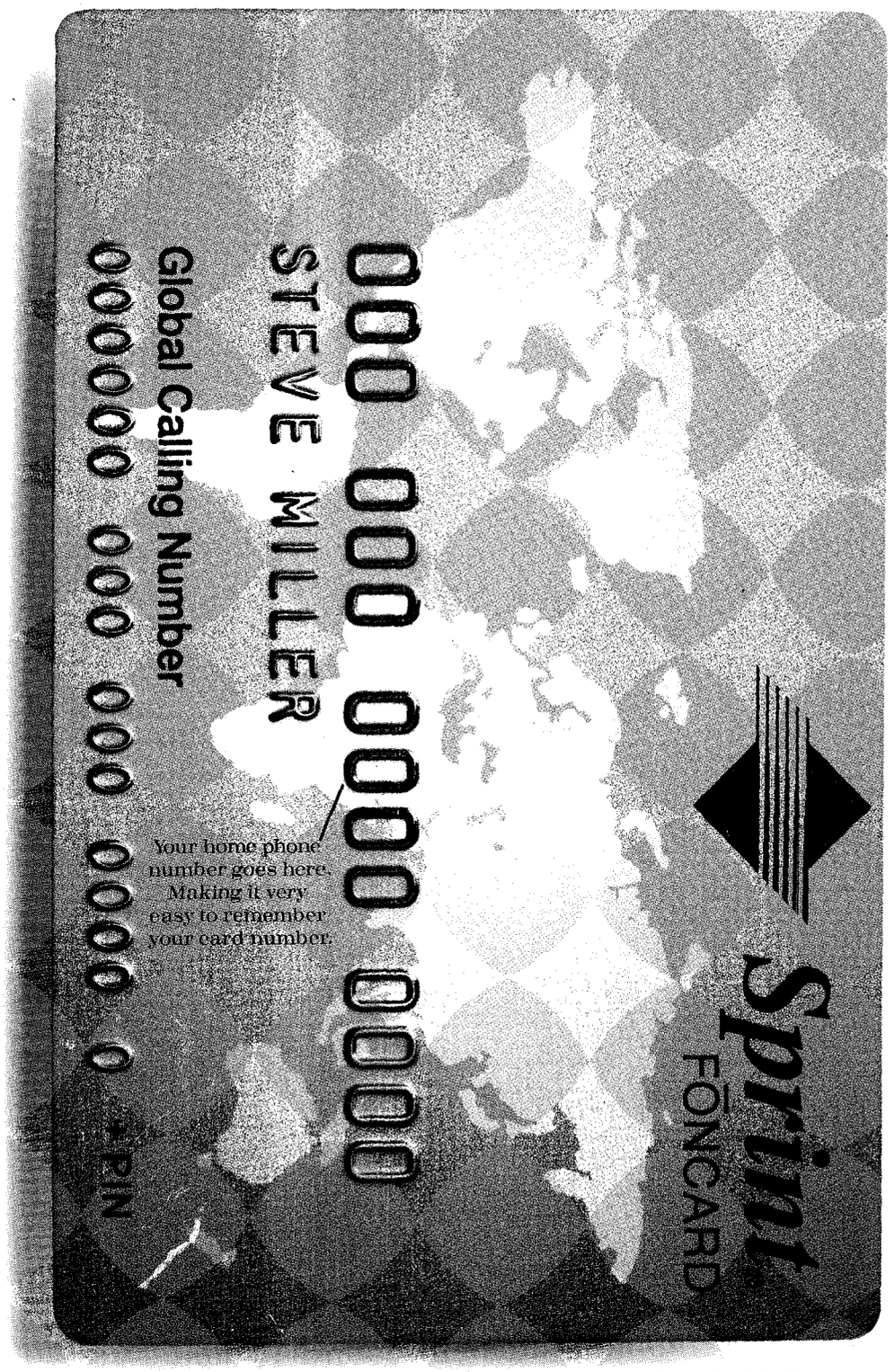
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